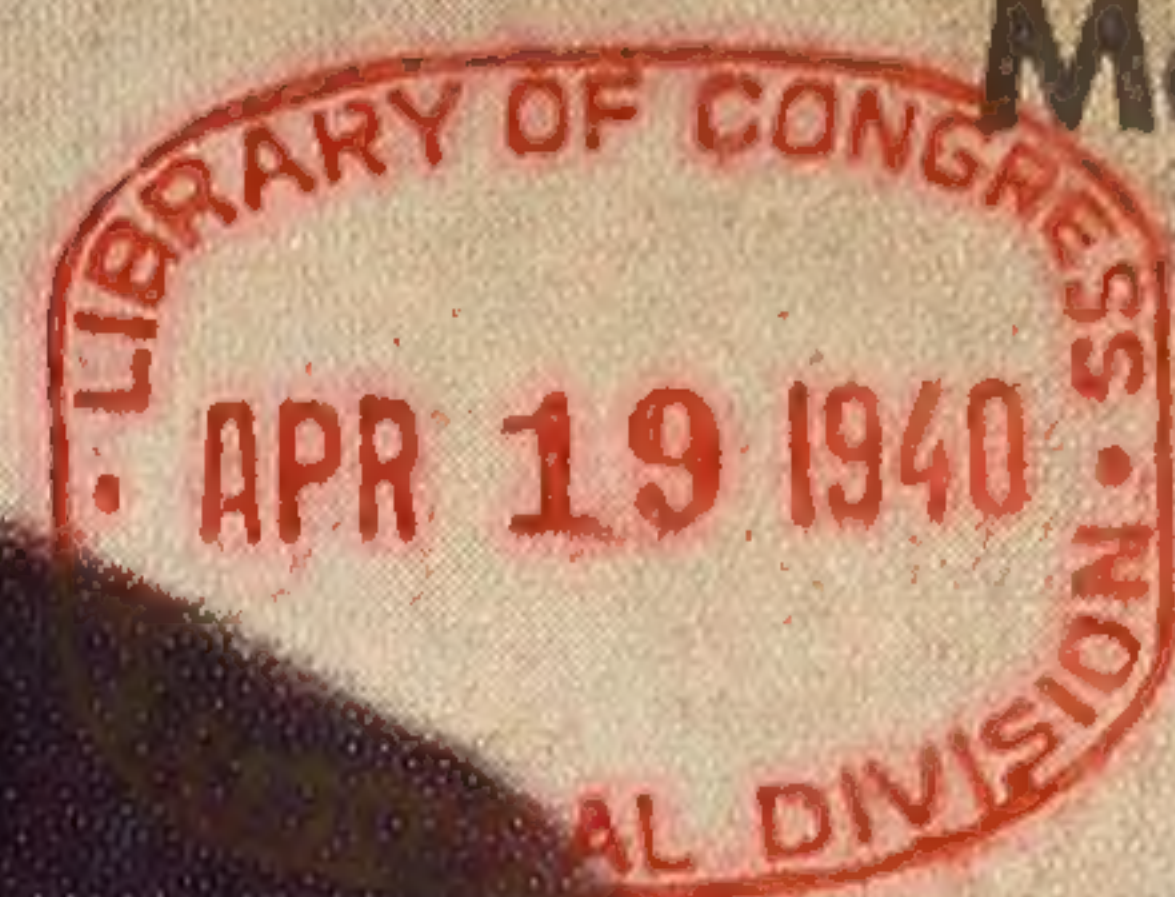


Silver Screen

10¢

in England

May



Cary Cooper

WIN THE ORIGINAL OF THIS COVER! SEE PAGE 51
EENE DUNNE'S ADVICE TO WIVES-TO-BE



Like almost all other fresh fruits, strawberries yield Dextrose sugar—which is a most valuable energy “fuel” for the body.

Luscious ripe Strawberries are rich in pure Dextrose Sugar...and so is delicious Baby Ruth

The *natural* goodness of Baby Ruth comes from the *natural* foods so deliciously blended to make this fine candy—such foods as milk, butter, eggs, chocolate, fresh plump peanuts—and pure Dextrose, the sugar your body uses directly for energy. Doesn't that explain why Baby Ruth is fine candy and fine *food*?

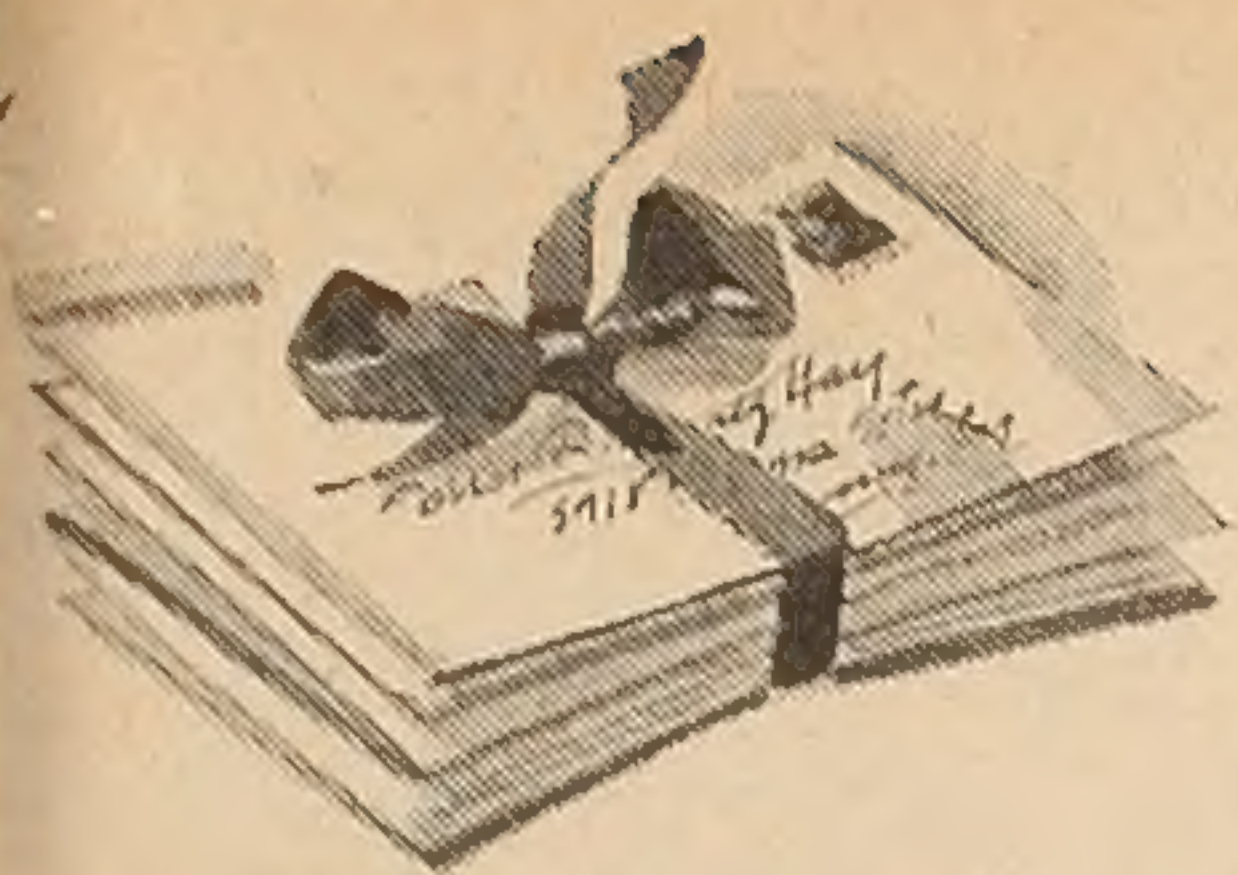
CURTISS CANDY COMPANY...CHICAGO



By actual energy tests, a 150-lb. athlete can run almost 4 miles at a speed of more than 5 miles per hour on the FOOD ENERGY contained in one 5c bar of delicious Baby Ruth Candy.



AT CANDY COUNTERS
EVERYWHERE



**You never know how much you've loved
until you've loved—and lost!**



Why risk loneliness? Mum each day surely guards your charm!

WHY should love seem so easy to keep when you *have* it... but so hard to *win back*? The memories of happy days—of dances, dates—are so heart-breaking! And even worse is the gnawing thought that somehow it might have been *your* fault that they are gone.

So often it is a girl's fault, although she may never know it. For where is the man who will speak about a fault like underarm odor... who would humiliate her by suggesting that she needs Mum?

Girls who *keep* romance never take for granted the matter of personal daintiness. They don't expect just a bath to keep them fresh and sweet—they use Mum every day! A bath removes only perspiration that is *past*... but with Mum, future underarm odor is *prevented*. Though your bath may fade—Mum's protection goes right on!

Mum is so quick and so dependable, that more women choose this one pleasant cream than any other deodorant.

MUM IS QUICK! Just pat a little Mum under each arm—at *any* time—even after you're dressed. Takes only 30 seconds!

MUM WON'T HARM CLOTHING! The American Laundry Institute Seal proves that Mum won't harm fabrics. So safe that you can use it even *after* underarm shaving.

MUM IS SURE! Mum makes odor impossible—not by attempting to stop perspira-

tion—but by neutralizing the odor. Get Mum at your druggist's today. Thousands of women have the daily Mum habit (thousands of men, too). Let Mum guard *your* charm!

FOR SANITARY NAPKINS—More women use Mum for sanitary napkins than any other deodorant. Mum is gentle, safe, prevents unpleasant odor. Avoid offending this way, too.

NO DEODORANT QUICKER... SAFER... SURER... THAN MUM!



MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

The Opening Chorus

THE LETTER FROM LIZA

DEAR ED:

With everybody in this town in the throes of flu, or recovering from the flu, or expecting to have the flu (*for heaven's sake don't show this to the Chamber of Commerce, they'll run me out of town*), I thought it would be smart of me to Get Away From It All down in the desert for several days. So, I took myself down to La Quinta, which is a half an hour from Palm Springs, and quite the most beautiful and desirable part of the California desert.

Of course, when you are in the process of getting away from it all you tell yourself that you hope to goodness that you won't see anyone in the desert who will remind you of that horrible Hollywood, twerp that you are, but hardly have you got your little desert model from Magnin's on before you start craning your neck to see who's around whom you know. I didn't have to crane far before I discovered Rosalind Russell under a palm tree, recovering from a cold, so I moved right in with her and we spent hours talking about—yes, Hollywood. And mercy, can that Rosalind talk! She was even better in La Quinta than she was in "His Girl Friday," which is indeed a compliment from me.

Ilona Massey was there, too, looking quite blonde and beautiful, and proving herself quite a horsewoman. Ilona was certainly the pride of the stables, and the cowboys practically knocked each other out in order to escort her in a canter across the cacti. As I am not at my best in the saddle, Ilona was spared my caustic comments concerning—Hollywood. But Bette Davis didn't get off so easily. Bette had come to La Quinta with her French teacher (*a woman, let there be no scandal*) to study *parlez-vous-Francaise* so that she would be in the mood and accent of her new picture "All This and Heaven, Too," with Monsieur Charles Boyer.

At the El Mirador at Palm Springs I got an eyeful of the new spring bathing suits. Floral prints in brilliant color tones lead the parade, it seems, but whether the print is floral or geometric the colors must be on the bright side. Rita Hayworth, who has more "oomph" than Ann Sheridan, was lounging around in a gleaming white satin Lastex suit with scarlet rhododendron and green leaves scattered over it in gay confusion. The lines of Rita's suit depart from the classic mail-lot, and the fabric flares out at the lower edge of the suit much in the manner of a morning glory. Gail Patrick, really one of the prettiest girls in Hollywood, was sunning herself beside the pool in a sun-and-swim suit of an Hawaiian print. Gail said the print was called "Singing Forest," which gives you an idea.

Well, Ed, better reserve your cabana early and polish up your sun glasses, it's going to be fun at the beaches this summer.

Liza

REFLECTING the MAGIC of HOLLYWOOD

MAY, 1940

VOLUME TEN
NUMBER SEVEN

Silver Screen

LESTER C. GRADY
Editor

ELIZABETH WILSON
Western Editor

GENE LESTER
Staff Photographer

FRANK J. CARROLL
Art Director

CONTENTS

STORIES AND ARTICLES

GARY, GARY, QUITE CONTRARY.....	JAMES REID	22
<i>Although he appeals to women at first sight, Gary Cooper had to be forced to be an actor!</i>		
YOU NEVER CAN TELL ABOUT GINGER!.....	GLADYS HALL	24
<i>The private life of Ginger Rogers is more mysterious than Garbo's</i>		
NOT IN KEEPING WITH THE RULE.....	ED SULLIVAN	26
<i>Richard Greene is famous without having played one great role</i>		
IRENE DUNNE'S ADVICE TO WIVES-TO-BE.....	ELIZABETH WILSON	36
<i>Practical hints for girls approaching matrimony</i>		
ONCE WAS ENOUGH!.....	MARION COOPER	38
<i>Unpleasant experiences John Garfield would hate to have happen again</i>		
"I WILL BE A CAREER WIFE!".....	FAITH SERVICE	40
<i>Merle Oberon doesn't intend to sacrifice her career for marriage</i>		
"TYPHOON" HAS SOMETHING TO BLOW ABOUT.....	DICK MOOK	42
<i>And it's husky and handsome Robert Preston, heart-flutterer de luxe</i>		
FROM RICHES TO RAGS.....	WILLIAM LYNCH VALLEE	44
<i>Socialite Janice Logan preferred struggling for fame to luxurious living</i>		
THE GIRL WHO WAS TOO BEAUTIFUL.....	ELIZABETH BENNECHE PETERSON	52
<i>The untold story of a beauty-conscious screen star</i>		

MONTHLY FEATURES

THE OPENING CHORUS.....		4
<i>Liza tries to "get away from it all"</i>		
HOLLYWOOD EARS.....		6
<i>Up-to-the-minute whisperings about the screen stars</i>		
TIPS ON PICTURES.....		8
<i>Brief reviews of what to see and what to miss</i>		
CHECKING ON THEIR COMMENTS.....	FREDERICK JAMES SMITH	10
<i>Reading-between-the-lines of what the stars have to say</i>		
A LESSON FOR BLONDES.....	MARY LEE	14
<i>Helpful advice from Anita Louise</i>		
TOPICS FOR GOSSIP.....		19
<i>Latest news and photos of Hollywood's social life</i>		
WE POINT WITH PRIDE.....		34
<i>To Akim Tamiroff</i>		
SOMETHING NEW UNDER THE SUN.....		46
<i>Fashions for approaching summer days</i>		
REVIEWS.....		50
<i>Direct from the West Coast</i>		
PICTURES ON THE FIRE!.....	DICK MOOK	54
<i>Dialogue and facts of important pictures in production</i>		

SPECIAL FEATURES

WHIRLWIND LANA!.....		35
<i>The hectic marriage of Lana Turner and Artie Shaw</i>		
WIN THE ORIGINAL OF THE GARY COOPER COVER!.....		51
<i>An intriguing, easy-to-do contest</i>		
ROSEMARY GIVES HER DOG A BATH.....		58
<i>Rosemary Lane has quite a time of it with her Irish Setter</i>		

ART GALLERY

ANN SHERIDAN AND JEFFREY LYNN.....		28
ANNA NAGEL AND TYRONE POWER.....		30-31
BEWITCHING!.....		32
<i>Gifted beauties of the screen who fascinate and bewitch us with their charms</i>		
COVER PORTRAIT OF GARY COOPER BY MARLAND STONE		

V. G. Heimbucher, President Paul C. Hunter, Vice President and Publisher D. H. Lapham, Secretary and Treasurer
SILVER SCREEN. Published monthly by Screenland Magazine, Inc., at 45 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y.
Advertising Offices: 45 West 45th St., New York; 410 North Michigan Ave., Chicago; 530 W. Sixth St., Los Angeles, Calif. Manuscripts and drawings must be accompanied by return postage. They will receive careful attention but SILVER SCREEN assumes no responsibility for their safety. Yearly subscriptions \$1.00 in the United States, its dependencies, Cuba and Mexico; \$1.50 in Canada; foreign \$2.00. Changes of address must reach us five weeks in advance of the next issue. Be sure to give both the old and new address. Entered as second class matter, September 23, 1930, at the Post Office, New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Additional entry at Chicago, Illinois. Copyright 1940 by Screenland Magazine, Inc. Printed in the U. S. A.

MEMBER AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATIONS



A Great **AMERICAN PROJECT** *The Life of Thomas A. Edison*



"YOUNG TOM EDISON", starring Mickey Rooney, recreates the exciting boyhood which led to the flowering of Edison's genius in later life . . .

"EDISON THE MAN" finds Spencer Tracy as "the Wizard of Menlo Park", in another story of dramatic power.

Each film is complete in itself—two great motion picture productions—in which M-G-M takes extreme pride.

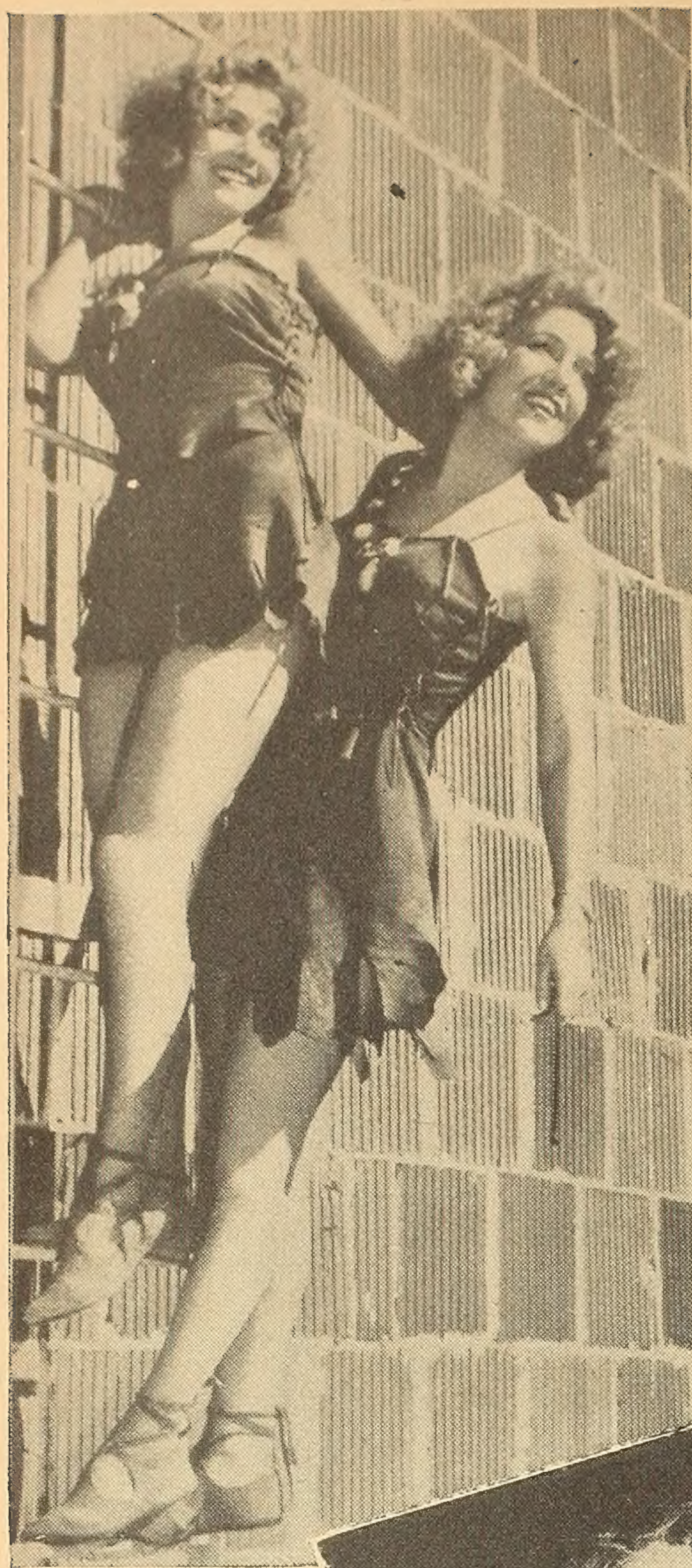
MICKEY ROONEY as "YOUNG TOM EDISON"

with Fay Bainter, George Bancroft, Virginia Weidler, Eugene Pallette
Original Screen Play by Bradbury Foote, Dore Schary and Hugo Butler
Directed by Norman Taurog • Produced by John W. Considine, Jr.
A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture



SPENCER TRACY as "EDISON THE MAN"

A CLARENCE BROWN Production with Rita Johnson
Lynne Overman • Charles Coburn • Gene Lockhart
Directed by CLARENCE BROWN
Produced by John W. Considine, Jr. A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture



Above: Carole Landis and her stand-in, Jean Foley, during the filming of "1,000,000 B.C." Know which one is Carole? She's on the high rung. Hal Roach says she'll be famous shortly.

Hollywood Earfuls

Current whisperings about the behavior of the stars at the studios and at home

YOU don't have to wait until you are an old lady of twenty-five to start reducing in Hollywood. Jane Withers and Judy Garland can tell you that. When Jane and Judy discovered they were getting plumpish (*and the camera can make one extra pound look like ten*), they immediately gave up candies, sodas, and pastries, and went in for exercise. Judy changed from an ugly duckling to a beautiful young lady just by carefully washing her face in hot water and then cold, brushing her hair, and cultivating a sweet expression. Deanna Durbin is an-

other of the younger girls who is working off a few extra pounds.

Vivien Leigh admits she is scared to death over her coming appearance in "Romeo and Juliet." Especially as she will have only three weeks rehearsal before the tour begins. She never has played the Juliet role before. Laurence Olivier has played Romeo, but he is also directing the production, and Larry has never been a director before. They are planning an expensive production with very complicated sets. "We want to do it well," says Vivien. "I only hope I am as good as the sets." She will be.

After a three year separation Ginger Rogers has at last announced her intention of establishing a residence in Nevada, as soon as her picture schedule will allow, and obtaining a Reno divorce from Lew Ayres. Lew claims it all came as a complete surprise to him, that he didn't know anything about it until he read it in the papers. He and Ginger have remained the best of friends and see each other occasionally when they go out to dinner together. If Ginger has another husband in mind when the divorce is granted she isn't saying.

Deanna Durbin is the only Hollywood star who never uses her initials. Instead, her personal stationery, her canvas set chair, the weather vane atop her studio bungalow and her tailored pajamas carry the musical notes "d,d."

Carmichael, the polar bear, who is lending his histrionic talents to Jack Benny's new picture has [Continued on page 13]

Below: Jimmy Cagney dancing with his sister, Jean, at the Warner Club party at the Biltmore Bowl. Jean is working for Paramount.



Above: Hugh Herbert sniffing a flower held by his wife. Hugh's middle name is Ferdinand, like the bull who loved flowers so well.



Left: Myrna Loy gives her autograph to Marilyn Adell, an Earl Carroll dancer, who's supposed to be her "double." Think so?



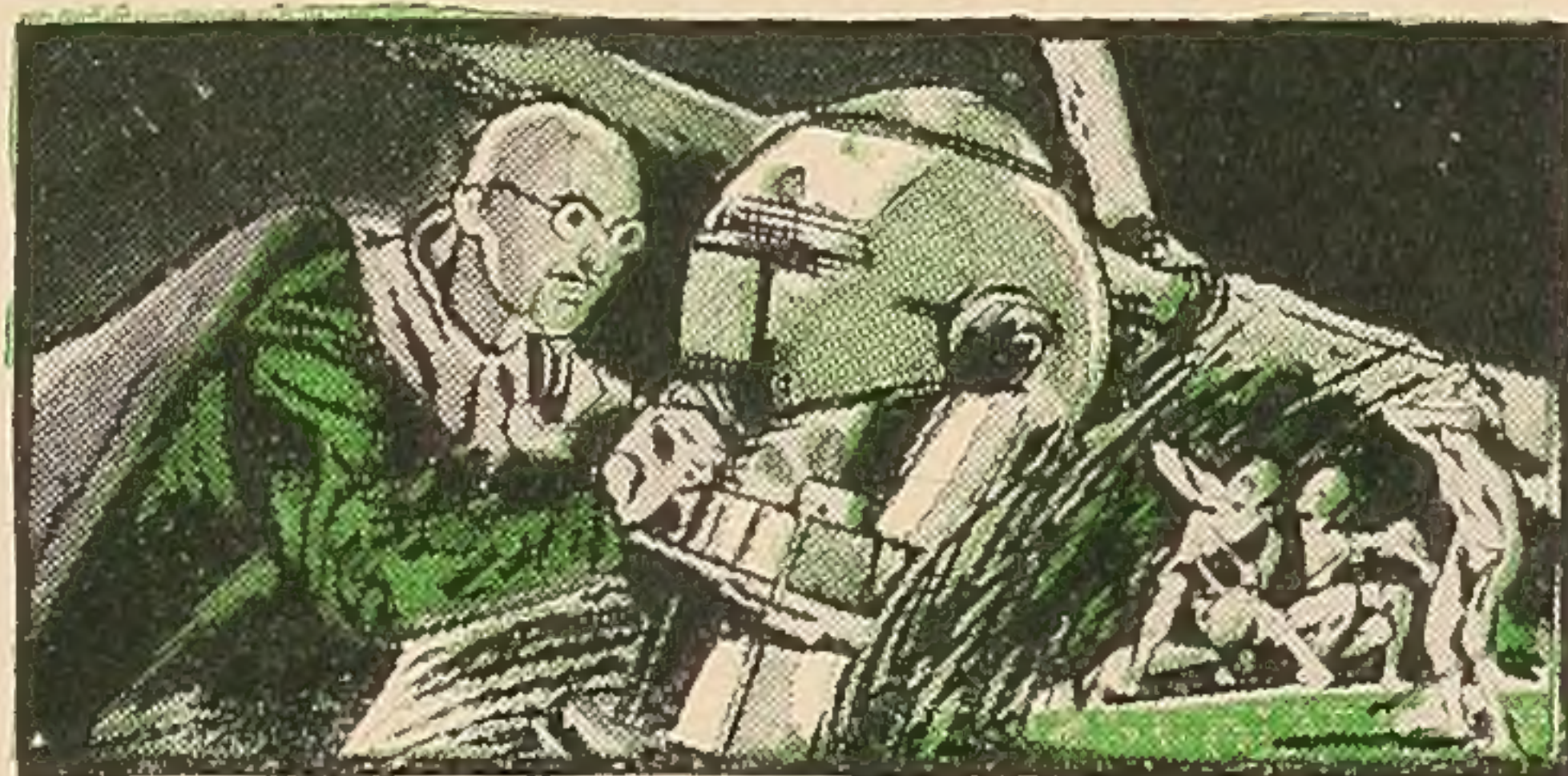
DIABOLICAL "Dr. CYCLOPS"

IN TECHNICOLOR

The picture made behind locked doors! Directed by Ernest Schoedsack, who directed the never-to-be-forgotten "King Kong" for producer Merian Cooper.

See him . . . he's real! See them . . . they're real! . . . Men and women only 14 inches in height and yet possessed of each and every one of their normal human functions!

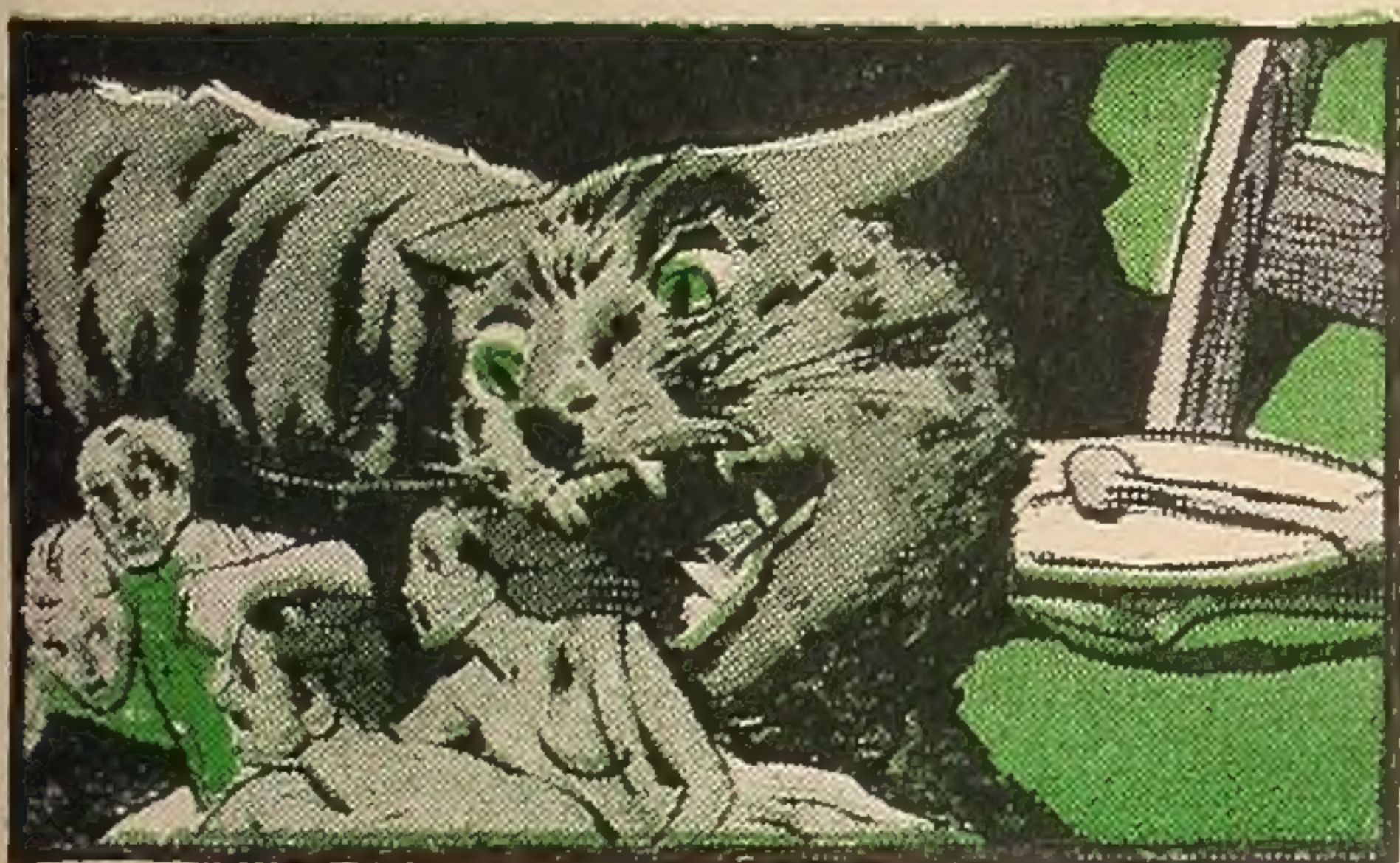
UNBELIEVABLE . . . yet done before your very eyes!



Dr. Cyclops injects his new radium formula . . . shrinking victims to pygmy size!



A beautiful young woman shrunk to miniature size . . . yet breathing defiance!



A normal-sized cat becomes a huge rav-
en-
ing monster to the helpless victims!



Angered by their resistance, Dr. Cyclops
attacks the little people with a shovel!

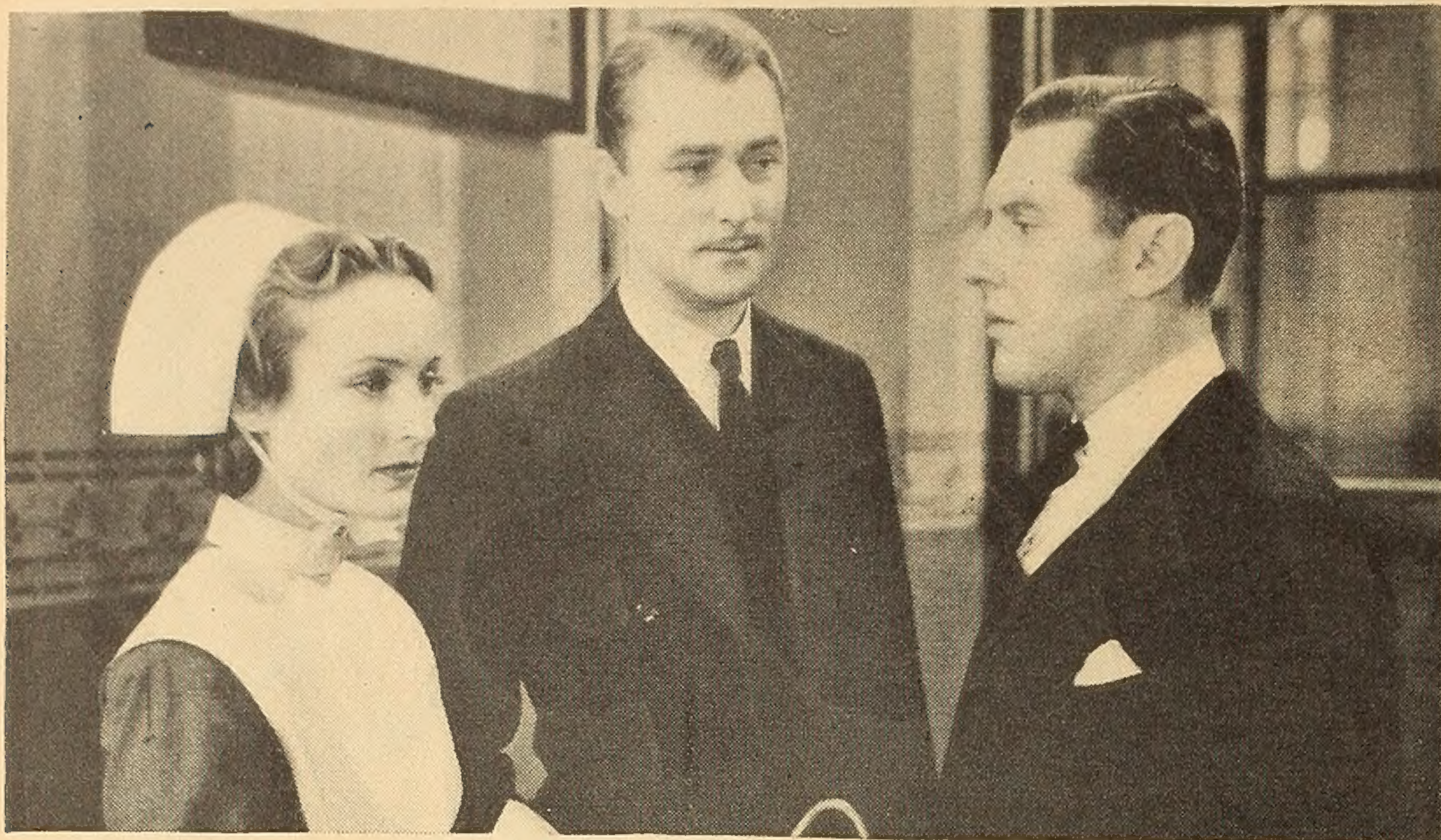


Dr. Cyclops' victims, maddened at the results of
their size reduction, attack the gigantic doctor!

A Paramount Picture with Albert Dekker • Janice Logan • Thomas Coley • Charles Halton
Victor Kilian • Frank Yaconelli • Directed by Ernest Schoedsack • Original Screen Play by Tom Kilpatrick

Tips on Pictures

The ones to see and the ones to miss!



Carole Lombard, Brian Aherne and Robert Coote in "Vigil in the Night," a gripping film not to be missed. Below: An amusing scene from "Dr. Ehrlich's Magic Bullet," with Ruth Gordon and Edward G. Robinson. Even Paul Muni couldn't have played the title role any better than Robinson.



Eleanor Powell and Fred Astaire will thrill you with their dance routines in "Broadway Melody of 1940."

A CHUMP AT OXFORD (Hal Roach)
—A hilarious take-off of "A Yank at Oxford," with Stan Laurel and Oliver Hardy getting the most out of really funny material. Slapstick prevails throughout, but the dialogue is far from dull.

BROADWAY MELODY OF 1940 (M-G-M)—Put Fred Astaire, Eleanor Powell and George Murphy into the same musical and you should get dancing aplenty at its very best. And that's exactly what happens here. It's lavishly staged, but if too much dancing, no matter how good, gets on your nerves, you'd better pick another movie with more of a story.

CHARLIE CHAN IN PANAMA (20th Century-Fox)—Sidney Toler again gives a convincing performance in the title role of this melodramatic yarn which has to do with the U. S. government sending him to Panama to uncover a plot to blow up the Canal. Lionel Atwill, Mary Nash and Sen Yung are standouts in the supporting cast.

DR. EHRLICH'S MAGIC BULLET (Warners)—Edward G. Robinson, after a long delay, finally has been given another role in keeping with his ability in this straight-from-the-shoulder story of a doctor who finds a cure for society's most insidious disease. It's the sort of part Paul Muni has been getting right along, but we doubt if he could have played it more acceptably than Edward G. Robinson.

FREE, BLONDE AND 21 (20th Century-Fox)—Because "Hotel For Women" was received so nicely, it was decided to use the same background again. The similarity ends there, however, because this story is woefully weak even with such lovelies prancing through it as Mary Beth Hughes, Lynn Bari, Katherine Aldridge and Helen Ericson.

GRAPES OF WRATH (20th Century-Fox)—Another Darryl Zanuck achievement. He brought the great novel to the screen without losing its force and effectiveness. The casting is perfect, with Henry Fonda and Jane Darwell slightly standoutish.



I TAKE THIS WOMAN (M-G-M)—Although they re-made practically the entire film, it still leaves much to be desired. Spencer Tracy performs nobly, Hedy Lamarr is as gorgeous as ever and Verree Teasdale is particularly amusing. Still in all, it isn't good entertainment.

LITTLE OLD NEW YORK (20th Century-Fox)—A colorful, if not exciting, story of the New York waterfront in the days when Robert Fulton was working on his invention of the steamboat. Richard Greene does well as the inventor, with Alice Faye superb as a tavern girl and Fred MacMurray the same as a rough-and-ready ship builder.

MY LITTLE CHICKADEE (Universal)—Co-starring Mae West and W. C. Fields in the same comedy was a grand idea, but the yarn and comedy lines which the two of them authored, won't have you rolling in the aisles. You keep waiting for the hearty laughs and you're still waiting for them after the film is ended. Oh, yes, Mae is still asking 'em to come up and see her sometime.

NORTHWEST PASSAGE (M-G-M)—It will be a long time before you'll see a more magnificent and impressive picture. Spencer Tracy, as Major Robert Rogers, gives a performance which equals any that won him Academy

Awards. It's produced in Technicolor on a spectacular scale with King Vidor's direction being flawless throughout. Robert Young deserves particular mention.

OH, JOHNNY, HOW YOU CAN LOVE (Universal)—A pitifully weak yarn about a young traveling salesman who eventually marries an heiress. Only connection of picture with title is that Betty Jane Rhodes sings the number as part of an auto-camp festival. Definitely one to miss.

PINOCCHIO (Disney-RKO)—The chances are you'll like this even better than "Snow White," even though it lacks the warmth, melody and romance of Disney's first full-length cartoon feature. Technically it's considerably better. It has more humor, too, and more of the typical Disney touches. Jiminy Cricket steals the picture from Pinocchio.

SAINT'S DOUBLE TROUBLE (RKO)—Just when "The Saint" series was gaining momentum, along comes this fourth one which slows things down to a walk. George Sanders, in the title role, is smooth enough, but the befuddling story of a Philadelphia diamond smuggling ring is hard to accept.

SEVENTEEN (Paramount)—A modernized version of the famous Booth Tarkington story which loses none of its original charm and flavor. Jackie Cooper is grand as William Baxter, the lad who suddenly realizes that he's old enough to stop being a kid. Betty Field is the dazzling miss from Chicago and, after seeing Betty in "Of Mice and Men," her versatility will amaze you.

SWISS FAMILY ROBINSON (RKO)—Infinite care has been taken in bringing this famous classic to the screen with the happy result that it is above-the-average entertainment. A strong cast, headed by Thomas Mitchell, includes Edna Best, Freddie Bartholomew, Terry Kilburn and Tim Holt.

THE FARMER'S DAUGHTER (Paramount)—Martha Raye's last picture for Paramount and oddly enough her best. It's good, clean comedy (*don't let the title mislead*), with Martha as a wholesome country girl. She's surrounded by capable players including Charlie Ruggles, Gertrude Michael and William Frawley.

THE MAN FROM DAKOTA (M-G-M)—A story of the Civil War with Wallace Beery having an actor's field-day as a hard-boiled army sergeant. The picture is adapted from "Arouse and Beware," a best seller. Dolores Del Rio returns to the screen in this one. John Howard turns in

a nice job as a lieutenant in the Union army.

THE MARINES FLY HIGH (RKO)—There's lots of action in this melodrama of the rivalry of Richard Dix and Chester Morris, of the Marines, for the love of Lucille Ball. It all takes place down in Latin America where the Marines are squelching a revolution. Cast also includes Steffi Duna, John Eldredge, as the villain, and Dick Hogan and Horace MacMahon as comic relief.

THE WARE CASE (20th Century-Fox Release)—A murder mystery, produced in England, and starring your old friend, Clive Brook. He is ideally cast as Sir Hubert Ware, who becomes pretty much of a squanderer and is finally accused of murdering his brother-in-law. Jane Baxter plays the part of Clive's beautiful wife.

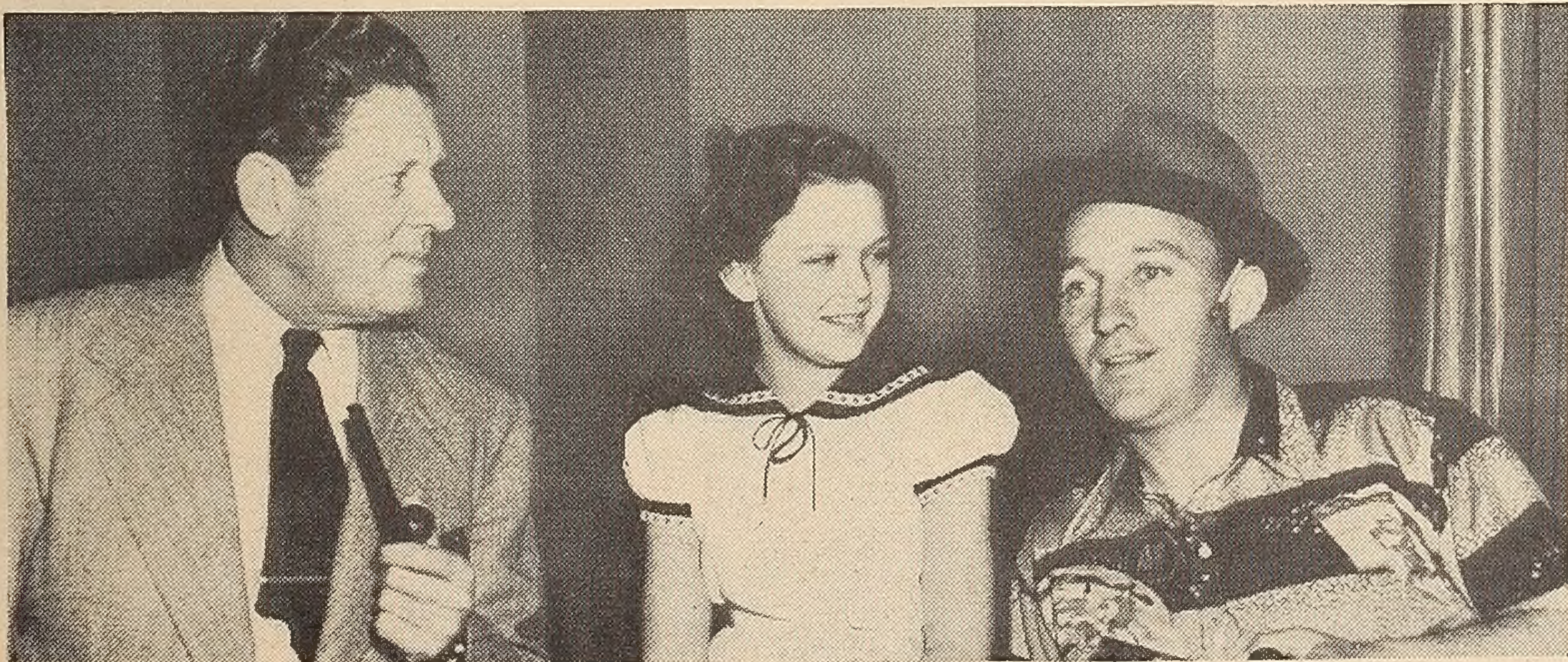
VIGIL IN THE NIGHT (RKO)—Carole Lombard, as a nurse, demonstrates her ability to be just as effective in stark tragedy as she is in merry mad comedy. Anne Shirley, as her kid sister who is also a nurse but against her own choosing, is excellent and that goes for Brian Aherne, too, in the role of a doctor.

VILLAGE BARN DANCE (Republic)—The idea for this one came from the very popular radio program of the same name. The picture won't be as popular, we're afraid. Richard Cromwell and George Barbier try hard.

WOMEN WITHOUT NAMES (Paramount)—Another prison yarn which doesn't quite click despite good performances by Ellen Drew, Robert Paige and Judith Barrett. Much of the film concerns the routine in a women's prison where Ellen is serving a life sentence for a murder which she and her husband, Robert Paige, never committed.

YOUNG AS YOU FEEL (20th Century-Fox)—The latest in the Jones Family series finds them visiting the New York World's Fair and getting into all sorts of amusing complications, largely because of extravagance. Pa almost loses his drug store, but all ends well.

YOUNG TOM EDISON (M-G-M)—Cast as the great inventor during his misunderstood boyhood, Mickey Rooney plays his greatest role and naturally turns in his best performance. Based on actual happenings in the early life of Edison, it could not be more stirring, being packed with thrilling incidents, such as his preventing what seems to be an inevitable train wreck. It will be one of foremost pictures of 1940.



Bob Burns visits the set of "If I Had My Way," which co-stars Gloria Jean and Bing Crosby, whose favorite topics are his wife, kids and horses.



IT'S A REAL SURPRISE
when you actually
understand Tampax



**NO BELTS
NO PINS
NO PADS
NO ODOR**

DEAR and gentle reader, how *can* we make you realize the difference to you when you use Tampax? Doesn't it mean something to tell you that over 250,000,000 have already been sold? Doesn't *that* give you assurance? There is an old saying "What others can do, you can do."

The principle of *internal absorption* has been long known to physicians. Tampax has simply made it available to all women for regular monthly sanitary protection. No pins or belts. No chafing, wrinkling. No odor can form. No disposal troubles. Tampax is made of pure surgical cotton, greatly compressed. Each is hygienically sealed in dainty, patented one-time-use container. Your hands *never* touch the Tampax and the user is unaware of it.

Tampax now is made in *three sizes*: Regular, Super, Junior. These meet every individual need. You can travel, dance, golf . . . use tub or shower . . . Sold at drug stores and notion counters. Introductory box, 20¢. Large economy package (4 months' supply) will save you up to 25% in money.

Accepted for advertising by
the Journal of the American
Medical Association.



TAMPAX INCORPORATED SU-50-C
New Brunswick, N. J.

Please send me in plain wrapper the new trial package of Tampax. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or silver) to cover cost of mailing. Size is checked below.

() REGULAR () SUPER () JUNIOR

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Checking On Their Comments

By Frederick
James Smith

ISAT with Bette Davis on the Warner set for Rachel Field's "All This and Heaven, Too." Bette was in prim crinolines of 1849, for she was playing the young woman who came to America to teach French in a girls' school after a tragic romance while governess in a Paris royalist's family. I asked her how she liked the role. Commented Bette:

"I've grown interested in the girl now that I'm doing her. But I wish to God the movies could get away from the dear dead days. I'd like to let them lie. I'm sick of period stuff, for myself or anyone else. I'm tired of suffering and seeing people suffer for long expired political motives or for dear old Louisiana. There's so much to tell of today. But nobody is doing it, in pictures, on the stage, or in fiction.

"Meanwhile, I've bought a nice little house at Burbank five minutes from the studio. No more waste hours getting to and from the cameras. Acting hours are too erratic. I've had to save myself, and this new home is one of my methods. Also it gives me a new interest. You should see me buying furnishings and draperies. Quite, quite domestic, you know.

"What would I like to do next? I tried to get the studio interested in a screen story about the younger Sarah Bernhardt. Those days of the Divine Sarah had real romance. There was a marriage that was highly dramatic. Costume stuff? In a way, but a real story of a young woman finding herself and proving herself, in an intensely masculine era."

Maybe there's something in Bette's protest, come to think of it. I'm tired of being sold the romantic old days when the world wore satins and obsolete theories, when a narrow mind was a constant solace. There

"Hollywood is difficult enough without sister complications," laments Joan Fontaine of 'Rebecca.' "There's my marriage to Brian Aherne."



is a lot to be said about today. One film has just said some of it. Bette, meet "The Grapes of Wrath."

SPENCER TRACY is a good actor, honest, straightforward, sincere. When I asked him to tell me the secret of good acting, he rebelled. Here's the way he put it:

"There is undoubtedly a secret of good film acting. There must be, because so far as I am concerned it is still a secret. I say this sincerely. I couldn't tell you the secret of good acting. I am still a student. Sometimes, I am convinced, a pretty bad one. Perhaps, if I remain in the business of making motion pictures long enough, I may discover it. Good stories, good parts, good direction are certainly essential to making good actors. In these respects, I have been fortunate. As



Edward G. Robinson, pictured with his wife, says, "Nothing can present the message of tolerance as well as motion pictures and the radio." Below: Seductive Ellen Drew remarks, "I've learned that the easiest thing to do is to put over an emotion in a close-up. The tough thing is to be good in long shots."



for my favorite role, I am playing it now in 'Edison, the Man.' I don't know of any character I have ever played that has taken such a hold of me. The world knew Edison as a genius. In my study of him as a man, I have found him kindly, gentle, humorous, courageous and the man, to me, is more human and interesting than the genius. For the future, I am looking forward to doing 'The Yearling' and the character study of Penny. Both fascinated me.

"How long does it take to become a proficient film player? I should say a hundred years. Few actors live that long."

Maybe that passing remark "sometimes a pretty bad one" must have come into being after Spencer glimpsed himself in that expensive and much re-shot film, "I Take This Woman," in which he co-stars with Hedy Lamarr. Maybe, after Edison, we'll forgive him. From Lamarr to incandescent lights is something—or am I being catty?

MADELEINE CARROLL sailed away to Italy on the Conte de Savoia in February to spend four days with her mother in Paris. She had just that much time in order to meet Cecil De Mille's intense and elaborate shooting schedule for his new spectacle of the Canadian Royal Mounted. The day before she sailed Madeleine told me—

"Mother and father live on a little place I bought for them a few miles outside of London. Of course, I'd like them to come to America to be with me through this world crisis, but dad is a stubborn Irishman. He won't move. So, I'm going to spend those four days with mother in Paris. Who can tell what will happen when winter goes? A great Spring drive may tie up all Europe. I want to be sure of seeing mother once more.

"I'll have four days with her, for I shall fly from Italy over the war zone to Paris. I have all sorts of special permits. Then I am taking on the Conte de Savoia all the things Hollywood donated to the two hundred French orphans who now live in my place in the country outside Paris. These things will be shipped up from Italy. So that sceptical folks won't think I'm talking about that just for publicity, I'm going to have the boys and girls photographed with the gifts. Seeing is believing.

"I dread facing the desolation of a France torn by war, the emptiness of a Paris watching the skies from bomb shelters, but I am afraid that, if I wait, I may not see mother for a long time. Who can tell what will happen? Madmen are in the saddle and civilization is staggering."

By the time you read this Madeleine probably will be back, performing before Mr. De Mille's cameras. Which means four months of intensive filming. Her mother will have returned to the little place outside London, with the lights darkened at night and gas masks handy. And, if you must know, Mr. De Mille is aiming his Canadian Royal Mounted spectacle at the British market. England, he cannily reasons, will want to see it to forget. So there you have a dramatic real life situation. Madeleine trying to forget in a film built to make folks forget.

NOW that Edward G. Robinson has broken away from playing sinister gangsters and deadly killers with his amazing performance of Dr. Ehrlich, the German who did so much to combat syphilis, he wants to go on doing important gentlemen of history. Here's what he told me on his recent visit to New York:

"It's time for us to tell of our own great men—and America has them. Democracy is fighting for its very existence and anything Hollywood can do to help is important. We Americans have taken our democracy too much for granted, I fear. We are being put to the test and we will have to learn all over again.

"Nothing can present the message of tolerance as well as motion pictures and the radio. What is a mere league of nations to these great forces that dominate every moment of our lives? It is up to us to use these mighty levers on public thinking, and to use them right.

"Most of all I want to do Benjamin Franklin. There are so many sides to the man, so many facets of intellectual force. He was a statesman, a diplomat, a scientist, a newspaper man. He did more than any other one man to bring about the French Revolution; he did as much as any to make our own revolution successful. The Warners have promised that I can do Franklin and soon.

"I'm happy over what the critics say of my Dr. Ehrlich. Ehrlich belongs among the select little band of great scientists, which means that he was a great poet in his way. He had the poetic concept that a chemical pumped into the blood stream would cure a great and sinister malady, then he proved it scientifically after hundreds of tests had failed. Ehrlich belongs to the little handful of the world's great. If I suggested this intense dreamer of dreams, I am happy."

But meanwhile Robinson is going to make one more gangster film, "Brother Orchid," the story of a racketeer, beaten and left to die, who is picked up outside the walls of a monastery by the good brothers and nursed back to health. The monks raise and sell flowers and, when the adopted brother finds gangsters crowding the business of the holy men, he goes out and cleans up—for God and orchids. Robinson wants to do this before he tries Franklin. "I want folks to take my new step slowly," he says. Probably he's right. The public can be scared away by too much ambition. It digests things slowly. Let it get acclimated bit by bit to the new Robinson. It's safer.

SUPPOSE OLIVIA de HAVILLAND was your sister. Wait a minute, stop cheering. We're serious. Suppose you are a personable, ambitious young man, but Olivia is your sister. You would think that a help to your career. But that isn't true. Listen to Joan Fontaine, who loves her sister but—

"We're continually being considered for the same roles or for parts in the same picture. That wouldn't do, of course. When I was tested for Scarlett O'Hara in 'Gone With the Wind' there was Olivia being tested for Melanie. I didn't get Scarlett, but Olivia made a grand Me-



The Most
**BEAUTIFUL
FINGERNAILS**
in the world

DURA-GLOSS

Don't envy the alluring fingernail beauty of other women—possess the most beautiful fingernails in the world, *yourself!* Tint your nails with Dura-Gloss—it's new, it's different—made by a *new, unique principle!* Keeps its jewel-luster color-tone much longer. In the loveliest, fashion-right shades you can buy. Dura-Gloss is ten cents a bottle, at all cosmetic counters. Get, too, Dura-Gloss's new, efficient Polish Remover. Do it today!

Choose your color by the
**FINGERNAIL
CAP**



Only Dura-Gloss has it! New "fingernail cap"—coated with the polish that's in the bottle. Shows exact shade. Banishes guesswork, disappointment.

10c

Lorr Laboratories,
Paterson, New Jersey

FREE



POWD'R-BASE *hampden* at our expense!

Give yourself a new beauty experience! Just a touch of the POWD'R-BASE *hampden* foundation stick keeps your makeup fresh, lovely, *lasting*. Helps conceal lines, blemishes. Ends shiny nose. Makes your skin smoother, younger-looking. See how much lovelier your complexion can be. Mail the coupon *today*, for your free sample.

At all cosmetic counters • Over 8 million sold

FREE Large Trial Size

Hampden Sales Dept. F-1
251 5th Ave., New York

Canada mail to 10 McCaul St. Toronto

Send me 1 large trial size of POWD'R-BASE, also 1 of POWD'R-BASE ROUGE in shades checked. I enclose 5c in coin or stamps for mailing.

Name.....

Address.....

Powd'r-Base

☐ Flesh

☐ Rachelle

☐ Brunette

Rouge

☐ Bright

☐ Light

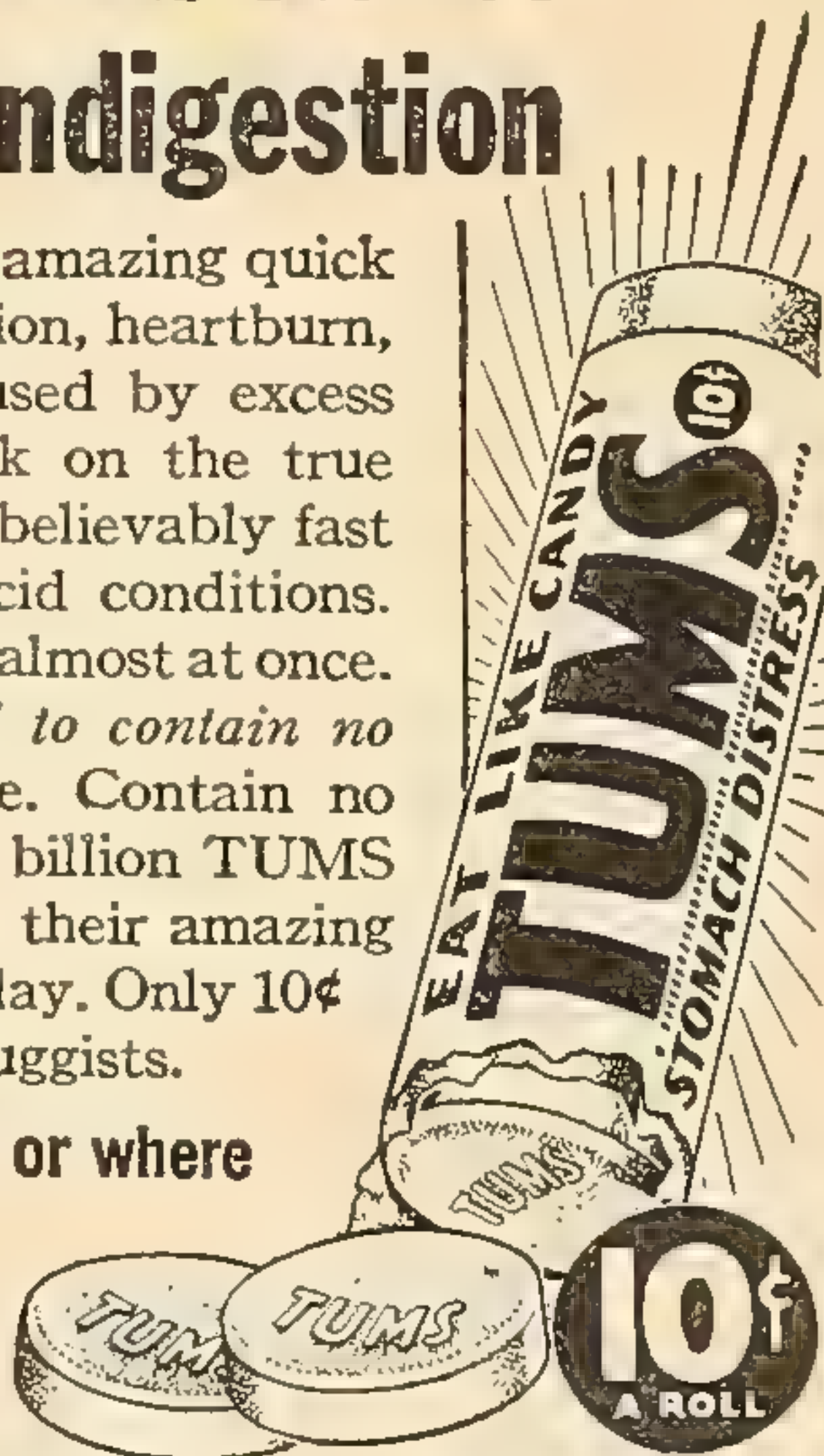
☐ Dark

Amazing Quick Relief For Acid Indigestion

YES—TUMS bring amazing quick relief from indigestion, heartburn, sour stomach, gas caused by excess acid. For TUMS work on the true basic principle. Act unbelievably fast to neutralize excess acid conditions. Acid pains are relieved almost at once. *TUMS are guaranteed to contain no soda. Are not laxative. Contain no harmful drugs. Over 2 billion TUMS already used—proving their amazing benefit. Get TUMS today. Only 10¢ for 12 TUMS at all druggists.*

You never know when or where

Always Carry
**FOR ACID
INDIGESTION**



ADVISES YOUNG GIRLS ENTERING WOMANHOOD



Thousands of young girls entering womanhood have found a "real friend" in Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to help them go "smiling thru" restless, moody, nervous spells, and relieve cramps, headache, backache, and embarrassing fainting spells due to female functional irregularities. Famous for over 60 years in helping "women's" functional complaints. *Try it!*

Note: Pinkham's Compound comes in either liquid or handy to carry tablet form (similar formula).

lanie. Naturally, I can't work on the Warner lot with Olivia there and the resemblance of our work seems to bring both of us to mind for the same role in other spots. We try to keep in touch with each other and we try not to step on each other's toes. I've tried all through not to hurt Olivia in any way. So there would be no confusion in names I took the screen name of Fontaine from my step-father.

"Hollywood is difficult enough without sister complications. There's my marriage to Brian Aherne. Folks in Hollywood actually bet on how long sentiment can last. We think we can make a go of it if we're sane about it. Bad to work in the same picture. Mustn't talk about your studio problems at night. Be sure to take time out together to play together. That's why we've been in New York together. Then we both love flying. That's another mutual interest. Yes . . . we think we can last as married folks."

I've seen Joan in "Rebecca" and I think she's one of the finds of the year. Her performance of a little immature girl, unsure of herself and of life, is tremendously compelling. Joan won't have to worry about roles now. Or being anybody's sister. Lightning doesn't strike twice in one family, not often anyway. But keep your head, Mrs. Brian Aherne. The test of everything is just around the nearest electric sign, once your name gets in it.

ROBERT STACK is the 21-year-old glamour boy who made something of a hit in Deanna Durbin's "First Love" as the first male to kiss the little singing star. He's been two years under Universal contract and pretty soon will do his second role in Marlene Dietrich's "Seven Sinners." Maybe as one of the seven. Listen to Robert—

"I'm afraid of this glamour boy stuff. When they cast me in 'First Love,' I was to play a young back-stage electrician. Before I could get fitted for overalls, I was rewritten into a boy millionaire. Instead of old clothes I was rushed to a tailor for tails. Movies amaze me. All through the film the authors—all five of them—were just ahead of the cameras. But it all turned out well, thanks to Joseph Pasternack's uncanny screen shrewdness.

"Other things amazed me. Most of the time I made love to a bit of paper pinned on the wall. Deanna was only there for close-ups. And, when we danced, I did that Viennese waltz mostly with two doubles, two Busby Berkeley girls. Deanna just was in my arms for close-ups. We did that in double tempo with the cameras shooting in slow motion. That was to get the effect of action, tails flying, hair wind blown and all that. They shot and shot for three days. It was tough, between a temperature of 107 and the highly polished floor. Even with tape on my shoe soles I went on my face three times. I'll say one thing, Durbin could out dance her doubles a million ways. Remarkable girl, Deanna. . . ."

That's just the beginning, Robert, just the beginning. You ain't seen nothin' yet. Wait until you've played in two pictures. Then you'll have a tale to tell. But the sur-

prise will have worn off. You'll be a bored juvenile then in a colony of perpetual juveniles.

ELLEN DREW is the Kansas City girl who worked as a waitress in a candy shop next door to Grauman's Chinese Theatre in Los Angeles. She served a chocolate soda and landed in the movies. The soda consumer was an agent and he took her around to Paramount next day. The movies still puzzle Ellen. She sat at a table in the Paramount studio restaurant and said—

"I waited and waited for a chance, after they took me in. Then, on the same day, Wesley Ruggles and Frank Lloyd looked at tests I had made and they both wanted me. Mr. Ruggles thought I looked small town and he wanted me for 'Sing You Sinners.' Mr. Lloyd thought I looked like a medieval gamin and he wanted me for 'If I Were King.' Here, you see, were two experts getting entirely different slants from the same piece of film and the same girl. I think it's the same way with the public. All those millions watching pictures supply their own versions of you.

"I'm slowly learning to act. Bit by bit. It takes time and a variety of able directors to make you into an actress. I've learned that the easiest thing to do is to put over an emotion in a close-up. Anyone can seem to portray a sixty-by-sixty foot emotion if you cut off right at the chin. The tough thing is to be good in shots where your body, your hands and your feet have to co-operate on a mood. Try to concentrate, for instance, on a sad letter from mother, express it just right with your face and your voice—and keep those hands from fluttering around like hams. That's the test."

Let's finish our chocolate soda and tell Ellen she's correct. But be careful about learning to act, Ellen. It's harmless, pleasant and remunerative to be a decorative ingenue, dangerous to get a reputation at acting and scene stealing. The star won't like it. Better be a lovely close-up than a good actress, on the cutting room floor.



Margaret Lindsay has Make-up Chief Jack Pierce prepare her for a scene in "House of Seven Gables."



Hail to the new Queen of the Movies, Vivien Leigh, who received the Academy Award as the best actress of 1939 for her performance in "Gone With The Wind."

Hollywood Earfuls

[Continued from page 6]

gone California in a big way. He demands a quart of orange juice for his breakfast every morning—and gets it.

It could only happen in Hollywood. When George Brent left for Honolulu on his vacation the other day his traveling companion was Ralph Forbes. Mr. Brent followed Mr. Forbes as Ruth Chatterton's husband.

William Powell and Diana Lewis, who not long ago startled Hollywood with their elopement, sat in the Vine Street Brown Derby reading the newspaper account of the elopement of Lana Turner and Artie Shaw. After a few minutes of intent reading Diana turned to Bill and said, "Isn't that surprising!"

The Errol Flynn's had one of their better fights recently and Errol moved in to Sunset Towers while Lili locked herself up in their Beverly Hills home and for twenty-four hours refused to answer the phone. They met at the Philharmonic Auditorium in Los Angeles, where they both entertained large parties at the Bal-

let Russe de Monte Carlo. And as luck would have it their seats were right back of each other. But neither spoke the entire evening. Hollywood always enjoys a good domestic battle between the Flynn's. It's always so colorful.

Mary Beth Hughes is said to be the prettiest girl in town. Ever since Lew Ayres discovered her he has been rushing her here and there. But not without plenty of competition from the other boys.

When a local columnist, seated next to Norma Shearer at a dinner party, asked her when she and George Raft would marry, Norma answered, "That's up to George." As a matter of fact, it probably isn't up to George at all. But to Mrs. George Raft, who long, long, long ago, even before George came to Hollywood, separated from her spouse.

The studio has decided that Mickey Rooney has been having too many romances. So they're clamping down on Mr. Rooney. You won't hear about his

[Continued on page 16]

*The bargain of
your lifetime!*

GONE WITH THE WIND

SPECIAL MOVIE EDITION

► COMPLETE, UNABRIDGED ◀

With 14 pages of gorgeous pictures
in technicolor from the film!

1,000,000
copies sold
at \$3.00! **Only 69c!**

On sale wherever books are sold;
if your local dealer can't supply
you, mail us this coupon.

The Macmillan Co.,
60 Fifth Avenue, N. Y. C.

Send me.....copies of GONE
WITH THE WIND (Movie
Edition) at 69c.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

☐ cash enclosed ☐ C.O.D.

BUNIONS

Enlarged or Tender
Joints. Quick Relief!

Stop suffering! Get New
Super-Soft Dr. Scholl's
Zino-pads. Lift shoe pres-
sure. Soothe, cushion
the sensitive area. 630%
softer than before! Don't
come off in bath. Cost
but a trifle. At all Drug,
Shoe, Dept. stores,
Toilet Goods counters.



NEW Super-Soft

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads

SONG POEM WRITERS
Write for free inspiring booklet out-
lining opportunities for amateur
songwriters. ALLIED MUSIC, INC.,
Dept. 10, Box 507, Cincinnati, Ohio

GIVE YOUR LAZY LIVER THIS GENTLE "NUDGE"

Follow Noted Ohio Doctor's Advice
To Feel "Tip-Top" In Morning!

If liver bile doesn't flow freely every day into
your intestines—constipation with its head-
aches and that "half-alive" feeling often result.
So step up that liver bile and see how much
better you should feel! Just try Dr. Edwards'
Olive Tablets used so successfully for years by
Dr. F. M. Edwards for his patients with con-
stipation and sluggish liver bile.

Olive Tablets being purely vegetable, are won-
derful! They not only stimulate bile flow to
help digest fatty foods but also help elimina-
tion. Get a box TODAY. 15¢, 30¢ and 60¢.

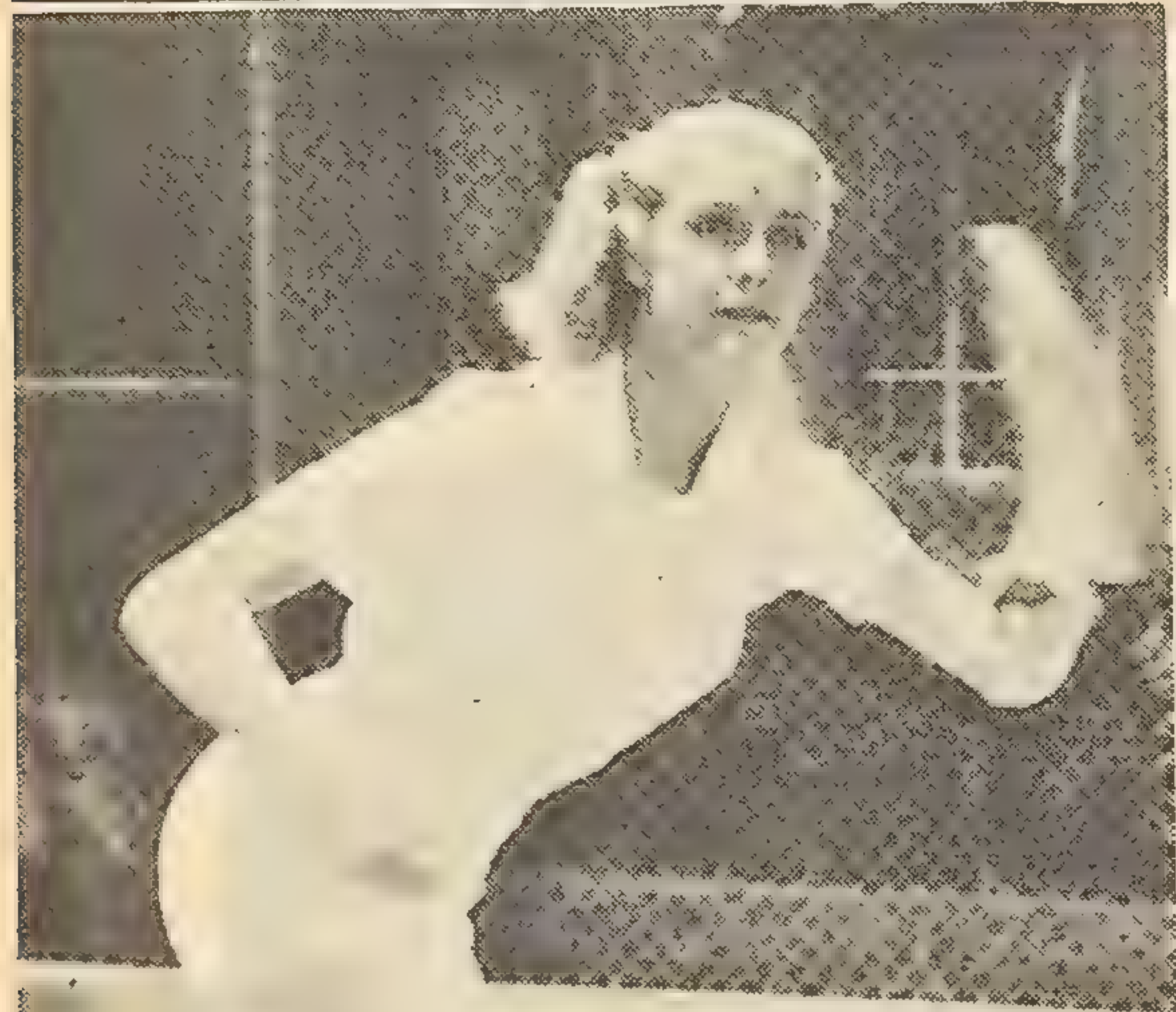
A Lesson For *Blondes*

By Mary Lee

You see no lovelier girl in films than Anita Louise. At the age of three, she was posing as a photographic model. She is an accomplished harpist. She plays an excellent game of tennis and says that as long as she gets plenty of outdoor life, as she does in Hollywood, and plenty of sleep, she keeps herself in superb condition.

A SLIM, graceful figure answered the doorbell of a room in the St. Regis Hotel, New York. It was Anita Louise, wearing a luxurious housecoat of ivory and soft green striped taffeta, flaring stiffly from the fitted bodice and fastened with wide, green silk frogs. As I entered the living-room, on either side of the French windows stood two golden harps. For nine years, Anita Louise has played the harp, "not too well," she modestly says. However, her ability as a harpist has taken her on a concert tour and she also played it on her more recent personal appearances.

In her interesting, capable hands you sense the touch of the musician. In them, you also sense, if you know anything about hands, a quiet self-confidence that is born of having proved to herself what she can do. At the age of three, Anita was posing as a photographic model. Another



Easy-to-follow advice by Anita Louise, helpful for blondes and all other types

experience at the age of five was also to teach her what she can do. On an Atlantic crossing, a grown-up playfully picked up the little girl as if to toss her overboard. A deep and lasting fear of water was the result of the scare. To learn to swim—because she was afraid of water—became a passion. After years of striving she has succeeded, again, as she says, "not too well." Because learning to swim was more than hard for her, she forced herself to do it. Anita evidently has learned that little comes to those who sit and wait. She also plays tennis and says that as long as she gets plenty of outdoor life, as she does in Hollywood, and plenty of sleep, she keeps herself in the pink of condition.

Anita Louise has golden-blond hair, naturally curly. She shampoos it, herself. She prefers a castile soap and does not believe that hair can be overwashed, provided the cleanser is suited to the individual need. When working in pictures, her hair is shampooed every two days. Normally, she shampoos every five days, finishing with a lemon or vinegar rinse. She thinks blonde hair needs more frequent washing than brunette, and believes that hair salon treatments are of great help, mentioning both the Ogilvie Sisters and Harper Method.

I receive a great many letters from blondes whose hair as they grow up or older has lost its original blondness. These

readers do not want to bleach their hair, but they would like to return to their natural blondness and keep it. Lechler's "569" Hair Lightening Shampoo is excellent for such hair. It is a complete shampoo in powder form to be mixed with a little water, which forms a thick, creamy shampoo. It is a splendid mild cleanser and a joy to use. It won't run down into your eyes and ears. It rinses easily from the hair and lightens just a few shades, according to the length of time you leave it on your hair. Lechler's "569" gives hair a satiny sheen and leaves it dancing with sunshine glints. This shampoo is just as effective for browns and blacks who want that sheen of life and lustre in their hair. I will gladly tell you where to get Lechler's "569."

Anita Louise's skin is golden-blond. She is not the porcelain type, and cites Virginia Bruce as one of the few natural peaches-and-cream types in Hollywood. Anita is a soap-and-water girl, but she believes that every girl should experiment with soap until she finds the one best suited to her skin. "Each of us is different," she reminds us. She uses cream, too, and expresses preference for the emulsion (*creamy-lotion*) type. The emulsion type is fast becoming very popular. There is one particular softening and smoothing cream of this nature that I have mentioned before; but it is so very effective and seems to delight users to such an extent that it deserves a reminder. This is the Betty Wales Skin Velveteer, containing olive and avocado oils among other ingredients. It is not a greasy cream, a little covers a large area and it gives



Eddie Cantor, soon to be seen in "Forty Little Mothers," with five of the girls in the cast, Louise Seidel, Bonita Granville, Martha O'Driscoll, Charlotte Munier and Diana Lewis. He plays the part of a prof in a girls' school.

New under-arm Cream Deodorant safely Stops Perspiration



1. Does not harm dresses—does not irritate skin.
2. No waiting to dry. Can be used right after shaving.
3. Instantly checks perspiration for 1 to 3 days. Removes odor from perspiration.
4. A pure, white, greaseless, stainless vanishing cream.
5. Arrid has been awarded the Approval Seal of the American Institute of Laundering for being harmless to fabric.



More than 25 MILLION
jars of Arrid have been
sold...Try a jar today.

ARRID

39¢ a jar

AT ALL STORES WHICH SELL TOILET GOODS
(Also in 10 cent and 59 cent jars)

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—

Without Calomel—And You'll Jump Out
of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go

The liver should pour out two pints of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food may not digest. It may just decay in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. You feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these two pints of bile flowing freely to make you feel "up and up." Amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name. 10¢ and 25¢ at all drug stores. Stubbornly refuse anything else.

NEW ODORLESS* CREAM safely REMOVES HAIR

Nair is painless...not irritating to normal healthy skin...no sulphide depilatory odor...economical...39¢ a tube at stores or from Carter Products, New York. **NAIR**



"Oh Darling, how lovely!"

It's a **Keepsake**

DIAMOND ENGAGEMENT RING

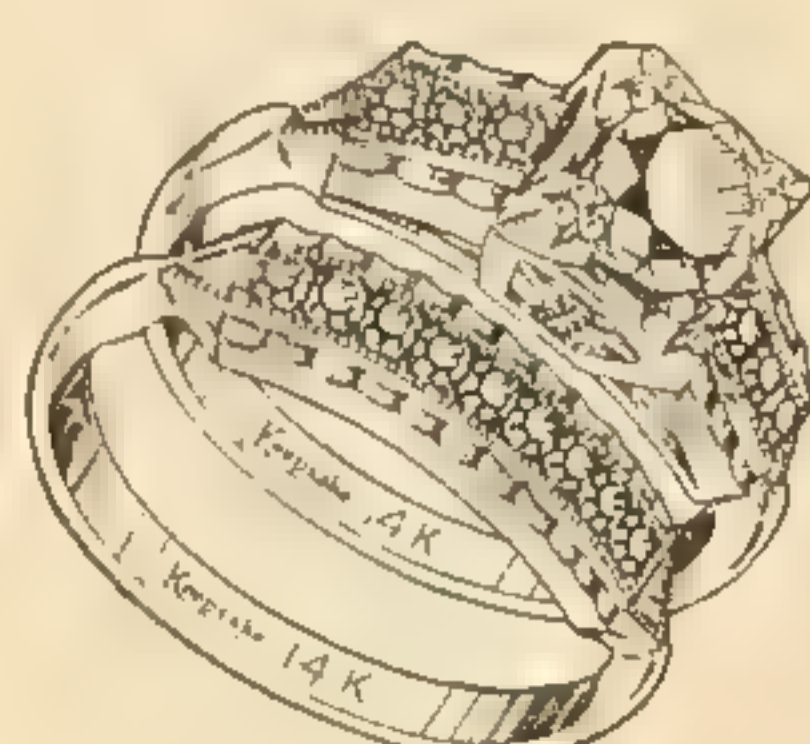
She's thrilled with the traditional symbol of the engagement... her beautiful, genuine registered Keepsake Diamond Ring.

The Keepsake Certificate of quality and registration permits you to choose with confidence of quality and value.

Ask your jeweler to show you these distinguished new Keepsake matched sets for every taste and purse. Extended payments can usually be arranged.

Romance Ahead?

Send Coupon or write for the book—for coming brides and grooms.



ARDMORE Set \$79.75
Engagement ring \$50.00



HUDSON Set \$139.75
Engagement ring \$100.00



BROOKLINE Set \$200.00
Engagement ring \$150.00

Keepsake Diamond Rings, A. H. Pond Co., Inc.
214 S. Warren St., Syracuse, N. Y.

Please send me the valuable book, "Etiquette of the Engagement and Wedding," I enclose 10c to cover mailing expense.

Name

Street and No.

City SS5-40

... AND I USED TO BE SUCH A SAUSAGE IN THIS DRESS



Look at the Fat I've Lost!

Now you can slim down your face and figure without strict dieting or back-breaking exercises. Just eat sensibly and take 4 Marmola Tablets a day, according to the directions.

Marmola Tablets have been sold to the public for more than thirty years. More than twenty million boxes have been distributed during that period.

Marmola is not intended as a cure-all for all ailments. This advertisement is intended only for fat persons who are normal and healthy otherwise and whose fatness is caused by a reduction in the secretion from the thyroid gland (hypo-thyroidism) with accompanying subnormal metabolic rates. No other representation is made as to this treatment except under these conditions and according to the dosage as recommended.

We do not make any diagnosis as that is the function of your physician, who must be consulted for that purpose. The formula is included in every package. Start with Marmola today and win the slender lovely figure that is rightfully yours.

delightful softening and smoothing results. It is a "one cream" type, too. You can use it for all purposes, after cleansing with a cream or soap and water, as you prefer. In fact, it is a complete facial, all in one. You must order this, and I will be glad to tell you where.

Anita offers a good suggestion on the use of a skin softener. "Skin can 'use' just so much cream of any type. I don't think the young, normal skin needs to sleep with cream on for hours and hours. I wash my face, apply a softening cream for five or ten minutes, while I'm doing other things. Then I remove and I'm ready for make-up." She thinks most girls make a mistake by not caring for their skin when they're young if they want good skin when they reach thirty-five.

Though Anita has a radiant, vital look, she does not use heavy make-up. Her brows are naturally a good, deep brown, though she says her lashes are light. To overcome this, she uses black mascara sparingly by day, heavier for night. Day-time make-up consists of a little rouge (she thinks blondes particularly need rouge to prevent a too fragile look), powder, lipstick and mascara. For evening, she adds a soft grey eye shadow and increases mascara.

It seems to me that the use of face rouge requires as much art as the shaping of lips, and many of us do not use rouge well. Fully aware of this, Louis Philippe has a new "soft-pressed" compact rouge that gives a child-like, enchanting radiance and blends away to a soft, feather edge. Even if you are not adroit in applying rouge, you can hardly make an error with the new Louis Philippe, because it just won't look hard and splotchy. It comes in lovely tones and in a jeweler's piece type of container. I think you will find it an ideal compact rouge.

Recently, readers have been asking me

about a mascara that will make lashes look soft, natural and lustrous, just as hair should look. Winx Mascara, in creamy, cake or liquid form, is one answer. This is a fine product, whichever form you prefer, and for sale everywhere.

For lips, Anita first applies her lipstick, then smooths it with a brush. This gives a lovely and long-lasting lipline. She increases the width of the upper lip slightly to harmonize with the lower. Not only is this more attractive, but it keeps her personal face in harmony with her screen face. Anita likes a cyclamen tone for her lips, but changes, according to costume, especially red. White is her favorite for evening wear; yellow, for day.

Blondes, thinks Anita, should avoid too fussy and frilly clothes. This is somewhat a case of carrying coals to New Castle, since many blondes naturally look frail and fragile. To accent this by the same type of clothing is too much of a good thing. Blondes will do better to wear simple clothes of interesting cut and fabric. Just as a perfume can be too sweet, to look too girly-girly, too helpless and gone-with-the-wind, sometimes makes a hearty male almost afraid to approach.

Anita puts good grooming as a first point of attraction. She believes that some ability at conversation, not just talk, is very important, rates a good listener very highly and points out that often the just-so-good-looking girl is more popular than the merely beautiful one. Sometimes beauty is sufficient unto itself. But there is a more important asset that will open more doors in this good old world. That is charm. That is magic, pure and simple. As you listen to Anita talking along this trend in a low, warm, frank voice, you are convinced that her viewpoint is born of her own experience. For she has definite charm, of a quiet, sincere kind. She is very real.

Hollywood Earfuls

[Continued from page 13]

romances in print so much from now on, but it's dollars to doughnuts he'll still have them. Mickey's newest song, "Cymbal Sockin' Sam" will be featured in his next musical at Metro.

Father Flanagan of Boys' Town will soon receive \$100,000 for his institution. All on account of Metro will make a sequel to the earlier picture. Spencer Tracy will again play Father Flanagan, and Mickey Rooney will repeat his former role.

Whenever he thinks no one is looking, Richard Greene will give Virginia Field's nearby cheek a quick kiss. It doesn't look like Dick is going to be the most eligible young bachelor in Hollywood much longer.

THE Nancy Kelly-Edmund O'Brien romance seems to be as cold as a good bowl of vichy soise. Nancy is now going places with Irving Cummings, Jr., and her latest present from him is a bracelet which has pictures of his three horses on it.

Olivia de Havilland finished off one

feud with her studio, Warner Brothers, but before you could say Jack Robinson she had started another. We don't like to take sides in star versus studio fights, but we can hardly blame Olivia for demanding better roles from her home studio after her superb performance as "Melanie." Olivia, by far the most popular of the younger players, is spending more and more of her time with Tim Durant, who used to be married to Barbara Hutton's cousin, Adelaide Devart.

Phyllis Brooks, who was Cary Grant's girl friend for so long, now goes with Fred Brisson (Carl Brisson's son) and with—Jimmy Stewart. But who doesn't?

Add this to your Hollywoodiana. From Skolsky's column:

Harlan Thompson, producer at Paramount, was having trouble with the Hays Office because of a native dance that Dorothy Lamour does in "The Road to Singapore." The Hays Office wouldn't pass the dance. After several arguments, Thompson showed the dance sequence again to the representative from the Hays



Ann Sheridan succumbed to that old English custom of having tea served in the afternoon while she was making "It All Came True" for Warners. Humphrey Bogart, who's also in the film, looks like he'd like to have a cup, too.

Office. "Talk up," said Thompson, "and tell me exactly what you object to." The Hays man answered: "I can't tell you exactly, but there must be something wrong with it, or else I wouldn't want to see it three times."

Hattie MacDaniel, who just won an Academy Award because of her swell performance as the colored mammy in "Gone With the Wind," is never without her ring made from a 1908 quarter. She says it's much better than a rabbit's foot. Has anybody got a 1908 quarter? Or maybe just a quarter.

Don Ameche's old home town, Kenosha, Wisconsin, is going to preserve his boyhood home as a monument to him. The Kenosha citizens have invited Don to return there in early summer for the premiere of "Lillian Russell," at which time they will unveil a plaque on his old home which will read:

"To the best ditch-digger, bolt-tightener, curb-rounder and actor ever to come out of Kenosha."

Orson Welles now goes on record as proclaiming that the most fascinating girl he ever met is Paulette Goddard. Which should make Dolores Del Rio awfully sore as Orson has been escorting the beautiful Dolores all over the place for several months. And it was Orson, of course (he'll soon be a runner up for Mickey Rooney),

who told an interviewer that if he couldn't be Orson Welles he would like to be Gene Markey. Gene, as you know, is the husband of one Hedy Lamarr.

Rudy Vallee has been telling friends that he will wed Patricia Dane when the birdies nest again.

Absence certainly didn't make the heart grow fonder in the case of Alice Faye and Tony Martin. But 3000 miles separation is too much of a strain for any marriage—and in the three years that they were married Alice claims they were only together about six months in all. But an orchestra leader can't give up his career and sit around Hollywood all the time, just because his wife is a star in pictures. And a girl, who is a star in pictures, certainly wants to have her husband with her, and not continually on the other side of the country. So what chance has marriage in a situation like that?

Hollywood girls who marry orchestra leaders always have that problem. Dorothy Lamour settled hers by divorcing Herbie Kaye. Ann Sothorn settled hers by insisting that Roger Pryor give up his orchestra and work in Hollywood—which Roger does, though he could make ten times as much money touring with his band. Mary Pickford solves her problem by traveling around the country with Buddy Rogers and his band.

FOR
FIGURES
THAT
GO
PLACES

REAL-FORM
"Girdle of Grace"

If you think all girdles are alike...try "Real Form". Knitted of Lastex and Bemberg rayon and fashioned to fit, it combines the comfort, freedom and beauty of porous web fabric and figure restraining control. Softly boned front satin panel, malleable crotch—it won't twist or "hike-up" and is guaranteed non-run. At all leading stores.

GIRDLES
PANTIES
in Tea Rose
and White
Sizes 26 to 38

REAL-FORM GIRDLE CO., 358-5th Ave., New York

Be an ARTIST

TRAIN AT HOME IN YOUR SPARE TIME!
Trained Artists are capable of earning \$30, \$50, \$75 a week. Our practical, spare-time training makes it fun to learn COMMERCIAL ART, ILLUSTRATING and CARTOONING all in one course. No previous training necessary. Write for details of course in free book, "Art for Pleasure & Profit". State age.

STUDIO 175P, WASHINGTON SCHOOL OF ART
1115-15th ST., N. W., WASHINGTON, D. C.

PILES

If you are troubled with itching, bleeding or protruding piles, write for a FREE sample of Page's

Combination Pile Treatment and you may bless the day you read this. Write today to the E. R. PAGE CO., Dept. 520-E-3, Marshall, Mich.

SONG & SONG POEM WRITERS

We want original songs, poems & lyrics with commercial appeal for recordings. WE SUPPLY MELODIES for poems & lyrics if accepted. Send stamp for information.

HOLLYWOOD RECORDING STUDIOS
Dept. 2A, Box 87, Preuss Sta., Los Angeles, Calif.

GRAY HAIR

Brush it Away
and Look 10
Years Younger

Now, at home, you can quickly and easily tint telltale streaks of gray to natural-appearing shades—from lightest blonde to darkest black. Brownatone and a small brush does it—or your money back. Used for 28 years by thousands of women (men, too)—Brownatone is guaranteed harmless. No skin test needed, active coloring agent is purely vegetable. Cannot affect waving of hair. Lasting—does not wash out. Just brush or comb it in. One application imparts desired color. Simply retouch as new gray appears. Easy to prove by tinting a test lock of your hair. 60c at drug or toilet counters on a money-back guarantee. Retain your youthful charm. Get BROWNATONE today.



**"SURE, I'M HARD!
YOU'VE GOT TO HOCK
YOUR SOUL TO GET
WHAT YOU WANT IN
THIS WORLD!"**

*A snarling, vicious,
killer-breed . . . in the
eyes of the law! A
hurt and embittered
boy . . . to the girl who
loves him! With bite
and dynamite, this
drama blasts the truth
out of his heart!*

**Tyrone
POWER**

*. . . not since "Jesse James"
has he had such a role!*

**Dorothy
LAMOUR**

*. . . revealing more of her
allure than ever before!*

in
**Johnny
Apollo**

**EDWARD ARNOLD • LLOYD NOLAN
CHARLEY GRAPEWIN • LIONEL ATWILL**

Directed by Henry Hathaway

Associate Producer Harry Joe Brown • Screen Play by Philip Dunne
and Rowland Brown • Original Story by Samuel G. Engel and Hal Long

*Dorothy Lamour sings: "This is the Beginning of the End" by Mack Gordon
and "Dancing for Nickels and Dimes" by Lionel Newman and Frank Loesser*

A 20th Century - Fox Picture
Darryl F. Zanuck In Charge of Production

SILVER SCREEN

Silver Screen

Topics for Gossip



at: Our cameraman caught the Davis, who was hungrily lifting a hearty laugh at the Warner Club party at the Biltmore. Director Anne Litvak is becoming popular Bette.

The gracious Charles Boyer, as his toupee, as Merle Oberon hand at the risky opening of his in Hollywood. He's soon to be seen in "All and Heaven," with Bette as co-starring.



Edward G. Robinson really had a grand time at the Warner Club party. The girls are the Fairbanks Twins, nieces of the late Doug Fairbanks, but all is okay because Mrs. Robinson is across the table.



JUST when Hollywood had a new romance all fixed up for Bette Davis she spoils it all by dying laughing and announcing that the young man is happily married. Robert Foulk is his name and Bette met him when she was in the East a few months ago. He directed the play "The Woman Brown," which Bette persuaded the Warner Brothers to buy for her, and their luncheons together have all been in the nature of business discussions.

We just can't believe that girls are so self-sacrificing these days, but Virginia Field's friends will have you believe that Virginia has very nobly called off her marriage with the popular Richard Greene because she doesn't want to interfere with his career. It seems that they were practically at the altar when a popularity poll established the fact that Dick was just about the most popular young Hollywood actor with the fans, and that his fan mail was the highest on his lot. Because his fans are mostly young girls, Virginia thinks that this is no time for marriage, and has postponed the wedding for at least a year.

Tom Mix caused a mild sensation among the Easterners when he appeared at dinner at the El Mirador Hotel in Palm Springs wearing his white doe-skin cowboy suit. He carefully removed his silver spurs and placed them on the floor by his table each time he led a beautiful lady out to dance.

Now that Vivien Leigh and Laurence Olivier are both officially divorced from their spouses in England, Hollywood fully expects them to dash off to Mexico and marry immediately—as they are the most in love young couple we've ever had in these parts. But Vivien says that they will not marry in Mexico, and will wait six months. Well, we shall see.

Someone reports that Vivien Leigh's bed has a high back with two ornate cupids painted on it. Tut, tut. Doesn't sound like Scarlett.

The very latest and choicest of Hollywood's gossip tidbits about your favorites

Daisy, the talented pooch in the Blondie comedies, receives an average of 150 fan letters a week.

Jane Withers on personal appearance tour, saw a Gene Autry picture and suddenly got awfully lonely for her favorite crush. So, she sat herself down and penned a poem to Gene from San Antonio, Texas. Well, the sentiment's all there even if it contains everything but the kitchen stove. Here it is:

My 2-Gun Pal

Who's the Number 1 Cowboy Star

The Idol of Kids from near and far,

He's always singing and playing his guitar,

He wears very bright suits and has a Dubonnet car.

His horse "Champion" is his best pal

That is, next to his wife, who is one swell gal.

In his field he has the lead and

is always ready to do a good deed.

2-Gun Autry—Oh Boy, what a Man!

He's tops with me and I'm his Number 1 fan.

Mrs. John Carradine thinks she ought to get a cook who isn't so full of "sculptural character lines." John likes to sculpt the cook so well that they have to send out for food.

Lola Lane's pioneering spirit was called to the fore recently when she moved into her new ranch house in the San Fernando Valley. In the first place, she moved in in the pouring rain. Then her furniture failed to arrive. So, for one week Lola lived in the charming house with only one room furnished—the living room which contained a porch swing and several directors' chairs left over from her former garden. She claims it was so much fun that she actually hated to see the furniture arrive.

Ida Lupino doesn't believe Hollywood men pay nearly enough attention to milady's corsage. She is going to do something about it. By spring, Ida will have her own florist shop, catering to filmdom's glamorous Glamour Girls who never get the right attention from their escorts. When a young man calls Ida's shop, he will be asked what color dress his lady plans to

wear that evening. If he doesn't know, he'll be asked for her telephone number and the shop will make a point of finding out. Ida already has the shop, a swanky delivery truck and chauffeur in uniform, and if you don't think Ida's floral arrangements are destined to be something extraordinary—you don't know Ida.

The best of the new crop of romances is that of Joan Crawford and Lee Bowman, who have been stepping high, wide and handsome this last month. By the way, Joan is straining at the leash to get to work on "Susan and God," but the Hays Office keeps turning down the script. Seems that Susan is stealing too many scenes from her co-star.

And Jimmy Stewart, who has been the best boy friend of nearly every girl in town at some time or other since he landed in Hollywood, has now discovered Ilona Massey. So did a lot of other people in "Balalaika."

Jean Parker has a St. Bernard dog whom she claims is getting more picture offers than she is. But every time he works Jean collects fifty bucks for the day, so that isn't bad.

*Rings on her fingers
Bells on her toes
Lindsay has music
Wherever she goes.*

[Continued on page 56]

Ida Lupino supervises all of the gardening at her new home in Brentwood, where she is known decidedly as Mrs. Louis Hayward.

Below: Jack Benny meets an ardent admirer in Mickey Rooney and the same goes for Mickey Rooney in Jack Benny. The bearded on-looker is Orson Welles.



idly presented in print and pictures

ow: Wayne Morris' birthday fell on the same day of the
rner Club party at the Biltmore Bowl. Bubbles, his wife,
is on. Right: Mary Healy and Bob Hope share a pineapple
the Tahitian party of the Jon Halls (Frances Langford).



Wyman and
ald Reagan
married at
Kirk O'Hea-
r Church.



Screen "Blondie,"
Penny Singleton,
likes to read about
comic-strip "Blon-
die," as she pre-
pares her meals.



Wendy Barrie
shows escort Reg-
inald Gardiner an
unusual bracelet
she's wearing at
Ciro's opening.



Frances Langford
crowns Rudy Val-
lee, one of the
guests at the Tah-
itian party she and
hubby Jon Hall gave.





Hollywood discovered that Gary Cooper appealed to women at first sight, then had to force him to be an actor!

DID you ever hear about the actor who suffered a bad cut and bled printer's ink? It is a tale told to prove that publicity is the lifeblood of an actor. But it never will be told about Gary Cooper. His love of publicity isn't even cuticle-deep.

To the press-agents, he is Problem Child No. 1. He just doesn't cooperate. He doesn't like to say things for publication. He doesn't like to do things for publication.

A scattered few have the theory that Gary is simply a shy lad who is embarrassed by ballyhoo. This is refuted by memories of his romance with Lupe Velez. Shy lads don't court the Whoopee Lupe type.

A few more have the theory that Gary simply is too lazy to go to the trouble of getting publicity. "Why," says one press-agent, "if he were a thirty-dollar-a-week cowhand, he'd be called the laziest man on the western plains. But he's a high-priced movie star, so he's called easy-going." He isn't so easy-going, however, that he's willing to let press-agents write what they please about him, as long as they don't bother him. He has a manager who objects.

Then there is the theory that someone once told Gary that he was the strong, silent sort—and he has never been able to forget it, and is merely trying to stay in character. This school of thought would have it that his publicity-dodging is strictly an act, like Garbo's. If he went in for seclusion, too, this would make sense. But one thing Gary never has been is a hermit.

This leaves the theory that lanky Mr. Cooper's indifference to publicity is just another manifestation of his contrariness.

Lanky Mr. Cooper is a very independent gent. He has a habit of not having the habits expected of him.

This isn't a development born of his association with Hollywood, where some of the things expected of stars are silly indeed. Gary was a non-conformist before he ever left Helena, Montana.

Only a non-conformist would have been tempted to try an experiment that Gary tried in his early days.

His father was then a Justice of the Montana State Supreme Court—an emi-

To the press-agents, Gary Cooper is Problem Child No. 1. He just doesn't cooperate. He doesn't like to do or say things for publication. Some claim he's a shy fellow; others that he's too lazy to go to the trouble of getting publicity. All agree he's contrary, however.

By
James Reid

Gary, Gary,

ent position that should have imposed super-discreet behavior on Gary. But it didn't. When he had an urge, he carried it out.

One time he had an urge to grease therolley tracks at the foot of the hill. He wanted to find out if the wheels would pin and the motorman curse. So, he purloined his mother's lard bucket, and a pal purloined *his* mother's lard bucket, and, under cover of darkness, they larded the rails for a distance of a dozen yards. Then they loitered innocently in the neighborhood, waiting for a trolley to try to climb the hill.

But the next trolley along wasn't going up; it was coming down. This possibility hadn't occurred to either of them. Paralyzed with anticipation, they watched the car descend. They watched it hit the greased tracks. They next watched it leave said tracks and head straight for a nearby carpenter shop. It entered the carpenter shop, where it came to rest with a shuddering crash. And whence issued, a moment later, an irate motorman, demanding, "What ——— greased those tracks?"

That was one of the first times that it occurred to Gary that it might be a good idea not to talk.

Another time, the deer-hunting season was about to open. Gary had a new gun, and he wanted to try it out. The only difficulty was that school was on, and if he skipped school, his father would hear about it, and *might* take away his gun. He talked the situation over with his pal. He wasn't willing to bow to custom, forget about going hunting, and submit to school. He was, in short, contrary.

He enlisted his pal in a scheme that would give them a day's vacation without any infraction of attendance rules. The morning the hunting season opened, they got to school soon after daybreak, entered through a window thoughtfully left unwatched the day (Continued on page 60)



Gary having an after-dinner cigarette with his new leading lady, Doris Davenport, while on location in making "The Westerner."

Right: Gary's wife, Veronica Balfe Cooper, visited him during production wearing a natty suede jacket exactly like his own.

Below: In private life, Gary and his wife travel in the best of social circles, but he's still "Coop" to old pals.



Quite Contrary

YOU NEVER CAN TELL

Ginger with Joel McCrea in a scene from "The Primrose Path," her latest picture for RKO. She dyed her golden-red hair for her role which is the most dramatic she's yet played in films.



Unpredictable Ginger Rogers, whose private life is more mysterious than Garbo's, has everyone guessing in Hollywood

By Gladys Hall

A TUMBLEDOWN shanty on the wrong side of the tracks, a small service station, a hamburger stand near the water-front and living in the ramshackle shanty, miserably, sordidly, the disreputable Adams family . . . the wayward (*Marjorie Rambeau*) mother, the broken-down, sottish (*Miles Mander*) father, the cynical, hard-bitten (*Queenie Vassar*) grandmother . . . and the two daughters, growing up in shabby, slovenly unhappy-go-lucky fashion, with no friends and no more future than a pair of bedraggled butterflies . . . that's the background and part of the cast of RKO's "Primrose Path," directed by Gregory La Cava.

One of the daughters of the Adams family, Joan Carroll, is a child of seven or eight . . . the other, a hapless hoyden in her teens, disillusioned with life, her darkish hair in two drab pig-tails, wearing a \$1.95 gingham dress, no make-up and speaking in the kind of English that is NOT "the Queen's," God bless her, is the girl star of "Primrose Path"—GINGER ROGERS!

Ginger Rogers, let me repeat it, please. Ginger Rogers, as I live and breathe. Ginger Rogers, dancing, songful, spangly, gay, glad Ginger changed, now, into a Ginger without song, without dance, her golden-red hair darkened, dyed (*her own idea*), her lips guiltless of goo, wearing a wardrobe which didn't stand the studio as much, for the entire picture, as one pair of her slippers cost for "Carefree," for "The Story of Vernon and Irene Castle." For her "Primrose Path" wardrobe cost, when every last, shabby shoe-string was added in, a total of \$18.73!

" . . . we got my clothes for "Primrose Path" from a chain, ready-to-wear emporium on the wrong side of Main Street," Ginger told me, contentedly pulling up a grubby sock, "the outfit consists of a boy's leather (*imitation leather*) jacket, two cotton wash dresses, two woollen dresses, two red and green plaid skirts and, at that, Ellie May, illiterate daughter of the no-good Adamses, living in Shanty Town is dressing beyond her means . . . only because there's a risk of something happening to a costume during production and not being able to duplicate it at once,

did Ellie May have more than one of anything . . ."

Well, I thought, and am still thinking (*so that if I don't sound right bright, if I go off at tangents as I write this piece, to know all is to forgive all*), well, you never can tell about Ginger . . .

And, as I thought how you never can tell about Ginger, how you never can tell *anything* about Ginger (*why, for goodness sakes, right after the grimness and gravity, the Grapes-of-Wrath realism of "Primrose Path," Ginger and Ronald Colman will proceed to romp and skitter through "Good Luck," a comedy-romance, both liltish and coltish*), one thought led to ten other thoughts . . . her Private Life, for instance. For if you want a good, one hundred per cent Simon-pure Private Life, as deserves the name, I give you Ginger's. It's a lulu.

Why, Rogers is far more mysterious than Garbo, *far* more. Yes, even in her private life Ginger is more mysterious than Greta. You know, for instance, that on Greta's bed-table you'd be apt to find pamphlets on vitamins and health foods and potassium broths and things. But you wouldn't expect to find a French grammar and religious tracts on Ginger's bed-table, would you? Yet that's what you would find because that's what's *there*.

It's amazing how much we know about Garbo, publicized as the recluse, the sphinx, the enigma, and how little we really know about Ginger of whom we think as so forthright, so out in the open, a sort of a simple-hearted Sally-in-our Alley.

Like the way Ginger studies French, for instance. I don't know why it surprises me that Ginger studies French, but it does. Her secretary is her former French teacher, so that makes it possible for her to transact most of the business of the day in French. As I say, it's rather surprising . . . you'd sort of think of Ginger, jest lil, ole Charleston-dancing Ginger, who spent most of her life in Ft. Worth, Texas, as satisfied with her native tongue, and lingo, at that. But it's like I say and expect to keep on saying, you just cannot tell about Ginger . . .

Her friends, for instance. Now, you know who

(Continued on page 64)

Ginger is definitely an "at home" girl, where she has her studio room, her swimming pool and her tennis court.





The entire wardrobe which Ginger wears in "The Primrose Path" cost exactly \$18.73. And yet Ginger admits that she owes a great deal to the glamorous roles and lavish wardrobes she's had.

ABOUT GINGER!



There are those who claim the reason for Ginger's "mysterious" life is simply because she's still carrying a torch for Lew Ayres, even though they've been parted for years. Notice her hair as it was before she dyed it.

Not IN KEEPING WITH THE RULE

Handsome, humble Richard Greene, always among the leaders in screen popularity polls, has upset the Hollywood dope about an actor needing, at least, one outstanding role to win stardom

By
Ed Sullivan



Richard Greene never has had important roles such as Tyrone Power, Clark Gable or James Cagney has, and yet he's famous



Above: Dick as Zorina's leading man in "I Was An Adventuress," in which he gets equal billing. Right: With his sweetheart, Virginia Field. He has the plans all drawn for the house in which they will soon live. Below: As Dick appeared in a scene with Brenda Joyce in "Little Old New York," his current film.

RICHARD GREENE has taken the past performances, the traditions and the history of Hollywood and knocked them into a cocked hat. It has been the history of the industry that to become widely popular, a performer must first have had the impetus of a great role. Edward G. Robinson vaulted to favor after his characterization of "Little Caesar." Edward Arnold won his break in "Sadie McKee." Clark Gable required "A Free Soul" and the opportunity to slug Norma Shearer. "Lloyds of London" made Tyrone Power an overnight sensation. Spencer Tracy was always a fine actor, but "San Francisco" took him from the ranks of competent players into the smaller group of stars. Jimmy Cagney needed his part in "Public Enemy." Even Mickey Rooney needed the Hardy pictures.

These case-histories have been so widely discussed that they have become part of the Hollywood tradition. And now along comes Richard Greene to prove that there is an exception to every rule. Greene, who never has had a big part like any of these other players, is more popular with movie fans than most of them. In each poll of the country's tastes in heroes, the name of Richard Greene wins tremendous response. In the latest of the national movie censuses, Greene for a time was leading Mickey Rooney, Clark Gable, Tyrone Power and Spencer Tracy. City after city gave him a huge vote and right up to the very conclusion of the voting, when Mickey Rooney took the lead and held it, the English youngster was piling up a whale of a score.

The answer is, of course, that the movie fans make up their minds quickly. No matter how short the footage in which a performer appears, that is long enough for John Q. Public to decide on him. The public likes Richard Greene. My guess is that they have determined that he is a nice kid, and a likeable kid. My guess is that the public has resented the "Dimples" slurs that have been aimed at him in Hollywood. The fact that he hasn't been mixed up in any home-wrecking scandals has aided the public in arriving at its decision, and a very flattering decision it is, to judge by his high ranking in popularity polls conducted by newspapers throughout the land.

The speed at which movie fans arrive at their decisions is something to marvel at. Robert Taylor's experience at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer is a case in point. Taylor had been working at that studio for \$30 a week, a member of the stock company which performed handy-Andy roles around the lot. That he hung on was rather a tribute to his determination than to the high favor in which he was regarded by the studio bosses. Then John Q. Public entered the picture. Taylor, as part of his routine chores, played a small part in a "Crime Doesn't



Pay" short. Mind you, this was a two-reel short, not a feature picture. His name was not even listed on the credit sheets.

Yet, immediately thereafter, the studio started receiving letters from all over the country. The letter-writers wanted to know the name of the dark-haired boy who had played a role in a short they'd seen. Instantly, the public had tabbed Taylor, long before his own studio realized that he had that certain something which appeals to audiences. (Continued on page 66)

ANN SHERIDAN
and
JEFFREY LYNN

As Ann Sheridan's leading man in "It All Came True," Jeffrey Lynn has his most important role. Warner Brothers are gradually grooming him for stardom. Jeffrey was thrilled playing opposite Ann and said of her as the picture was finished, "Underneath her glamour, Ann is an especially talented actress; don't be surprised if some day she wins an Academy Award." What a grand tribute!

You'll *LIVE* this Romance... You'll *LOVE* its Stars!

MERLE
OVERON

Far more wonderful
than ever before, as
the girl with nothing
to live for—but love!

GEORGE
BRENT

He's the man for Merle!
The grandest role of
all for the hero of
'The Fighting 69th'!

"Til we meet again"

PAT O'BRIEN

Be sure
to learn where it's
playing. If you want to
see a really thrilling
romance you'll want to

Be there!

A New
WARNER BROS.
Success

GERALDINE
FITZGERALD
BINNIE BARNES
FRANK McHUGH

Directed by
EDMUND GOULDING
Screen Play by Warren Duff • From
an Original Story by Robert Lord





ANNA
NEAGLE

This is the young lady whose name is always being compared with that of the English star, Anna Neagle. You'll next be seeing her in "Black Friday," a Universal picture co-starring Boris Karloff and Bela Lugosi.



TYRONE POWER

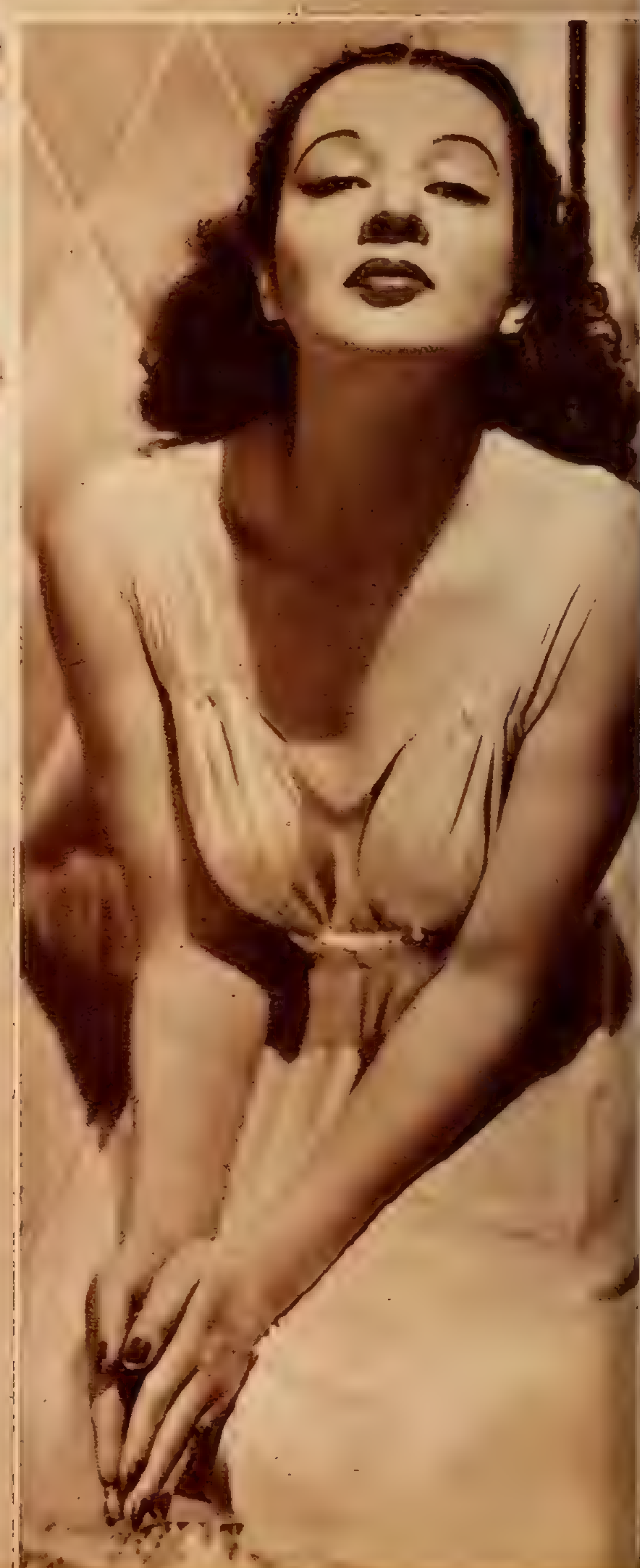
The story of "Johnny Apollo," in which he appears with Dorothy Lamour, is Ty's latest offering. Study Ty's face and notice his resemblance to Brenda Joyce, whom studio photographers claim could pass as his sister.



Gifted beauties of the screen who fascinate and bewitch us with their charms



SURELY it would be a much duller world if there were not beauties to fascinate and bewitch us. Beauties such as Paulette Goddard, *left*, who is co-starred with Bob Hope in Paramount's "The Ghost Breakers;" Brenda Marshall, *above*, who's appearing with Errol Flynn and Miriam Hopkins in Warners' "Virginia City;" Rochelle Hudson, *top*, now to be seen in Columbia's "Convicted Woman;" beauties like Linda Winters, *top right*, who is a featured contract player for Columbia; Carole Landis, *lower right*, who has the leading feminine role in Hal Roach's "1,000,000 B.C." and Lillian Cornell, *right*, a Paramount starlet.



Bewitching!



FOR YOUR
SPORTING GESTURES

Enna Jettick

SPORT AND
SPECTATOR
SPORT SHOES



OLIVE \$6



RIVIERA \$6

Are you good at sports? Or just a good sport on the sidelines? No matter what your line is, these gay ENNA JETTICK sports models will flatter your feet and give your personality a lift. Shoes with young ideas—brimming over with high style and high spirits. You'll get a kick out of their blithe little heels and trim rounded toes. Are you hard to fit? Think nothing of it. ENNA JETTICKS come in sizes 1 to 12, and in widths AAAA to EEE. ENNA JETTICK SHOES, INC., AUBURN, N. Y.

\$5 TO
\$6



CECILIA \$5.50



LAUREL \$5

America's Smartest Walking Shoes

WE
POINT WITH
PRIDE

TO

AKIM TAMIROFF

By now you surely must have seen Akim Tamiroff in, at least, one of the many pictures he has made since going to Hollywood in 1934. And you must have enjoyed his acting, too, and wondered why he never achieved stardom. It's because he wisely prefers the security of his countless characterizations in supporting roles, to the all too precarious heights of stardom. In all of his pictures, Akim Tamiroff has contributed infinitely to their success. In fact, he always was and will be a dependable character actor for any director to cherish. *Below:* Akim Tamiroff, with Muriel Angelus, in a scene from "The Way of All Flesh," a Paramount Picture.



Whirlwind Lana!

Hollywood is still wondering over the surprise elopement of Lana Turner and Artie Shaw. It was believed in all of Hollywood that Lana and Greg Bautzer, handsome young attorney, were engaged. Lana had said that Greg was the man she loved and he loved her.

Artie Shaw married Lana on the very first date he had with her. He was supposed to take her to the opening of "The Man Who Came to Dinner." Instead, they went for a drive and he proposed. Lana accepted.

Artie said he had all the money he needed and all he wanted was to settle down and have children. Lana said that was what she wanted, too, and so they were married in whirlwind procedure.

Above: Every night, most without fail, Lana and Greg turned up together at a preview or a night club or both. The local boys ended Greg. But she kept and married and leader Artie Shaw at Las Vegas!





Irene Dunne

Irene Dunne
with Grant Taylor
in "My Favorite Wife"

WHO am I to give anyone advice about anything?" How often have I heard Irene Dunne say those very words. And I must say, that in a town full of people, who seem to have nothing to do from morning until night except give advice on everything from the shade of your lipstick to the type of parts you ought to play, it is rather nice to find someone with that much humility. Modesty is certainly no fault of Hollywood's; it is definitely a fault of Irene Dunne's. If you want to call it a fault.

Extracting an "advice" story out of Irene, even with kid

gloves on, is just about as simple as extracting a diamond bracelet from its velvet cushion in Cartier's Fifth Avenue window. But you can get the bracelet if no one is looking—and that, I think, is how I got the story.

Of all people who should be able to give advice, and fluently, to young wives-to-be, Irene should. She herself has been a gay young wife-to-be so many times on the screen that it ought to come quite natural to her. After her perfect performances in "Love Affair" and "When Tomorrow Comes" with handsome Mr. Boyer, don't tell *me* that she doesn't know *everything* a

ADVICE TO WIVES-TO-BE

Supremely happy as a wife, herself, Irene offers practical hints to girls approaching matrimony

As told to
Elizabeth Wilson

wife-to-be should know. It would just kill me to think that she turned into a shrew, a nag, or a fussbudget after Charles led her to the altar.

Irene's private life, and she really has a private life, has been such that she can well afford to give out with advice without risking a single, "Well, look who's talking." But you practically have to resort to a little torture, pins, or even a sledge-hammer at times, before you can get her to open her mouth.

Irene married Dr. Francis Griffin in New York when she was singing in musical comedies on Broadway, several years before she came to Hollywood—and theirs has been one of the few ideally happy marriages west of Vine Street. She met him at a party, a party she had no intention of going to, but what can you do when your friends burst into your apartment, fairly drag you out of bed and into a red evening gown? "I'll only stay a minute," said Irene, grumbling. "I must have some sleep." She stayed hours. She forgot all about sleep. Coming down on the elevator together Dr. Griffin asked her for her phone number. She gave it to him, without too much alacrity, she hoped. When he didn't call the next day, or the next, or the next, she determined that she would not be at home when he did call. But she was. And every time he called from then on. *She* didn't need any of that wife-to-be advice.

The Griffins live in a very charming home in Holmby Hills which they built four years ago. The (Continued on page 70)



Upper right: Irene chats with Laurence Olivier and his wife-to-be, Vivien Leigh, who visited her on the set during the filming of "My Favorite Wife." *Right:* Director Garson Kanin and Irene enjoy a chuckle during a lull in production. *Lower right:* Irene and her husband, Dr. Francis Griffin, attending a Philharmonic concert, both being lovers of music. *Below:* Rehearsing for a radio broadcast. *Left:* If a husband loves golf, says Irene, his wife should.



Once Was Enough!

By Marion Cooper

I WAS wearing my best "life is grim, life is earnest" expression, when I walked up to John Garfield on the set of Warner Brothers' "Saturday's Children." So that Julie, as everyone calls him, needed but one look at me to guess what was coming. "It's an interview, isn't it?" he asked resignedly. "Well, all right, what do you want to know?"

"You've had an exceptionally eventful life," I said, fixing him with a sad stare. "There must be many experiences you'd hate to relive."

"I believe a little hardship is fine for the character," Julie smiled, thinking he saw a way out, "and suffering is good for the soul. You'd better pick on someone else. Because, as far as I'm concerned, I'm glad the going wasn't always smooth."

Again I implored him. "Oh, but there must be many inci-

dents about which you feel *once was enough*."

"I suppose that's true of anyone's life," Julie admitted giving up the fight. "Not only the tragic episodes, but the embarrassing moments, too. No doubt about it," he agreed, "we all have experiences we'd hate to relive."

Julie was thoughtful a moment. "I'd certainly hate to relive the moment when I learned Mother had passed away. I was seven at the time, and the family thought I was too young to understand."

"They shipped me off to an uncle's house, telling me only that Mother was ill. When I returned a few weeks later, I naturally expected to find her there. When I finally realized why she wasn't, the shock was harder to bear because I'd had no preparation for it."

"Another experience I'd hate to relive," Julie went on, "came a few years later when Father remarried."

"All I knew about stepmothers," Julie smiled, "was what I'd read in story books. There was no convincing me a stepmother could be anything but a wicked ogre, and I acted accordingly."

"I led the poor woman a miserable life, until it finally dawned on me she was my friend. We've got it all straightened out now, of course, and I guess the best illustration of how close we are is the way she still saves my baby pictures. Won't even give my wife one."

"Speaking of my wife," he continued, "reminds me that I'd certainly hate to relive our wedding."

I must have looked shocked, because Julie stopped to laugh. "I mean just the reception part," he emphasized reassuringly. "There must have been about two hundred relatives present, and I felt that most of hers were dubious about the whole thing. I imagined they were shaking their heads sadly and muttering: 'Poor Roberta—throwing herself away on an actor!'"

"To make matters worse," Julie went on, "I had to leave right after the ceremony to play a benefit. I hurried back, of course, but my absence from my own wedding party didn't help to raise anyone's opinion of actors."

"Nor did my dancing help to raise their opinion of this particular actor. All the time I was dragging poor Roberta around the floor, I could feel pitying eyes on us and hear whispers of 'Look at him!' You know what I mean, as though they were thinking it was bad enough I was an actor, without being a rotten dancer, too."

Mrs. Garfield had a part in another experience Julie would hate to relive. It happened about a year and a half ago.

"It's an experience any father would include on a list like this," Julie said. "There have been plenty of jokes about never losing a father in childbirth, but the fact remains it isn't pleasant pacing a hospital corridor for hours, in suspense. My stand-in was with me while I was waiting for my daughter to be born, and we pitched pennies feverishly hour after hour, to keep me from going 'nuts'."

Then there was the time Julie was eighteen, and smitten with the acting bug, but without any idea what to do about it. He wrote a letter to the great Russian actor, Jacob Ben-Ami, asking his advice. To his surprise, he received a reply. The actor suggested that he enroll at the Heckscher Foundation.

"That was fine advice as far as it went," Julie said. "The only trouble was I couldn't possibly finance myself through the foundation on the \$6 a week I was averaging selling news-



When John Garfield first went to Hollywood from the Broadway stage he was accustomed to quiet during rehearsals and became indignant his first day on the set when electricians and carpenters didn't quiet down as he rehearsed a scene. He called out, "I'm waiting for silence!"—and they gave him a raspberry!

John Garfield describes certain unpleasant experiences of his excitingly eventful life which he wouldn't care to have happen again

papers in New York."

He decided to visit the foundation and see what could be done.

"Mme. Ouspenskaya was in charge, and she told her Ben-Ami had recommended me. She was very much impressed and gave me a scholarship. I was scared to death she would ask to see the letter from the doctor, which was supposed to be a recommendation, but which actually merely stated that if one wanted to prepare for an acting career, it was a good idea to enroll at the Heckscher Foundation.

"The letter was right in my pocket all during the interview. Fortunately, Mme. Ouspenskaya didn't ask to see it, but I died a thousand deaths before I was able to leave that room."

It was about a year after that Julie decided to see a bit of America. He thumbed his way across the continent to California, where he spent the summer working in the fruit orchards. But it was early in the fall, when he *rode the rods* on his way back to New York, that he ran into another experience he'd hate to relive.

"Somewhere in Nebraska, another fellow and I were caught and pulled off the freight car. It was while we were listening to the brakeman's lecture about the dangers of *riding the* (Continued on page 72)

John got typhoid from drinking stagnant water and spent eight grueling weeks in a hospital while Roberta, who wasn't his wife then, helped nurse him back to health.



John now leads a happy home life, but such was not always his good fortune. He has thumbed his way across the continent and back; he has *ridden the rods*, watched a companion slip and be crushed to death under the wheels; he has known hunger and suffering and how indifferent the world can be! And yet he has no regrets.



"I WILL Be a Caree Wife!"

By

Faith Service



Left: Merle in a love scene with George Brent in her latest film, "Til We Meet Again."

"I WILL be a career wife!" Merle Oberon told me quite definitely.

Now, of course, Merle didn't spring this on me the instant I walked into her living room and joined her on the divan by the fire. Naturally, some preliminary talk led up to it. I don't know about you, and you, but when I read interviews I always like to know how people get started talking about the things they do talk about. I like to know where they were when they were talking. I even like to know what the interviewee wore and how-come and all about it.

Well, Merlie and I (her family and her friends call her Merlie because it's an affectionate sounding name and Merle makes people feel affectionate about her), Merlie and I were having coffee and biscuits one chilly Spring morning

Some actresses may sacrifice a career for marriage, but Merle Oberon never would have married if she thought that such would be necessary for her

in the living room of Merle's house, the one she rented when she came back from England. We were curled up on the divan in front of the blazing eucalyptus logs, as comfortable as possible. That's one thing I've always noticed about Merle, she always makes you so comfortable. If it's cold, there are always fires blazing and just the right, warm things to eat and drink. And if it's warm, there seems always to be a shady patio handy, cool drinks and the tinkle of ice. A lovely thing in woman, this dispensing of creature comforts. . . . And Merle looked as feminine as a bit of ivory Mechlin lace. She was wearing a waddy blue silk dressing gown (because it was mid-morning and just *Us Girls* there) and it had pink flowers sprinkled over it. She wore white bunny slippers on her narrow feet and the dark wings of her

hair folded around her face, which is the most provocative face in pictures, to my way of thinking. I don't know whether being born on the Island of Tasmania and then being brought up in India has anything to do with the subtleties of Merle's face, but certainly there is that about it which is not to be found in other girl-faces . . .

Merle looks, I was thinking, even as she announced herself as a "Career" wife, less like a working girl, even a movie working girl, than any other girl in pictures, not forgetting Hedy Lamarr. She gives the imagination color-tipped wings, Merle does, even to a woman's imagination so what she must do to a man's imagination is, I am sure, another story . . . she makes you think of a King's Favorite or a lovely, dark dryad or someone nameless for whom a poet perished as he wrote an imperishable sonnet, or a Rich Man's Darling, though a little tragic, perhaps, about that Gilded Cage . . . imaginative things like that, she conjures up for you, as you watch her . . .

Well, anyway, we got to talking about the difficulties Merle and the rest of the cast had had while making "Til We Meet Again." There were moments, Merle told me, there were even days and weeks, when they didn't think any of them ever *would* meet again, this side the River Jordan, what with Merle having a strep' throat and George Brent having the flu, and Director Eddie Goulding being hospitalized with the same baleful bug and Geraldine Fitzgerald about to have a baby and all the delays and working against odds and special considerations which these considerations had involved.

And then Merle was telling me (yes, yes, with *That Light*

in her eyes) how her Alex was due in from England in just two days and seven hours and fourteen minutes, and how, by the way, she said, (though it wasn't "by the way" at all, I could tell, but very much in the foreground of her thoughts) he has more charm than any ten men she's ever met . . . and how they were planning to go to Honolulu or somewhere for a long, honeymoonish rest and vacation . . . and how she wasn't even going to think about work because if she did she'd have a crack-up sure as shooting . . . and that's how-come I happened to say, "did you ever think of giving up your career, now that you're married? Did you and Mr. Korda ever discuss the possibility of such a thing?"

And it was then that Merle said that she and her Alex had never so much as mentioned her giving up her career and that she would be a Career Wife . . .

"No, Alex and I never discussed it at all," Merle told me, "he wouldn't want it. You see, I'm under half contract to him. He's my producer as well as my husband. And he wouldn't want to lose a star," laughed Merle, "and get just a—a wife."

And then we had a little girl-talk about how Alexander Korda is not only his wife's producer as well as her husband, but was also her "discoverer," having picked her out of a group of extras for her first part in her first picture, "Wedding Rehearsal," opposite Roland Young. And Merle admitted, "yes, I had a yen for him . . . right from the beginning. The Big Boss, you know . . . he says, *now*, that there was something very special in his feeling about me (Continued on page 68)

Below: Merle, who is married to Producer Alexander Korda, insists she never would have married anyone out of the profession. Although she is a Career Wife, Merle is not *undomestic*. **Right:** With Geraldine Fitzgerald during the making of "Til We Meet Again," a difficult film to make because sickness kept plaguing the cast throughout it.



Merle with George Brent on one of the Warner Brothers sets. She believes that a man *must* be the dominant factor in marriage. She loves her own home. Wants to have children, too. And yet Merle is determined to carry on with her motion picture career, as well.



"Typhoon" Has Something

By Dick Mook

WHENEVER a studio starts plugging a newcomer I am always reminded of that fanfare of trumpets and roll of drums that presages the appearance of the star performer in a circus. The audience holds its breath. *Here is the piece de resistance.*

It's the same way in a studio. *"Your attention is respectfully directed to Gwendolyn Gweer, our latest find, the hottest thing since Garbo."* And life isn't worth living until you've done a story on her. You're not permitted to wait for her first picture and see for yourself. *"Can't you take our word for it? Don't you think the studio heads have been in this business long enough to know talent when they see it? She's a natural!"*

After months, perhaps, Miss Gweer makes an appearance and usually you never hear any more of her. Maybe studio enthusiasm palls before she ever faces a camera and we're never allowed to see her.

So, you can't blame us for being a bit skeptical when the studio drums roll and we hear the familiar refrain: *"Your attention is respectfully directed——."*

In Robert Preston's case it started when he was cast in "Disbarred," but the picture left a lot to be desired. In fact, after it was released about all Paramount desired was to have it forgotten. And they couldn't very well call attention to Preston without mentioning that miscarriage of art. So the tumult died down mo-

Bob Preston grew up in a tough section of Los Angeles which he claims had a gang he bets could have licked John Garfield's New York East Siders with one hand. *Below:* A torrid love scene from "Typhoon," in which Bob is co-starred with Dorothy Lamour. He insists they're just pals.



to Blow About

And it's husky and handsome Robert Preston, Paramount's new star, who's certainly qualified to flutter feminine hearts with his virile personality

mentarily. But, when DeMille cast him in "Union Pacific," the sound and the fury gathered new force until it reached the proportions of a tempest—"in a teapot," I added to myself.

When the latter picture was released it was discovered that here was no "tempest in a teapot." They had stumbled on the real thing. It was not such seasoned and able performers as Barbara Stanwyck, Joel McCrea, Akim Tamiroff and Lynn Overman who caught the public's fancy. It was the young gent to whom our attention had been "respectfully directed"—Mr. Robert Preston.

Interest mounted with his appearance in "Beau Geste," although he had little to do. His latest appearance is in "Typhoon," in which, for the first time, he carries the lead and his next casting is in DeMille's "Northwest Mounted Police." Nice going for a chap not yet two years in pictures.

Born in Newton Highlands, Mass., on June 8, his family migrated to California when he was two and his brother a year younger. Knowing nothing of the social geography of Los Angeles, they bought a home in the Lincoln Heights district, more famous for its jail than its first families.

"I have read," stated Mr. Preston succinctly, "that John Garfield grew up on the East Side of New York with a very tough gang. Well, I'll bet the gang I grew up with could lick his gang with one hand tied behind us."

So much for the social activities of Bob's early associates.

"When I was about eight or ten," he continued, "our parents transferred my brother and me to another school, because the roster of the one we were attending was comprised largely of Mexicans and we were growing up with a Spanish accent!"

There were still plenty of Mexicans in the new school, but, evidently, they came from more well-to-do families. Today when he is practically a star, there is no one who rises more hotly to the defense of that race, when defense is needed, than this same Bob Preston.

"I used to go home to lunch with them," he recounts enthusiastically. "Some of them were poor, not so poor as those in the (Continued on page 71)

Right: While filming "Typhoon" at Catalina Island, Bob snagged this mighty specimen of shark. Lower right: With Dorothy Lamour in a scene from "Typhoon." Lower left: Bob as he appeared in "Beau Geste," which really got him started on the road to stardom. He is unmarried.



FROM RICHES

Socialite Janice Logan preferred struggling for screen fame to luxurious living and may win it as the only girl in "Dr. Cyclops"

THIS is the story of Janice Logan, who would be cutting social capers in gay places at this very moment if it weren't for an intense desire to act.

This is also the story of Janice Logan, who became a movie actress, and in her latest film found herself a fugitive from a hen.

All of which requires a little explaining. To begin with—she was born into a Chicago family whose pedigreed roots go back so far that the very milk delivered to her forbears came from a cow belonging to a Mrs. O'Leary. The cow later kicked over a lantern to provide a box office hit for Tyrone Power and Alice Faye called "In Old Chicago."

Now as to the hen. The hen is as big as Miss Logan—that is, in a neat little blood-and-thunder opus called "Dr. Cyclops." It might also be mentioned that she is alternately pursued by a Brodingnagian crocodile, cat and dog—all because a truculent scientist contrived to make her one-fifth normal size.

More later about "Dr. Cyclops"; more now about Janice.

She must have been a beautiful baby twenty-two years ago; she is now, anyway. Born into wealth, she naturally spent the formative period of her life in the best schools and A-deck suites on round-the-world liners. And yet, when a Waldorf-Astoria waiter hiccupped, as he was removing a tray, she handled what could easily have been an embarrassing stage-wait with ease—she even told him how to stop them with some nine-sips business. Beauty and poise make a nice combination.

Her screen record so far is brief, but interesting. She, of course, tested

Although her wealthy father frowned on her movie career, nevertheless, Janice kept plugging, accepting bit roles, until finally she was chosen for her important part in "Dr. Cyclops" which has no other feminine character. Below: The story has to do with a crazed scientist who reduces people to one-fifth their normal size. That's a regular-sized handkerchief she's wearing.



to

Road

By William Lynch Vallee

for Scarlett O'Hara, number 4865a. In her first film she played nurse to J. Carroll Naish's doctor in "Undercover Doctor," a B of last summer. She was the good nurse, who wanted the bad doctor to reform. Naish couldn't see it that way, so naturally he ended up in a pretty fix. Next, in "What A Life," she played the second female lead, opposite John Howard. She was the secretary, who did things for Betty Field's looks when Field looked like her namesake ploughed for spring planting. And now most recently, "Dr. Cyclops," where she plays tag with assorted beasts and is the only woman in the thing.

"For all of its weirdness, 'Cyclops' was fun," she said, as she poured tea for herself. "I've never acted in anything quite so unusual and I've done some odd things in the dramatic line. Such as playing men's parts. . . ."

It was when she was very young that this happened. The apparent paradox is explained by the fact that there were no boys in her schools and someone had to wear trousers, or their ancient counterparts. Malcolm and Macduff, in "Macbeth," spoke with gruff little girls' voices and their curves were slightly unorthodox, but the program said that the characters were gents, so gents they were. Miss Logan was one of these, but with the advantage of a fairly deep voice and a figure that lent itself to male habiliments.

"I played women when I was a little kid, though," she explained. "We put on all of the usual plays with stuff we dug up in the attic. I was definitely queen of the theatre in comparison to the others, because my grandmother let me wear her high-heeled shoes, her old gowns and

(Continued on page 73)

Janice was one of several girls who tested for the role of Scarlett O'Hara, and it resulted in her getting her first movie role in "Undercover Doctor." Below: Skipping about for the most part in a cloth (supposedly her handkerchief) during "Dr. Cyclops" was quite a task, because with all of the action it was easy for something to happen which would offend the Hays office.



Something New Under

Left: Paramount's Judith Barrett wears a cotton play costume of Balinese print in soft shades of rose and yellow. A short-sleeved bra top, open midriff and carefully cut shorts blend with a full, short, gathered, wrap-around skirt. She has a pale pink cotton string snood and white canvas shoes.

Golfer Paulette Goddard, co-starred in "The Ghost Breaker" in a one-piece blue slacks frock with a tail top and a circle above the knee. Underneath, she wore a pair of white canvas shoes.



Newest "Under the Sun" fashions for approaching summer days as worn by the screen's loveliest

the Sun

Diana Lewis, bride of William Powell, looking particularly trim in an all-wool swim suit woven with blue floral design.



ners' Nell
y in a mug
ex swim
for youth-
gures, with
sed back
aps and
er design.



Janice Logan in a rose-colored cotton playsuit with short, puffed sleeves and leather belt. The tunic has a cute paper-doll print.



Carole Landis in one of the new "water wing" bathing caps. It keeps you afloat as if your head were on a pillow.



Laraine Day, M-G-M starlet, in a closely knit suit of gay, brilliant colors on a white background which allows plenty of swimming freedom.

You'll be seeing these provocative styles at



Dorris Bowdon, bride of Nunnally Johnson, in a striking two-piece play costume of blue and white which features rickrack braid. The bodice laces in front and has button-flap pockets.

Left: Zorina, star of "I Was An Adventuress," in an abbreviated swim suit of white Lastex with a Gay Nineties beach coat and matching parasol of pink and white candy striped taffeta. Bustle back bow adds a frivolous note.



all the beaches



Something new and eye-catching for the beach is the hand-crocheted fishnet beach cape and bathing suit combination which Marion Martin is wearing. Her snood is also crocheted and all by herself.

Left: Brenda Marshall, soon to be seen in "The Hawk," with a topsy sun-shade hat of straw with blue and white polka dot ribbon which harmonizes with the blue print of her form-fitting suit.



Judith Barrett wears beige gabardine shorts in the smart, new length with a checkered brown and white shirt. Her belt is tan calf and so are her sandals. Little boys' clothing for Glamour Girls!



Paramount's Muriel Angelus wears a light brown and white cotton play suit of three pieces. The bandeau ties just above the open midriff. The jacket has a striped hood, lined in white, and shirred cuffs.

Marilyn Merrick, in the cast of "Til We Meet Again," suns herself in her satin Lastex swim suit of a gay floral print.



Reviews

Direct from
Hollywood

NORTHWEST PASSAGE

A THRILLING EPIC—M-G-M

KING VIDOR, thank heavens, was chosen to direct Metro's adaptation of Kenneth Roberts' famous book, and Mr. Vidor has done a superb job of it. Photographed in beautiful Technicolor, this story of the American pioneer's magnificent defiance of Nature and hardship comes to the screen as one of the most thrilling epics ever to be produced in Hollywood. The film covers only Book I of the original work, but the ending leads us to believe that there certainly will be a sequel—and soon, we hope. Spencer Tracy in the role of Major Rogers, the leader of the Rangers, who through sheer personal force, drives his men through the dangers and horrors of the wilderness, gives the finest performance in his career of giving fine performances. Though you live to be a hundred, you'll never forget Spencer as Major Rogers. The time, as you probably know, as "Northwest Passage" has long been a best seller, is America in the throes of the French and Indian Wars. And the photoplay shows how Major Rogers led his Rangers against the Abenakis, the fiercest and most murderous of the Indian tribes who preyed on the frontier settlers, how he exterminated their village, and how (Continued on page 78)



Top: Robert Young, Spencer Tracy and Walter Brennan as they appear in "Northwest Passage," a realistic adaptation of the famous best seller. **Above:** Virginia Weidler, Mickey Rooney and George Bancroft in a scene from "Young Tom Edison," in which Mickey gives his best performance. **Left:** Judith Barrett, Bing Crosby, Dorothy Lamour and Bob Hope in "The Road to Singapore," which turned out so well Paramount has made plans to team Bing and Bob in another picture at once!

WIN the *Original* of the GARY COOPER COVER!

Marland Stone's strikingly colorful pastel painting of Gary Cooper, who is starred in "The Westerner."



An intriguing, easy-to-do contest which is loads of fun

RULES

CONTESTANTS must see how many words of the English language they can make from the forty-eight letters contained in the announcement:

Gary Cooper in "The Westerner," a Samuel Goldwyn Production and then use the words in a sentence to describe Gary Cooper.

A contestant has exactly forty-eight letters to use, and may use a letter but once.

The sentence must make sense.

A contestant can submit as many entries as he wishes, but each entry must be accompanied by a coupon.

The original cover of Gary Cooper and a personally autographed-to-you photograph of Gary Cooper will be awarded to the contestant submitting the best descriptive sentence of Gary Cooper of words made from the forty-eight letters in the announcement: Gary Cooper in "The Westerner," a Samuel Goldwyn Production.

The next twenty-five best entries will receive personally autographed-to-you photographs of Gary Cooper.

The contest closes at midnight, April 30th, 1940.

All entries become the property of Screenland, Inc.

The contest is closed to employees and their families of Samuel Goldwyn Productions, United Artists Corporation and Screenland, Inc.

WE BELIEVE the best pastel painting of any movie star our cover artist, Marland Stone, yet has done is that of Gary Cooper which appears on this May issue of SILVER SCREEN. How would you like to have the framed original painting, without any lettering on it whatever, for your own home? The original, incidentally, measures 14" x 18". In order to win this painting, and a large personally autographed-to-you photograph of Gary Cooper, which is also included in first prize, you must take the

following announcement:

Gary Cooper in "The Westerner," a Samuel Goldwyn Production

which contains exactly forty-eight letters and see how many words of the English language you can make from just those forty-eight letters (*using each letter but once*) and then use the words in a sentence to describe Gary Cooper. The contestant submitting the best descriptive
[Continued on page 81]

Contest Editor, SILVER SCREEN, 45 West 45th Street, New York, New York

My description of Gary Cooper in words constructed from the forty-eight letters in the announcement, Gary Cooper in "The Westerner," a Samuel Goldwyn Production, is

.....

Name.....

Address.....

.....

The Girl Who Was

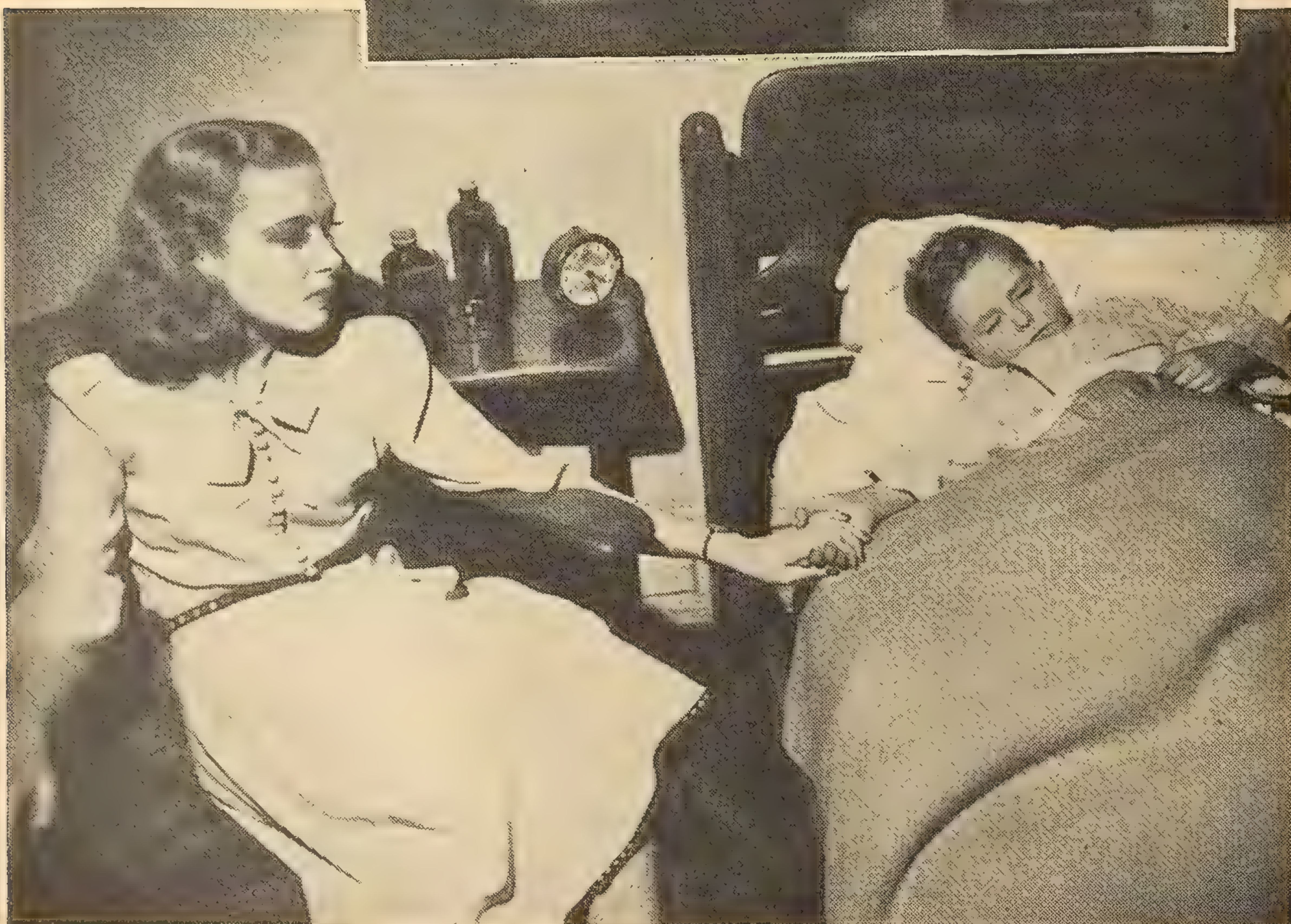
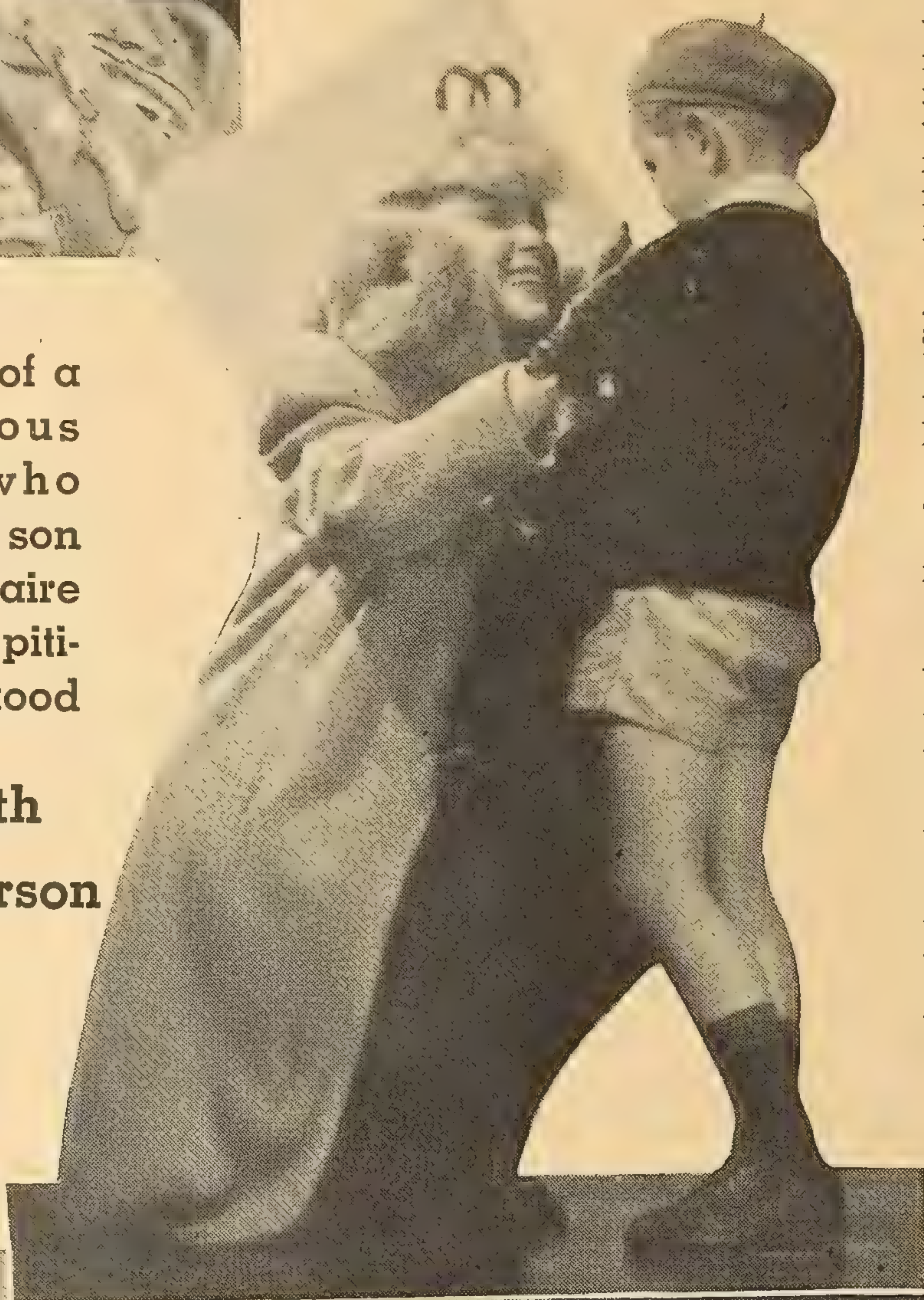


Left: No girl was ever more conscious or concerned with her beauty than Wilma. The only love she had ever felt was for her face. Below: The greatest thing that ever happened to Wilma was when she met little Dirk.

The untold story of a beauty-conscious screen star, who mothered the little son of a young millionaire and for it was pitilessly misunderstood

By Elizabeth Benneche Peterson

The doctors said the boy had less than a fifty-fifty chance of living. He kept calling for Wilma, as if she were his own mother.



THE man who happens to be my husband this year took me stepping the other day to celebrate the raise that had come in the family pay envelope that morning.

Since he said the sky was the limit, I steered him down to one of my old haunts where I used to go to pick up snappy little items for the gossip page. In those days, I told myself, it was part of a fan writer's work getting around to all the right places and seeing the stars and finding out which ones were romancing and which ones separating and who was fooling about it and who was serious. But now I can see my work was just an excuse for play.

No wide-eyed fan could have been more jittery than I was coming into the Troc and seeing everybody again. It must have been honeymoon night for all the newly-weds were there, Annabella and Tyrone holding hands utterly shamelessly and who could blame them when you looked at either one of them. Adrian and the little Gaynor; Andrea Leeds and her handsome millionaire husband; Hedy Lamarr and Gene Markey.

Hedy's star had risen since I left Hollywood for our little ranch out in the sticks, and it was the first time I had seen her. And for once I felt Hollywood hadn't outcolossaled itself in adjectives. She's all the things everyone says she is, so beautiful that there aren't enough synonyms for glamour to describe her, so lovely that you know her charm begins in her heart and that her face has only been lucky enough to catch some of the overflow.

And I thought of Wilma, who had been called the most beautiful girl in Hollywood, too, and of how different she was from Hedy.

It wasn't only that Wilma's hair was the color of sage honey to Hedy's smooth black or that she was small and vivacious and had none of the languorous dignity that is so devastating in the Viennese star. The difference went deeper than that. Didn't I tell you Hedy's loveliness begins in her heart?

I don't think I've ever known a girl more concerned with her looks than Wilma. She was always whipping out her compact and fixing up her make-up. It got to be a Hollywood joke and after that it got to be a bore, seeing her smiling at herself in a mirror while everyone else was engrossed in conversation or having fun.

They called her "the girl who was too beautiful," and at first the name amused me. As if any girl could be *too beautiful*! But after I'd known her awhile, I understood. For it was as if Wilma's beauty, or rather her consciousness of it and concern for it, took away everything else that makes being alive worth

Too Beautiful

while. As a matter of fact, it was almost as if she weren't alive at all. She wouldn't play tennis for fear of the muscles it might develop in her slender arms and legs, she wouldn't go swimming, because she was afraid the sun might coarsen the delicate texture of her skin. She was never at parties, for she knew the value of rest in preserving beauty, and her maid once told me Wilma had never stayed up later than nine in all the time she had been with her.

Even reading was taboo, because she was afraid her eyes would lose some of their luster. Wilma had one interest only and that was her beauty and the only joy she got out of anything was having an audience, preferably a male one, around to admire and flatter her.

It wasn't hard getting that audience. You never saw Wilma unless she was surrounded by men and all of them breathless in their admiration. It didn't make much difference then that it never was the same men you saw, that most of them left her after such a little while to take less attractive girls out dancing or to dinner and that in time most of them married other

wrapped up in the youngster. The child had never been really well and Deems had taken him to California on his physician's advice.

The first time I met Deems was at a luncheon at Frances Marion's, the scenario writer. [Continued on page 74]

Upper right: Deems Donaldson was a young millionaire whose life was wrapped up in his youngster, Dirk. Right: Wilma and Dirk were beside the pool and she looked like a kid herself again, too.



Photos by Hanley Studios

women. Wilma never gave as much as a flicker of her amazing eyelashes for any of them. The only love she had ever felt was for her face.

And, gosh, how we fan writers hated having to interview her. There wasn't anything to say about her, you see, except how beautiful she was and the fans didn't have to be told that.

Her first picture was a tremendous success. Critics raved over her beauty and the fans took her to their hearts, and the studio put her on a long-term contract. Afterwards, it was different. Remember that list of stars who were listed as Box Office Poison? Well, Wilma was right up in the top listing and the studio congratulated itself she had only one more picture to make for them. Fans demand more than beauty in their favorites. They want them to have a heart, too.

It was just about that time that Deems Donaldson came to Pasadena with Dirk, his little son. His wife had died when the boy was born and Deems' whole life was

He didn't know the story then; he didn't have to with Wilma's face telling all of it there was to tell. She wasn't beautiful then, if you count beauty in soft contour and freshness, but if you can see it in suffering and a love so great it transcends all thought of self, you would have known Wilma had never been so beautiful before.



Pictures on the Fire!

Watching and chatting with the stars as they make their forthcoming pictures

By Dick Mook

THERE are a lot of pictures shooting this month, but most of them are concentrated at—

M-G-M

FIRST, there's "Waterloo Bridge" starring Robert Taylor and Vivien Leigh. It's about an officer in the British army (*Robert Taylor*) who, during an air raid on the last day of his leave, meets a girl (*Vivien Leigh*) with whom he falls desperately in love. In the play, Vivien was a lady of easy virtue, but they've cleaned her up and now she's a dancer. He goes back to the front. Lucille Watson (*Bob's*

mother) goes to meet her future daughter-in-law at a cafe. While waiting for Lucille, Vivien sees in a paper that Bob has been killed. She gets dizzy and the management of the place gives her a brandy to revive her. Then Lucille breezes in.

It's a pity lack of space prevents my giving you the dialogue for the scene is a long one and one of the most gripping I have ever seen. Lucille, who adores her son, wants desperately to like Vivien and become acquainted with her. Vivien is almost hysterical with the knowledge of Bob's death and, at the same time, is trying to keep it from his mother. The result is they are talking at cross purposes

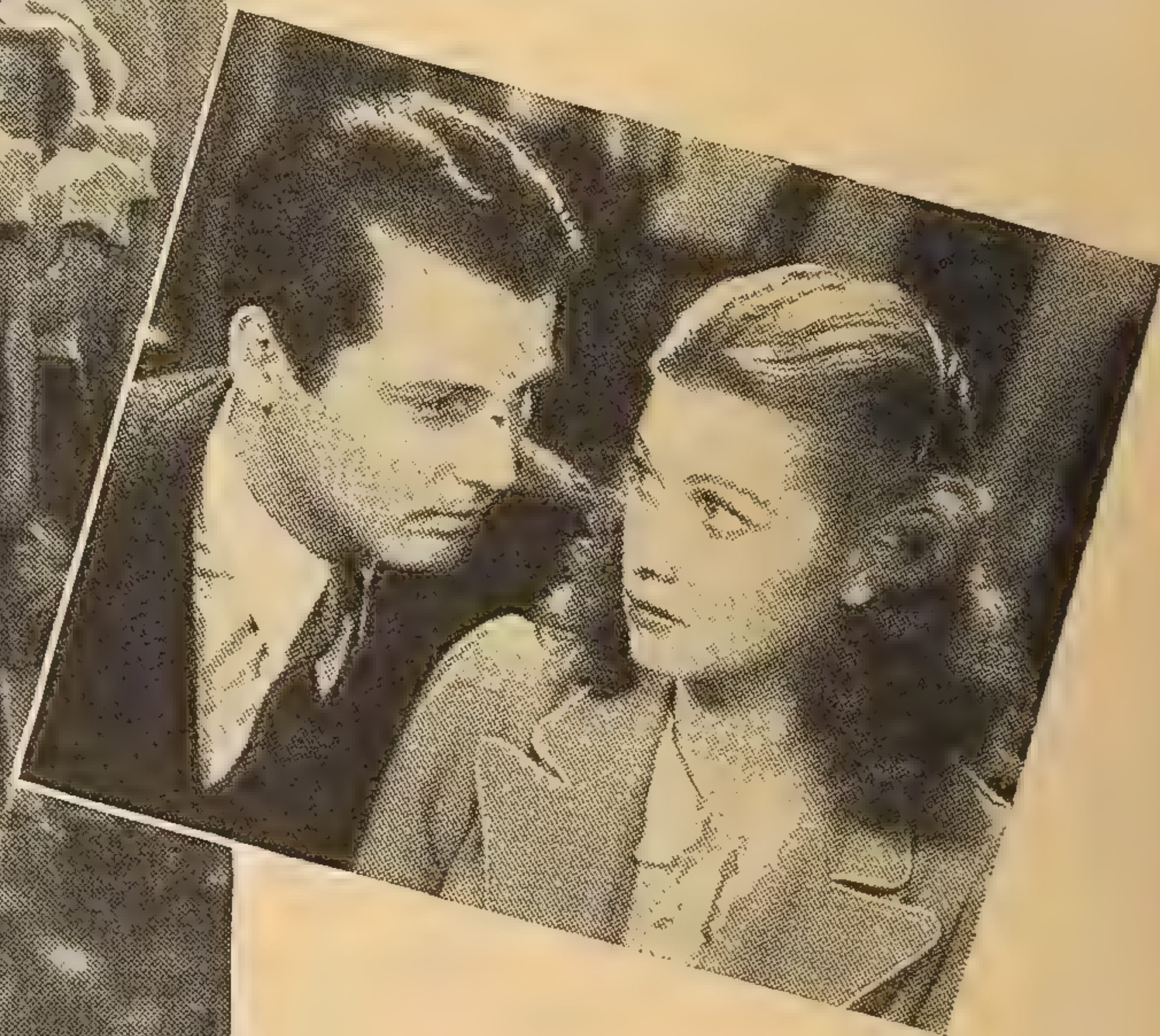
Spencer Tracy in a scene for "Edison, the Man," which Dick Mook watched being made and forwards on to you the actual dialogue.

all during the interview. Lucille finally gives it up as hopeless, believing Vivien is drunk.

I can't get into cold print the intensity of this scene, but if you miss this picture I'll guarantee you're depriving yourself of a real treat.

Even with all the drama, though, the actors must mind the details. Just as they are about to shoot, Vivien, who is sitting at the table waiting for Lucille to come in, notices her hand which rests on the table, clutching the fateful newspaper. She stops the scene and turns to Director-Producer Mervyn LeRoy: "Do you want make-up on my hand for this shot?" she asks.

Below: Jimmy Ellison and Lucille Ball in "The Romantic Mr. Hinklin."



Left: Nydia Westman, Margaret Early, Bonita Granville and Diana Lewis in a scene you'll be seeing in Eddie Cantor's "Forty Little Mothers."



Olivia de Havilland and escort Jimmy Stewart pause to read the "funnies" as they leave Earl Carroll's.



Mischa Auer and his wife do an energetic rhumba at Ciro's. At least, that's what it started out to be. Mischa, incidentally, is just about the busiest actor in Hollywood, because it seems Universal puts him in all its pictures.

telephone the other night posing as a real estate agent. "Do you live on the bus-line?" he asked. "Why, yes," Pat replied sleepily. "Well, please move, will you, the bus wants to get by," flipped the wag, and hung up. Some people are just born wits, aren't they? No.

Gruesome fashion note: In "Earthbound," co-starring Warner Baxter and Andrea Leeds, there is a Paris war time locale, and all the gals have to carry the most elegant gas mask regalia. Lynn Bari's gas mask is black velvet, shaped like a muff, Andrea's is rose wool to match her coat, others are plaid wool to match hat, gray Persian shoulder strap arrangement, barrel-shaped, purse-shaped, book-shaped, etc. The Parisian modistes will be able to filch a few good ideas for making decorative a war time necessity.

Since the unexpected Lana Turner-Artie Shaw elopement, the Hollywood press has

been as nervous as a witch, and will follow up any clue tossed to them, no matter how impossible sounding. So, a recent Sunday found them hanging on Joan Crawford's phone, ringing her doorbell, and cluttering up her driveway. There was a rumor, completely unfounded of course, that Joan and Lee Bowman were doing an off to Yuma. Joan was a little startled by it all as she has only had one date with Lee Bowman. But—Lana only had one date with Artie Shaw.

Bette Davis, who used to swear that she would never own anything in Hollywood she couldn't pack in a suitcase, has succumbed at last and bought a home. Though it isn't one bit movie-starish, and definitely on the wrong side of the tracks. And now that other hold-out, Greta Garbo, is looking for a home to buy, the only requirement she insists upon is a high fence around it. She wants to keep

the public out and Gayelord Hauser in.

Well, you can't blame Jackie Cooper if he is a little intolerant now of lady fans. The apple of Jackie's eye, his brand new Packard roadster, was parked outside the Paramount studio last week when a woman driver, who was far more intent upon staring through the studio gates than watching the roadway, hit Jackie's new car square in the middle. And off it went to the junk heap.

You can just bet the name of Artie Shaw was brought into the conversation when Greg Bautzer and Jackie Coogan lunched together at the Brown Derby. Jackie doesn't think Artie did right by his ex-wife, Betty Grable, and doesn't mind saying so.

Gracie Allen has announced her candidacy for president. But she just can't decide on her platform.



Ann Sheridan likes having two boy friends with her when she goes stepping. The lucky lads are Bruce Cabot and Pat De Cicco.

Dick Powell, back home after months of record-breaking personal appearances, entertains his wife, Joan Blondell, at Ciro's.



YOU'VE probably given a dog a bath and learned what a sloppy job it is. So you can sympathize with Rosemary Lane as she struggles with her Irish Setter, Mr. Chips. She put a pair of goggles on him to keep the soap out of his eyes, but Mr. Chips preferred the soap, it seems. Rosemary is currently featured in "Three Cheers For the Irish." Trouble with washing a dog, says Rosemary, is that you get much more of a bath than the dog does.



ROSEMARY GIVES HER DOG A BATH



Whitney Bourne's luxurious New York apartment is the meeting place of society and the arts. She spends a great deal of time in Hollywood where she follows a career in the movies.

Miss June Rothe, TWA air hostess, has learned to serve a 7-course meal—alone—to 21 people traveling at 200 miles per hour! Charm, limited weight, nurse's training are other job requirements.

Glamorous Society Actress

Top-Flight Air Hostess

**BUT BOTH GIVE
THEIR SKIN THIS
SAME THOROUGH
CARE**

QUESTION TO MISS BOURNE:

With a busy social life and a demanding career like yours, Miss Bourne, how do you keep your complexion so vibrant and fresh looking?

ANSWER: "It's a matter of regular skin care with Pond's 2 grand Creams. To keep my skin clear and glowing, I cleanse it thoroughly with Pond's Cold Cream night and morning. And, of course, before fresh make-up."

QUESTION: Aren't the sudden changes from California sun to New York weather hard on your skin?

ANSWER: "No, because my powder base—Pond's Vanishing Cream—also serves as a marvelous protection against sun and wind and weather. I always use it before make-up!"

QUESTION TO MISS ROTHE:

Does your appearance count very heavily when you apply for a job as air hostess, Miss Rothe?

ANSWER: "Yes—we needn't be actually beautiful, but we *must* look attractive. I give my complexion the best care I know—with Pond's 2 Creams. I use Pond's Cold Cream to cleanse my skin, help keep it soft and supple—and Pond's Vanishing Cream to smooth it for powder."

QUESTION: Does using two Creams seem to affect the way your make-up goes on?

ANSWER: "Definitely! Cleansing with Pond's Cold Cream freshens my skin. Then a light, satiny film of Pond's Vanishing Cream smooths little roughnesses and makes a perfect powder base. No wonder make-up looks better!"

Arriving for premiere at
Carthay Circle Theatre

June dances on off-duty evenings



**SEND FOR
TRIAL
BEAUTY KIT**

POND'S, Dept. 7SS-CVE, Clinton, Conn.
Rush special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with generous samples of Pond's Vanishing Cream, Pond's Liquefying Cream (quicker-melting cleansing cream), and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ to cover postage and packing.

Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____

Copyright, 1940, Pond's Extract Company

Gary, Gary, Quite Contrary

[Continued from page 23]

before, spread limburger cheese on the heating plant, and turned on the heat. They then went home and ate hearty breakfasts. By the time school was scheduled to open, the aroma therein was enough to stagger a congress of billy-goats. Classes were out of the question. Everybody got a holiday. And Gary got a deer.

Gary went to Helena High School for two years, and was only a middling fair scholar. He attended classes because he had to, but nothing could make him interested in them. He rebelled against being kept indoors. His rebellion took the form of passive resistance. Instead of studying his books, he covered them with sketches of horses and Montana landscapes.

His last two years in high school, he spent in Bozeman, a town about a hundred miles away. There a certain teacher became the first to discover that humoring Gary's contrariness was the way to become his friend for life. (*He still corresponds with her.*) She encouraged his drawing, sold him on the idea that, the more education he had, the better artist he would be. He buckled down and studied in Bozeman.

At that time, in that part of the country, there was a great run of costume parties. Everybody took great delight in being a different character at each different party. Everybody, that is, except Gary. Contrariwise, he inevitably went as a cowboy. There is a photo extant of him in the suit he wore, a cowboy outfit unlike any ever seen outside the movies or the dress parade at a rodeo. He stands with his two hands on his two holsters, with a William S. Hart glower on his face, as if daring anyone to call him *Fancy Pants*.

Summers, when he was going to college, he worked in Yellowstone National Park as a bus driver and guide. One of his pals of those days tells a story to illustrate Gary's contrariness. He and Gary, driving together along one of the twisting roads without guard-rails hacked out of mountainsides, came around a curve to discover that a bus had gone off the road, plunging over a sheer cliff to the side of a stream hundreds of feet below. A small crowd had gathered, was discussing the best way to reach the bodies. The consensus of opinion was that the only way to reach them was via a roundabout pack trail that led down to the stream. Gary didn't go with the others. He went straight down the cliff, inch by inch, finding a toe-hold here, a finger-hold there. His pal went down the same way, only because he didn't want Gary to think he was scared (*which he was*). It didn't occur to Gary, as it did to his pal, that they were literally risking their lives, being different from the crowd.

The Coopers sent Gary—whose name was then Frank James Cooper—to small Grinnell College in Iowa, thinking he couldn't find much to do there except study. But he found a way, even there, to assert his independence. He acquired a motorcycle, on which he constantly fled campus discipline, racketing around the



Jack Benny's newest offering, "Buck Benny Rides Again," is well stocked with the glamorous type of cowgirl. Four attractive examples are (l. to r.) Kay Linaker, Ellen Drew, Lillian Cornell and Virginia Dale.

countryside at a break-neck clip.

It was at Grinnell that he first harbored the idea that he might like to be an actor. He tried out for a campus show. One of his professors of those days says, with a rueful grin, "And we wouldn't even let him carry a spear." Whatever Gary felt at the time, he kept it to himself. He still keeps his emotions to himself—a fact that makes some people (*principally press-agents and interviewers*) wonder how he ever became an actor. They're convinced that it must have been an accident. Which, in a way, it was.

At Grinnell, he fell in love, and he had the girl's promise to marry him as soon as he had a steady job. Through college, he had stubbornly held to his determination to be an artist. He was going to be a newspaper cartoonist. Most of the famous cartoonists were in the East, so contrariwise he headed West. He picked Los Angeles, because it was the biggest city west of the Rockies. He went from newspaper office to newspaper office and was unable to sell his talents. After that, he went from door to door in residential sections, trying to sell his drawings, and he couldn't sell those, either.

He was practically at the end of his funds and his determination to stick it out in Los Angeles, when he sat down on a park bench one day to rest his blistered feet. On the same bench was a middle-aged man, who eyed him a few moments, then decided to ask, "Out of work, buddy?" Gary nodded sardonically. The man told him there was easy money

to be had up in Hollywood, working in the movies, playing "extras." Gary shook his head; he was no actor. "You don't have to act. All you have to do is stand around, maybe walk around a little," the man said. Gary couldn't see himself doing that for a living. "Can you do anything special?" the man persisted. "Ride horseback, maybe?" Yes, he knew how to ride a horse, Gary said. "Well, there's a fellow out at Fox who's hiring a lot of riders for a big cavalry picture—fellow named Jim Galen," the man informed him. "Did you say Jim Galen?" demanded Gary. "Why, I know him. Used to go to school with him back in Montana."

So Gary went out to Fox, and looked up Jim Galen. And Galen, glad to see his old pal, put him on the payroll. The cavalry in the picture was supposed to ride pell-mell down a steep hill. On the first take, Gary's horse stepped in a hole, stumbled. Another boss might have fired Gary on the spot, on the grounds that stunt riders avoided holes. Galen, knowing what Gary could do on a horse, barring accidents, kept him on.

That's how Gary Cooper got in the movies. As a stunt rider. And he stayed in them, living from one \$5-a-day job to another, with the jobs not too close together, simply because he was too stubborn, too contrary, to admit to anybody, and especially his girl, that he couldn't make a living in Los Angeles. But she suspected he couldn't. And, tiring of waiting for him to make good, she married someone else. She had too low an estimate

// TOPS FOR *Flair and Wear*"

SAY SMART FASHION CREATORS



The gayest fingertips—in the gayest places this spring—will be wearing Cutex, smart fashion creators prophesy!



Dancing in harmony! The latest in evening frou-frou . . . the latest in Cutex nail tones—romantic, glamorous, heartbreakingly feminine.

Guaranteed to wear longer than any polish you've ever worn . . . or your money back.

If the new Cutex Salon Polish doesn't wear longer than any polish you've ever used, simply return the bottle to us and we will cheerfully refund your original purchase price! (Offer good during 1940 only.) Buy a bottle of Cutex Salon Polish today—at any toilet-goods counter.

THE smartest, longest fingertips will be wearing Cutex Salon Polish this spring, smart fashion creators prophesy. In Cutex shades, they predict, you'll find the right answer to what to wear with every fabric color from deepest "Storm Cloud" shades to palest nude pink . . . With Royal Air Force blue, Legion red, Scandinavian green, Chinese tea . . . And the newest neutrals—Turtle gray, putty, greige.

It's smart to wear Cutex, too—the fashion oracles say—because it gives your nails that all-important well-groomed look. For flair and wear—choose the new Cutex Salon Polish this spring!

Northam Warren Corporation, 191 Hudson St., New York



GADABOUT: Vivid blue-red to go places with your dashing new exposed-midriff, hooded-head gowns.

HIJINKS: Red-red—just what you'll want with the new military influence—braid, cockades, "uniform" pockets.

CEDARWOOD: Mauvy-rose flattery to feminize man-tailored toppers and suits.

OLD ROSE: Rich rose—an added romantic touch with your innocent off-the-face hat.

CLOVER: Deep winy red to tone down your noisy plaids, stripes, checkerboard fabrics.

LAUREL: Rambler pink—delicate, young. Perfect with your new pinafore frocks.

NEW CUTEX *Salon Polish*

of the value of stubbornness.

It was Samuel Goldwyn who first spotted his possibilities, took him out of the background, put him in the foreground—in "The Winning of Barbara Worth." He never had been conspicuous before in his life. The experience unnerved him. As soon as the picture was over, he went out to the desert to hide. When he fearfully came back, he found Paramount waiting to sign him to a contract to play leads in Westerns.

Somebody, who had noticed how he appealed to women at first sight, told him he ought to get a good agent and go after dramatic parts in big pictures. Contrarily, Gary shook his head. "I'm a westerner, and that's all I am. I can't act. And I'm getting a big salary now. I'm going to leave well enough alone." His salary was \$150 a week.

It was over his protests, and his misgivings, that he was given the role in "Wings" that made him famous. After that, he appeared in dramatic roles, whether he wanted them or not. When he started "It," he was positive he didn't. It was his first time in dress clothes, which made him feel ridiculous. And the script called on him to be an insouciant young man-about-town who entered a room, chucked Esther Ralston under the chin, then walked across and kissed Clara Bow jauntily. On the first take, his smile was sickly. On the second, it was sicklier. The harder he tried to be insouciant, the more embarrassed he became. "I can't do it," he told Director Frank Lloyd. "You've got to do it," said Lloyd. He took the scene over and over. The day ended without their getting it.

The next day, there was no Cooper on the set. One story has it that he was already aboard a train, headed back to Montana; another story has it that he was packing his bags, determined to give up the movies, when Lloyd caught up with him, talked him into coming back. "It" added to his fame and popularity.

Gary Cooper is a Hollywood anomaly, a man who became a star in spite of a stubborn lack of confidence in his own possibilities.

He fought off the press-agents in the beginning because he was contrarily determined not to be conspicuous. When he discovered that the matter of his being conspicuous was out of his hands completely, he determined that he wasn't going to take it big, because he didn't see how it could last. He wasn't going to let people get tired of him any sooner than necessary, from reading too much about him. When his popularity did last, he was in the habit of going his own way, not letting press-agents run his life. He determined to "leave well enough alone." He hasn't changed his mind since.

His father once said, "When Gary makes up his mind, there is no power on earth than can sway him." His father knew whereof he was speaking.

Gary's romances were a constant worry both to his studio and to his parents. When he worked up an interest in a girl, he worked up a big interest. Time after time, it looked as if he was in danger of getting married. That thought was enough to scare his studio, to whom he was valuable as a romantic bachelor. His parents were appalled by the thought of

the daughter-in-law they might suddenly acquire. To put it mildly, they didn't share Gary's enthusiasm for Lupe Velez. But Gary was contrarily determined to live his own life, not let either his studio or his parents live it for him. He suffered at times for his determination. He never wanted to be noticed in public, and Lupe was forever shrieking, attracting attention.

When he decided, in his own good time, that he had played long enough and ought to settle down, he made a completely unexpected choice of a wife. He chose a 20-year-old society girl. Everybody said the marriage wouldn't last. But Gary apparently determined that it would. At least, it has lasted more than six years, a long time in Hollywood.

There are tales that marriage has changed Gary, tales that Veronica Balfe Cooper has made him give up his old ways and his old friends. The tales aren't true. He hasn't changed. The people who knew him when have. Because he lives in a big house in Brentwood now, instead of the modest bungalow he inhabited for years, some of his old pals think he must have gone high-society, and hesitate to ring the doorbell. They forget that, long before his marriage, he was moving in high social circles, but, with his pals, he was still the same "Coop," as always. They overlook the fact that his closest associate these days is no blue-blooded tycoon. His constant companion is still Slim Talbot, a Montana cowhand, whom he drafted years ago as his stand-in.

Because most of Gary's roles nowadays are sophisticated, most of his studio photographs show him as a well-dressed man-of-the-world, and people think he has given up his old cowboy habits. They don't know around home he wears western clothes, even to the boots. They don't know that on his last location trip, his bosses had to "ground" him; he was spending his spare time riding bucking broncos. They don't know that on location he gets up at 4:30 A.M. to hunt coyotes. They don't know that, every so often, he rents a half-dozen calves, to keep his hand in at roping. They don't know that his idea of fun is still setting up a tin can, pacing off fifty feet, then whirling to fire at with two pistols, shooting from the hip. They see photographs of him vacationing in Bermuda or swank Long Island resorts, and they don't know about his hunting and fishing trips with Slim, because there aren't any photographers where he and Slim go.

You hear, "He hasn't gone on any big hunting trip since he married." People are thinking of his expedition to Africa a few years ago. They suspect that he'd like to go adventuring in far places still and that his wife won't let him. They don't know that he's constantly planning trips to far-away places, and that the only reason why he never goes is: He reads up so much about a place he'd like to see, and plans the trip in such detail, that, long before it's time to set out, he has worn out his enthusiasm. In his mind, he has been and come back. So, he saves himself the physical exertion of going.

The explanation for his one big adventure jaunt—the hunting trip to Africa—is: His doctor made him go, to get far away from Hollywood, forget about movies. Gary had a breakdown from over-

work, doing seven pictures in one year. Friends tried to tell him he was ruining his health. He refused to listen. He said, "I've got just one face, and it isn't so good, and I'd better cash in on it while I can." Healthy all his life, he didn't know when he was sick—till he collapsed.

When he came back from Africa, interviewers besieged him for tales of his adventures. Contrarily, he wouldn't tell any, wouldn't seize the golden opportunity to be a real-life hero. One interviewer tried to lead him on by asking, "But didn't it take courage to face a charging lion?" Gary's answer was: "Oh—uh—I don't know. I had a gun."

He realizes that he is a problem, not talking, but he doesn't do anything about it, except laugh. He has a sense of humor. Soon after the "Beau Geste" company arrived at Yuma for outdoor scenes, Director William Wellman summoned the business manager, berated him about the food the company was getting, emphasizing his complaint by interspersing constant comments about what "Mr. Cooper" thought about the food. Gary sat nearby, whittling, not saying a word. When the red-eared business manager finally escaped, Gary asked Wellman, with a sardonic grin, "You don't think I said too much to the poor guy, do you?"

People think he's contrary because he refers the simplest requests to his manager, Jack Moss. Maybe he is, but he is also loyal. Moss got him the big money he is earning today, money he never would have been able to ask for himself. So now he trusts Moss to handle everything about his career, big or little.

Few stars realize how much they are indebted to Gary because he is a contrary guy. Several years ago, a certain Eastern gangster invaded Hollywood, convinced that movie stars ought to be easy pickings. Bravado made him decide to approach He-Man Cooper first. He told Gary he had better pay off "or else." Gary, who had no intention of paying off, told him to come to his house that night. As he admitted the gangster, he poked a .45 in that surprised individual's ribs. "What did you say you wanted?" asked Gary. The one-man crime wave folded then and there.

Right now, Gary is making "Northwest Mounted Police" for Cecil B. De Mille, who had his hands full, before the picture started, trying to keep Gary from being contrary. The original De Mille idea was to have both Gary and Joel McCrea in the picture, playing equally important roles. He gave them both scripts, asked them to decide which they each wanted to play. They both liked one part better than the other. When they discovered this, they put on a Gaston-Alphonse act. Each tried to step aside for the other. They're good friends, you know. Gary was insistent that he was going to drop out of the picture. De Mille was equally insistent that he wasn't. While they were still arguing, Joel turned up with the news that he was going to do "Personal History" for Walter Wanger, and therefore wouldn't be free to make "Northwest Mounted Police."

So, Gary couldn't sensibly go on being contrary. That's one thing about his contrariness. It does make sense.

Lady Esther says Won't you please help your

"NEW-BORN SKIN"

To Keep Its PROMISE of NEW-BORN BEAUTY for you?



Careful! Your new skin depends on *you* to help remove those tiny flakes of older skin that can "smother" your new-born Beauty!

EVERY TIME the clock ticks—every time you breathe—your new skin is crowding eagerly upward, outward—and soon will make its bow before all the world—in new glory and new glamour, *if you will do your part!*

Why let your new skin be "born under a cloud," asks Lady Esther—when it *can* be flattering—*can* make you look a little younger, fresher, lovelier? Yes, each coming generation of your skin can bring you a new-born beauty—if—

If only you will let my 4-Purpose Cream help you to remove—tenderly and gently—those almost invisible flakes of worn-out skin beclouding your complexion today—concealing the glory of your new skin!

For those tiny flakes of worn-out skin are the thieves that steal your beauty. Feel with your fingertips *now* the little rough spots they leave on your face. They can make you look older, for they keep even the finest powder from going on smoothly—give you a lifeless, drab complexion!

My 4-Purpose Cream *permeates* those flakes. Soothingly and gently it whisks them all away—loosens embedded impurities—cleanses the very apertures of your pores—helps your skin to be smoother—lovelier—younger-looking.

Ask Your Doctor About Your Face Cream

If he's a specialist on the skin—all the better! Follow his advice if you have a vitamin deficiency. He will be a strange physician indeed if he tells you to try and *push* anything like vitamins or hormones into your skin via your face cream!

Ask him if *every word* Lady Esther says isn't absolutely true—that her cream removes the dirt, impurities, and worn-out skin beclouding your new, young skin about to be born!

Then try my face cream *at my expense*. Continue using it twice a day or oftener for two weeks. See if your powder doesn't look *lovelier* day by day. See the *glamour* of your new-born skin as my cream helps you keep your *Accent on Youth!*

Please Accept Lady Esther's 10-Day Sample **FREE!**

The Miracle of Reborn Skin

Your skin is *constantly* wearing out—drying up—flaking off almost invisibly. But it is immediately replaced by new-born skin—*always* crowding upward and outward. Lady Esther says you can help make each rebirth of your skin a true Rebirth of Beauty!



(You can paste this on a penny postcard) (55)
LADY ESTHER, 7162 West 65th St., Chicago, Ill.

FREE Please send me your generous sample tube of Lady Esther Face Cream; also ten shades of Face Powder, FREE and postpaid.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.)

You Never Can Tell About Ginger!

[Continued from page 24]

Garbo's two friends are. Sulka Viertel and Mercedes d'Acosta are the pals. But you don't know who Ginger's best friends are, do you? I didn't until I made it my business to find out and quite a business undertaking it was, too. Jeanette MacDonald is one of her chums. I had heard that, though, from Jeanette, not Ginger. And then I found out that Margaret Sullavan is another of her best friends. In fact, they are so chummy that Ginger is Maggie's second baby's godmother. And in the exact center of the exquisite blue crystal mirror of Ginger's crystal-mirrored dressing room at home, is a large picture of Maggie's new baby when it was very new indeed and looking, as a man would say, "just like any new baby looks . . ."

So, as I say, Garbo is an open book compared to Ginger. You always know, for instance, when Garbo is "going" with someone and who that someone is and where they are going. You know, now, that Garbo is going with Dr. Gaylord Hauser. At least, she went to Florida with him, and to No. 21 in New York. And if that isn't going with a man what do you call it? And you always know who Marlene is going with, *dear* knows. You know that Hedy Lamarr had a yen for Rudy Vallee when she first came to Hollywood, then kept company with Reginald Gardiner, then married Gene Markey. The veils of most of the Mystery Molls are pretty transparent.

But you don't know who Ginger is going with, do you?

I don't. I make no bones about admitting it. And I live only a couple of stone's throws from Ginger's stylized farmhouse sitting whitely on its tall green hill. I could almost hear the horns honking as the boys tear up to take Ginger tearing around. No horns honk.

"They" say, in fact, the majority of Them say, I may as well tell you, that Ginger still carries the torch for Lew Ayres; that she lives so quietly, so unnaturally quietly for a girl of her type and age, because her heart is subdued and hurt, and still unhealed. When Ginger goes to Reno, those who should know what they're talking about tell me, she'll carry the torch right along with her.

Others declare, though these others are in the minority, that it's all nonsense to think that Ginger is still sad with old remembering, and that her heart is quite elsewhere. There have been hints that the "elsewhere" is George Stevens, the director. But a superficial inquiry proves that George Stevens, the director, is a married man and that those hints are about as valid as typographical errors.

Now and again, oh, maybe once or twice, Ginger has been seen at a premiere, escorted by Walter Plunkett, the costume designer. But mostly she isn't seen anywhere, not anywhere at all, neither at premieres nor at parties or party places.

For a time, she had a few dates with Jimmy Stewart, who has more than a few dates with every lovelie in town from de Dietrich to de Havilland, and then no more of that. Shortly before Bill Powell married Diana Lewis, it was said that

Ginger and Bill were meeting "secretly . . . at Myrna's house," and those who remembered that Ginger and Bill worked together in "Star of Midnight," and recalled what good friends they became then, put two and two together and made it one hundred and eighty-six, saying that Friendship was Ripening Into Lerve . . . and then Bill married Diana.

Thing is, you can't tell . . .

But you cannot imagine a girl who looks like Ginger, gay, light-stepping Ginger, leading the kind of a life Ginger certainly does lead off the screen. Lela, her mother, all but has a stroke when she talks about Ginger's all-work-and-no-play life. A spacious wardrobe full of pretty clothes has Ginger and she never wears them because she never goes anywhere. Other girls go to Ciro's, the Troc, the Victor Hugo, go to Arrowhead for the skiing, go to the Desert for the sunning,

not Ginger, never Ginger. A sun-worshiper as ever was, permanently sun-kist now, I am sure, like a glowy mulatto, Ginger does her sunning, as she does everything else away from the studio, *at home*. She has a studio room by her swimming pool and she spends *all* of her leisure time in that studio room *working like mad*. She works in charcoals. She sketches and she sculpts. She recently finished a bust of her mother said to be extraordinarily fine. The best portrait ever done of Ginger, Gregory La Cava told me this, is a self-portrait. In charcoal. And she recently did one of Mme. Ouspenskaya, also in charcoal, which is outstanding in any exhibit. Which is all very fine, very fine, indeed, and far more commendable, I am sure, than swinging it at the Conga or zwinging down Zombies at the Beachcomber, but it isn't very gay, it isn't very gingery and one is only



Director King Vidor of "Northwest Passage" showing extreme pleasure with Spencer Tracy over the successful filming of a difficult scene while on location at Payette Lake, Idaho. The film is a triumph for both.

young once . . . but Ginger doesn't care.

And a lovely house, has Ginger, to go on with that train of thought, in which to entertain the young and eligible male animals who should be swarming on the doorstep and no young and eligible males swarm, because Ginger *doesn't know any*. Ginger knows only the people with whom she works on the RKO lot, and Jimmy Stewart. Ginger never meets any new, young men because Ginger never goes anywhere. The only romances Ginger has, so far as we know, are the romances written for her in her scripts. Instead of the kisses Ginger should be taking and giving under ye ole gibbous moon are the kisses Ginger gives and takes under ye old garish Kliegs. If you don't believe me, ask her mother . . .

When Lela Rogers went to New York a couple of years ago and took an apartment there, it was with the hope that Ginger would spend her in-between-pictures time in New York and that she would meet some nice, eligible young men there and have some nice, debutanteish good times. So far as anyone knows, Ginger did not go to New York, not for any length of time, anyway, and so didn't have any nice, debutanteish good times.

So nothing that Ginger does, or doesn't do, should be surprising, really. Like wearing the clothes she does in "Primrose Path" . . . off-hand you'd think that if Maggie Sullavan wanted to look a fright in a picture, or Bette Davis, or Barbara Stanwyck or even Garbo, why, you'd sort of understand. Off-hand you think of Ginger as always aerial in floaty chiffons and drifty feathers even though, when you see her around the studio, wearing her own clothes, it's always slacks and a tan polo coat. And no make-up. And no hat.

Ginger admits that she owes a great deal to the glamorous roles she has played and to the lavish wardrobes she has worn in the glamorous roles. Such as in "42d Street," "Stage Door," "Top Hat" and the others . . .

"Nevertheless," she adds, "I was scared to death of the curse of being typed as a Clothes Horse. I'd rather be the Invisible Woman. Because no matter how good a part may be, no matter how satisfactorily one plays a good part, I honestly believe that extravagant clothes detract from acting. They make a girl self-conscious, at least they make me self-conscious and I have to work doubly hard to snap out of it, and they make the audience clothes-conscious."

Come to think of it, "Primrose Path" isn't the first picture in which Ginger has been de-glamourized, though never before has she done so trouncingly thorough a job of it. Come to think of it, you never can tell, you never have been able to tell about Ginger's picture roles, either. Just when you think she'll make a life work of whirling through the air with the greatest of ease in Fred Astaire's arms (*and lovely work, too, if you can get it*), she cracks through with a "Stage Door" or goes as folksy as your Mamie, Gor' bless her, in "Bachelor Mother." When you pause and think back over Ginger's picture roles you realize that there's been enough variety to make a whirling dervish dizzy . . . "Flying Down to Rio," for instance, the first Astaire-Rogers sensa-

25 Yards in this Skirt...



Yet—due to skillful designing — there's not a hint of bunchiness or bulk!

The same applies to Kotex sanitary napkins! Made in soft folds...with more absorbent material where you need it . . . less in the non-effective portions of the pad . . . Kotex is *less bulky* than pads made with loose, wadded fillers! Less apt to chafe, too—for it's entirely sheathed in cotton, before it's wrapped in gauze!



Don't fear an audience! A moisture-resistant panel is now placed between the soft folds of every Kotex pad — to give extra protection!

And what confidence it brings to know there are no tell-tale bulges to give your secret away! Flat, pressed ends (patented by Kotex) never make revealing outlines...the way napkins with thick, stubby ends so often do!



Kotex* comes in three sizes, too! Unlike most napkins, Kotex comes in three different sizes—*Super—Regular—Junior*. (So you may vary the size pad to suit different days' needs.)

All 3 sizes have soft, folded centers . . . flat, tapered ends . . . and moisture-resistant "safety panels." All 3 sizes sell for the same low price!

FEEL ITS NEW SOFTNESS
PROVE ITS NEW SAFETY
COMPARE ITS NEW,
FLATTER ENDS



"You scarcely know you're wearing it!"

*Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Office

tional attraction, in which she played a singer with a band; "Roberta," she was a comedienne *with* a Russian dialect in that; the society deb in "Star of Midnight"; the movie star in "In Person"; the East Side toughie in "Romance in Manhattan"; the stenographer in "Having Wonderful Time"; a cafe singer in "Vivacious Lady"; in "Stage Door," a would-be actress *and* her first venture into what we like to think of as "acting"; "The Story of Vernon and Irene Castle," the only biography she's ever done and no child's play, either, having to do it with the living prototype right on the sets with her, not to mention the wing-footed femme in all the pictures with Astaire . . . well, you know that Ginger "turns the other cheek" and keeps rotating it in just about every new part she plays . . .

But you may not know that it's all part of a pattern, that Ginger has had a very definite plan in her very definite mind from . . . well, from 'way back. She never wanted to do two pictures of the same kind in a row. She would have preferred never to do two pictures of the same kind at all. She never wanted teaming of any kind . . . that's why it was Billy P. in "Star of Midnight," Jimmy Stewart in "Vivacious Lady," George

Brent in "In Person," Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. in "Having Wonderful Time," "Fifth Avenue Girl" with Tim Holt, "Bachelor Mother" with David Niven, now "Primrose Path" with Joel McCrea, next "Good Luck" with Ronnie Colman . . . yeah, yeah, Ginger leads a quiet life at home, never goes anywhere, nothing ever happens, but when she works, she sure gets around, she do that . . .

So, too, when you get to figuring it all out like that, you realize that "Primrose Path" isn't by any means the first picture in which Ginger has been de-glammed. In "Fifth Avenue Girl" she was a young person humbly seeking employment and wearing an outfit, in most of the scenes, that cost but a few dollars. In "Bachelor Mother" she was a department store clerk wearing simple, economical clothes. In "Having Wonderful Time" she was a stenog, who didn't exactly pose around in platina fox. So it's really only a step forward that Ginger should dye her hair dark, scrub her face to the sub-cuticle and go poor-folksy in "Primrose Path." It was when she was chosen, last year, by a group of stylists of the New York Fashion Academy as "the best dressed All-American Girl" that Ginger determined to get down to earth in her motion

picture wardrobe as well as her personal attire—that old Clothes Horse specter reared its ugly head and scared the lace thingumbobs off her.

So we're back on the "Primrose Path" again, dear readers . . . we're on location, at Monterey, California, one dark gray and red sunset, with the sea pounding the sands and the fisherman coming in from the sea and the sails darkening . . . and Ginger and her co-star, Joel McCrea, built dikes on the beach to trap the incoming tide, helped the fishermen unload their scaly haul and, later, Ginger tried her hand at a bit of net-mending and at running a switch engine in the railroad yard near-by. And it didn't seem that this tall, thin girl with the dark pig-tails, the crumpley cotton dress, the briny hands could be the golden Ginger, delicate as dream, or casual as a kiss in the dark . . . such a poor, tacky little thing, she looked beautiful, too, in a heart-wrenching way, but tattered and torn and all forlorn . . . why, I couldn't have been more surprised if one of the sea-gulls had begun to spout Steinbeck . . .

And it was then, and there, that this train of thought began, this you-never-can-tell-about-Ginger. You can't, either. That's all *I've* got to say.

Not in Keeping With the Rule

[Continued from page 27]

Long before Tyrone Power clicked in "Lloyds of London," the public had gone for him in a big way. Power appeared briefly in "Girls' Dormitory." It was an unimportant part. Within two weeks after the picture was released, the letter-writers were deluging the studio with inquiries as to the name of the boy who had been in the railroad station scene. Darryl Zanuck tells me that it was the result of this interest that he suggested Power for "Lloyds of London." The director scoffed at the suggestion. "He can't act, Darryl." Zanuck agreed that Power wasn't an Academy Award actor. "But the public likes him."

Hollywood itself is not sure just what quality it is in an unknown performer that the public likes. But whatever that quality is, Richard Greene has it in ample measure, just as Robert Taylor had it, and just as Tyrone Power registered it in one scene of "Girls' Dormitory."

The fact that staggers your imagination is this—if Greene, lacking important roles, has scored so solidly in the affections of movie-goers, what will happen when the studio gives him pictures designed to emphasize his appeal. That is what is about to happen. "Little Old New York" gave him the best role he's had to date. "Maryland" will provide him with another good role. From now on, Zanuck is going to give him the best breaks that a big studio can manufacture.

Now what sort of roles would Greene prefer? For the purpose of this story, I interviewed the English boy. "I'd like to get away from these damn pretty-boy roles," he said, and there was blood in his tones. "They get me all tricked out like Mrs. Astor's pet horse. They have experts to see if my make-up is just so.

My hair must be combed this way or that way. If a curl of hair juts up, the picture is halted while a corps of make-up men brush it back into place. It makes a fellow feel like a perfect fool, you know. So if the studio wants to give me roles, I'll take any sort of role in which I can act human. In 'Little Old New York,' you'll never know the kick I got out of being permitted to have a fist-fight.

That's the first punch I've thrown since I came to Hollywood."

Back home in London, Greene wasn't handled so carefully. In fact, he was lucky to get an occasional job as an extra in British pictures. He was shoved around and pushed around. He made the rounds of agents' offices and casting offices, and if anybody noticed that he was better looking than most boys of his



Ronnie Burla, Mrs. Burla (Una Merkel), Mrs. Allan Jones (Irene Hervey) and Allan Jones having a merry time of it as they make the rounds in Hollywood.

age, there was no indication of it in the curt rejections.

Then came his big break. "French Without Tears" was a big success on the London stage, so big in fact that the producers decided to send out a road company to play cities like Liverpool and also to tour the provinces. Having made every other call, Greene decided brashly to go to the theatre where they were casting. He got the part. "I stumbled out of the theatre not believing that it was on the level," he recalls. "With my first week's salary, I got a new suit, a new hat and a new overcoat. I tried to look and act like the successful actors I'd observed around London. In conversations, I'd make it a point to steer the talk to plays so that I could say that I was going out with 'French Without Tears.' That was the thrill of a lifetime."

On the days that they didn't give matinees, young Greene would go to the moving picture houses to see the latest American pictures. It was in Blackpool that he saw Spencer Tracy in "Captains Courageous," and Tyrone Power in "Lloyds of London." Returning to his theatre, Greene and other members of the road company would discuss the technique of Tracy, the appeal of Power. "None of us, of course," he said, "ever dreamed we'd go to Hollywood. The stars of Hollywood lived in a world apart from us. Our highest ambition was to get a speaking part in a British film to earn a little extra money. If we felt like swaggering, we'd pretend that some day we'd land a good part in a London show."



Baby Sandy, whose latest is "Sandy Is A Lady," acts as nursemaid to Von, huge 160-pound Great Dane.

Within two years, the kid who had paid his shilling to see Tyrone Power in "Lloyds of London" was to occupy a dressing room immediately adjacent to Tyrone in Zanuckville. The Hollywood stars who had so awed him now were to hail him from commissary tables. "It's absolutely fantastic," says Greene.

Most fantastic, to him, is the fact that

the United States, this giant land of giant cities, has been so kind in taking him to its favor. "That people you don't even know should actually cast a vote for you is a wonderful thing," he says earnestly, and he is right. "If you are writing something about me, Ed, I'd appreciate it if you'd tell your countrymen that I appreciate it tremendously, and that I think they are awfully good sports."

On the morning that I interviewed Richard Greene for *Silver Screen*, he showed me, very proudly, the blueprints of a home which an architect had designed for him. Like all prospective home owners, Greene traced each passageway, each room, each door, each window. "When are you going to build it?", I asked, thinking of his reported engagement to Virginia Field.

"I don't know," he confessed unhappily. "It will cost more than \$10,000 and I can't afford that. I think I will get a little shack some place where I can go horseback riding on my own horse, and go fishing." I looked at him in some astonishment. "You can afford \$15,000 for a home," I suggested. "After all you are going to be a big star in this business. The public likes you, and that determines everything."

"I know," he said, without conviction, "but how can I be sure that they will continue to like me?"

It is that humility, perhaps, that the movie fans have sensed in this good-looking kid, and enjoy so greatly. He's a bit of all right, as John Q. Public suspected.

MARY WITBECK, LOVELY CORNELL JUNIOR, SAYS:



For Allure... get that
modern natural look!

IT'S EASY WITH THIS FACE POWDER
YOU CHOOSE BY THE COLOR OF YOUR EYES!

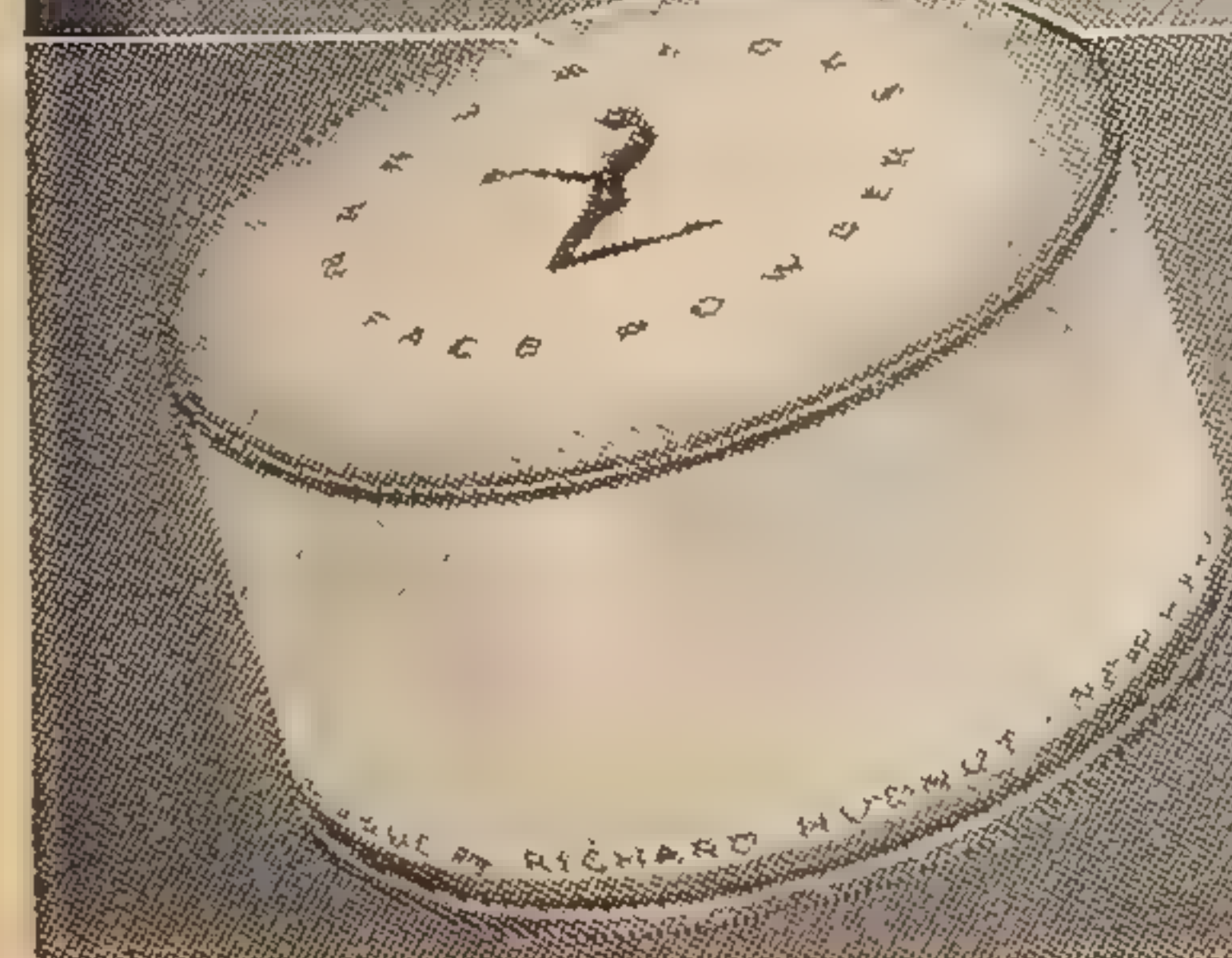
Today women want makeup that is subtle . . . that gives complexions the *natural* beauty of gay, young "collegiennes." And that's what Richard Hudnut has created in Marvelous Face Powder, the powder you choose by the *color of your eyes*!

For eye color is definitely related to the color of your skin, and the color of your hair. It is the simplest guide to powder that matches and glorifies your own coloring . . . gives you that delightful, *natural* look that men adore!

So, whether your eyes are blue, brown, gray or hazel, it's *easy* now to find the powder that is exactly *right* for you. Just ask for Marvelous Face Powder—the pure, fine-textured powder you choose by the *color of your eyes*!

See how *smoothly* Marvelous Face Powder goes on . . . how it agrees with even the most sensitive skin! And how it lasts—ends powder-puff dabbing for hours and hours! For *complete color harmony*, use matching Marvelous Rouge and Lipstick, too.

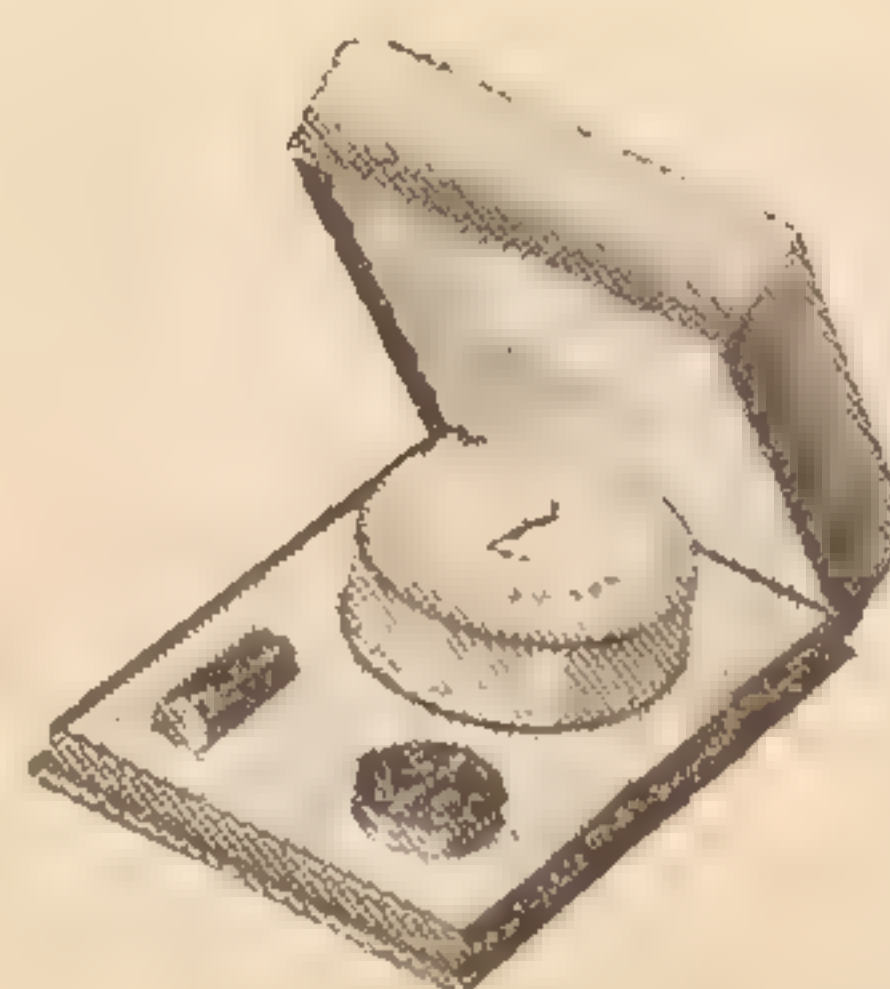
Hudnut Marvelous Face Powder and harmonizing Rouge and Lipstick
at drug and department stores—only 55¢ each. 65¢ in Canada.



HUDNUT
MARVELOUS
FACE POWDER
AND MATCHED MAKEUP

PERSONAL TRY-OUT KIT!

Generous junior sizes of Hudnut Marvelous Face Powder and harmonizing Rouge and Lipstick . . . packaged together in an attractive kit, perfect for home or office.



Specially priced for a limited time only
55¢
At drug and department stores

In Canada, 65¢

"I WILL Be a Career Wife!"

[Continued from page 41]

too. But I doubt it . . . he was interested in me, of course, he was fond of me, but I think that was all, for quite a long while . . ."

I told Merle, then, that she was breaking with Tradition by stating, while still in the honeymoon stage, you might say, that she would be a Career Wife. I reminded her how all the girls say, when they are first married, even before they get married, that they will Give Up Their Careers; how they all turn their faces to domesticity as the sun-flower turns to the sun. Look at Priscilla Lane, now, I said, she declares that she won't marry Oren Haglund, not because she isn't in love with him, but because she won't be a Career Wife and isn't prepared to give up her career. And look at Janey Bryan, whose actions speak louder than words. And Bette Davis once told me that Career Women are pitiable things, that a girl-child who shows signs of any talent other than for making fudge or minding the baby should be clunked over the head and put out of the way. And then Merle said:

"Yes, but what's true for one person isn't at all true for another. Of course, if I'd married someone out of the profession, someone who objected to my career or who didn't understand it and I knew that his inability to understand it would mean trouble between us, why, I might have thought about giving it up. But that," said Merle, "is an idle train of thought, really, because I *wouldn't* have married anyone out of the profession. Not unless he had been a man with an absorbing career of his own, a career every bit as important, and more important, than a screen career could possibly be. A man," said Merle, "*must* be the dominant factor in marriage."

"But with Alex," smiled Merle, "why, if I gave up my career now, I'd be a loss to Alex. I like to think that, working, I am one of his assets . . . we're going to make 'Manon Lescaut' together, by the way, right after I finish 'The Villa On The Hill,' which will be my next for Warner Brothers . . . yes, I like to think that, as an actress, I'm one of his assets. As just a wife, I don't know that I would be . . ."

"Not that I'm *undomestic*," Merle assured me. "I'm really quite domestic, you know, in my own special ways. I mean, I've always run my own house so that I'm fairly-trained when it comes to training servants and planning meals and keeping the household machinery functioning smoothly. I'm very fond of order and comfort and excellent meals well served. I've always made a point of doing that sort of thing rather well and now, of course, I feel that I must do it even better, for my husband. I'm certainly not the fluttery Pretty Plaything type living in a Doll's House. I like to entertain, too. I like to give small dinner parties. But I can't cook. I'm not good at details, such as counting the linen or checking over the ice-box, things like that. And to be perfectly honest, with myself, I know I'd be bored to large, fat silver crocodile

tears if all I had to do was plan dinners and give orders to servants.

"I have one phobia," said Merle, "and it's that if I can't do a thing well, I don't want to do it at all. I don't think I'd do the Just-A-Wife well. It's too exacting a role for me. Goodness knows, I don't belittle it. Oh, quite the contrary . . ."

"And I love having a home. My *own* home. I love things, my things. I have a very strong possessive sense. I have a house in London, as you know. My Regency house . . . and it's absolute Heaven to me. Alex has a house in London, too, but after we were married we lived in my house, because I just couldn't bear to leave it. Well, now it's all dismantled. I saw to that before I came back to Hollywood. I've got to face the fact that Hollywood is where I work and probably where Alex will work, too, at least part of the time. And so we must have a home here. And so, for that reason, I'm having all of my old, lovely Regency furniture sent here, every piece of it. I would no more think of leaving my things over there, away from me, than I would think of leaving them if they were alive. They *are* alive, to me. We plan to buy a house here, perhaps we'll build one. I want a garden, a large garden, with some orange trees growing in it. And, I hope, children playing in it . . ."

"For I *do* want children," Merle told me and the look in her eyes was more articulate than the words she used, "I want children very, very much. If we don't have children, we'll adopt them. When I was a youngster, in India, I had a favorite game. I called it Being-A-Mother. I fancied myself at the head of a table of twelve children. It's still my favorite game," smiled Merle, "only now I hope that the fancy can become—fact."

"Know what I'm wondering," I broke in on Merle, as she was going on to say that she'd really like to have more leisure time than she has, how she'd like to improve herself by reading more than she does, by learning languages (*she already speaks French and Hindustani and knows her Latin*), how she'd like to play several musical instruments, how she loves poetry better than anything in the world, how she'd like to be a writer . . .

"Know what I'm wondering," I interrupted, "I'm wondering just why you want to be a Career Woman, at all. I mean, everything you've said seems to point the other way. It isn't only that you look so sort of, well, un-independent and as if you should live on Unearned Income, unearned by you, I mean . . . But wanting children, as you do, loving a home the way you do; feeling that a man should be the head of his house, as you do . . . it's odd," I said, helplessly, "it doesn't seem to add up . . . what is it? Is it that you feel you are a 'born actress' or is it that you love your work so much you couldn't give it up? Or is it that your beauty just naturally predetermined a career in pictures for you? Or is it . . .?"



Jane Withers is quite appreciative of Gene Autry's guitar-serenade on the set of "Shooting High."

"I can tell you exactly what it is," said Merle, mercifully cutting short my freight-train of thought, "I want to keep on working because once you've been poor, as my mother and I were poor, it's awful how you want a feeling of security. For when people have been poor, as we were, their pride is sort of kicked around and they are frightened and uncertain. And whatever it is that takes away that fear and that uncertainty, *is the thing you can't give up*, is the thing you wouldn't dare give up."

"In my case, you see, it was the work I did that made things as safe as things can be for my mother and for me. And when it's work you've done yourself that's accomplished that for you, why, you've got to keep on working, you've got to keep on earning your own security, even when you are married."

"You know, it's true, the story they tell about me, that when I was twelve I saw the silent version of 'The Dark Angel' in a theatre in India and said, then, that I would be a movie actress some day, that I would play in 'The Dark Angel,' some day. That I did become a movie actress and that I did play in the later version of 'The Dark Angel' is, however, just one of those coincidences that happens in most everybody's life, I think, one way or another."

"But if I really can be said to have had any 'Inspiration' in my career, it was even before that. And it wasn't that I had read the Life of Sarah Bernhardt or wanted to be a brunette Mary Pickford. It was that I wanted to make money for my mother. That," said Merle, "was the 'Inspiration' in my career."

"I didn't ever think I was a 'born actress.' I never went around playing at Make-Believe, pretending I was some-

one I wasn't. I never made faces at myself in the mirror. I certainly never thought of myself as a photogenic type, even if I'd ever heard the word . . ."

"... but you must know," I edged in, "I mean, when you look in the mirror you must know that you are beautiful. I think it's silly for a girl like you to deny an obvious *fact*. I think it's false modesty . . . I don't think it's believable . . . I . . ."

"But I am not beautiful," laughed Merle, but in earnest, "when I look in the mirror I can assure you that I think nothing of the kind. I think, I'm fooling them! When I'm all done up to the nines I think, that's a good job you've done, my girl! No, I do *not* think my looks have anything to do with what I do. And I'm not falsely modest, either. I'm most grateful to my eyes, if I must be analytical about me. On the screen, they look the best thing. But I am not enthusiastic about my face. It would be falsely *immodest* to look at Hedy Lamarr, for instance, the most beautiful woman I have ever seen, and then think of *myself* as beautiful. Hedy is *really* beautiful. That's what beauty *is* . . ."

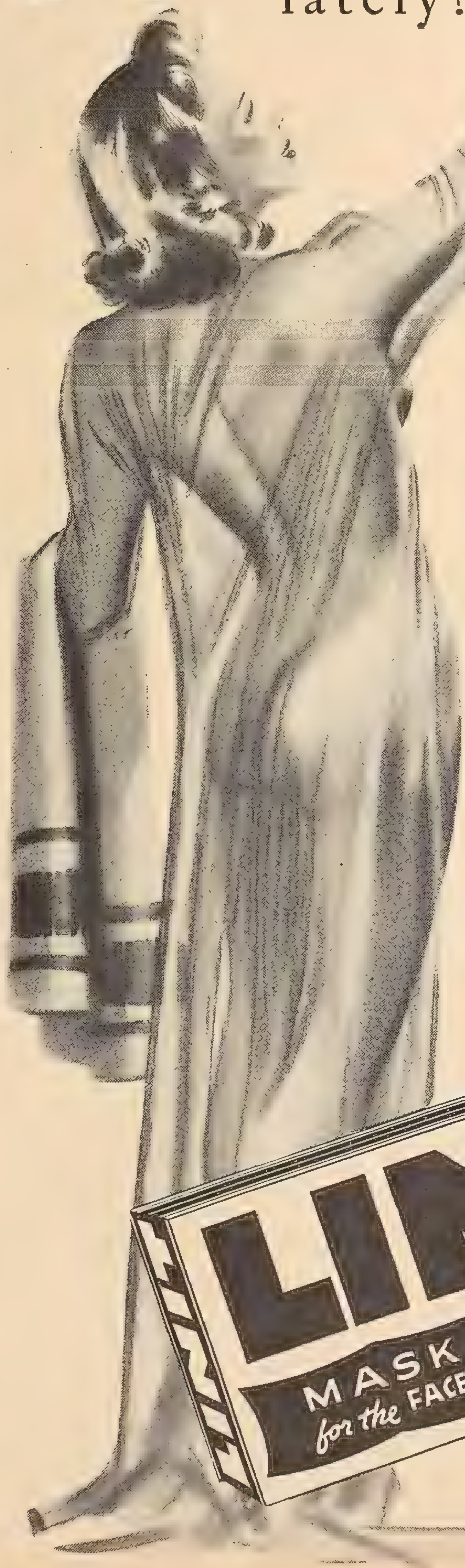
"No, it was fear . . . fear and all of its little gray brothers and sisters that urged me on . . . I was a sort of a hypersensitive child, anyway. And India is an extraordinary place for a child to be. Especially for a sensitive child, a neurotic child, as I was. I can remember, for instance, being told stories of the riots in India, when they killed all the English people. And I was an English 'people.' I remember being told that naughty children were punished by being put in the Black Hole of Calcutta. I'd go for walks with my ayah and along would come a procession of people with weirdly painted faces and hair like a whole line of Fuller brushes standing on end! Do you see what I mean? I didn't feel safe. I didn't ever feel safe, not in any way. I had nightmares almost every night of my life. I was simply riddled with superstitions and little phobias. I still wish on the moon, when it's new. I still wish on the stars. I still have a feeling about piebald horses. I'm still mortally afraid of spiders, they are my *bête-noir* . . ."

"We didn't even have our own home, my mother and I. We lived 'around,' with friends and relatives. We lived for a time with my godmother in Bombay. Later, we lived with my aunt and uncle in Calcutta. That gave me a feeling of insecurity, too, that having no home of our own. That made me want not only a safe place, but *my own place*."

"That's why I love my own home so much now," Merle sighed, but happily, "my own things. That's why I especially love the evenings Alex and I spend alone, having a good dinner, good wine, reading, playing games. We laugh a lot, too. Alex laughs a *lot*. To me, that's very important. I live on it. Perhaps, because *laughter only happens in secure, safe places*."

"And that's why," said Merle, tip-tilting the last drop of coffee out of the silver urn, "All of that is why I *will* be a Career Wife . . . even," she laughed, "even when, or if, I sit at the head of a table of twelve children!"

Have You tried Linit for the Bath lately?



LINIT
MA
BATH
for the BODY



and here's something new!
LINIT ALL-PURPOSE POWDER
for every member of the family.
Delightfully different.
TRY IT TODAY!

Swish a cupful or more of Linit in your tub of warm water ...step in...and relax for fifteen minutes. You will find yourself enjoying this delightful Linit Bath. The cost of Linit is trifling.



AT GROCERS EVERYWHERE

Irene Dunne's Advice to Wives To Be

[Continued from page 37]

minute Irene crosses the threshold she ceases being Irene Dunne, film star, and becomes Mrs. Francis Griffin. Her problems are whether little Mary Frances ate her spinach, whether Dr. Griffin wore his overshoes in the rain, and whether the gardener planted the petunias. Golf is her husband's favorite sport, and so it is hers. (*And mighty good she is, too.*) The Griffins do not entertain often, but when they do, the guests are usually the doctor's friends.

When I cornered Irene on the "My Favorite Wife" set (*this time she is Cary Grant's wife again, lucky girl*) and demanded that she shell out a little advice to all the June brides-to-be, she said, "Now, who am I to give advice to anyone about anything?" And there we were right back where we left off some six years ago. But the years have hardened me and I don't give up so easily now as I did then. After considerable pressure (*you can always say that you have a nasty old editor who will fire you unless you get a story, and that when you are starving in the gutter it will all be her fault*) poor Irene broke down and talked.

"A wife-to-be," she said, "should have, above everything else, a sense of humor. If she hasn't one, she should develop one. The only way to handle the usual domestic problem is in an amusing manner. Serious problems, such as illness, should be treated with full and deep consideration. Of course, in developing a sense of humor, it is just as well to be sure that you don't go to extremes and laugh at the wrong time. It is pretty much a woman's job to size up a situation before she moves in on it.

"A woman is supposed to have great intuition. She should be able to use it to advantage in knowing when her husband comes into a room whether he is in high spirits or in low spirits. The sense of humor helps when he is low about something that has gone wrong at the office, or because he has shot too high a golf score, or because he has had car trouble on the way home. But if he has a cold, or his stomach is upset, or he has a headache, be full of sympathy. That's not the time for a flippant remark.

"If your husband-to-be is interested in some particular sport, acquire an interest in it, and make this interest genuine. You should interest yourself in the things he likes, not just 'until you get your man,' but because you 'want to keep your man.' If he is a golf enthusiast, take up golf, by all means. If he likes to play bridge, learn to play, even if you can't stand the sight of cards.

"But don't pay a bit of attention if he says he doesn't like the way you dress or the way you do your hair or the color of your nail polish—he is just saying that and doesn't mean it. He wouldn't have fallen in love with you in the first place if he hadn't liked you personally, so do as you please about the colors you wear, about the cut of your dresses, and about your personal appearance. But be clever enough to let him think that you are paying attention all the time.



The very much amused John Garfield with socialites Cobina Wright, Jr., Josephine Johnson and Sigrid Larson, at a reception recently given at the Waldorf-Astoria for Hal Wallis, the Warner Wizard, and his wife, Louise Fazenda.

"Make a point of finding out what kind of food your husband-to-be likes. If you are going to do your own cooking, pick up recipes of the things he likes. Your friends will be glad to help. And if you are the least bit domestically inclined you will find it very exciting collecting different recipes—and learning to cook them. It's as old as the hills, but it is still true, that the way to a man's heart is through his stomach. But not the indigestion way.

"Don't be the kind of wife who feels that a bridge game should be interrupted at eleven o'clock—and just when your husband was in the mood for a Grand Slam—while she dashes into the kitchen and whips up some gastronomic specialty that is guaranteed to have everyone doubled with indigestion before morning. Many a poor man's work suffers the next day, not to mention his disposition, just because his wife served the Wednesday Evening Bridge Club large portions of chicken a la king, or waffles drowned in melted butter and maple syrup, or strawberry shortcake covered with whipped cream, or Welsh rabbit. Strange how some women, who make a study of the balanced diet, suddenly go berserk over that midnight snack. It invariably means an irritable husband the next day.

"There is at least one simple principle of behavior which a young wife should never ignore. Clothes do not make the woman, any more than they make the man, but certainly your husband-to-be fell in love with you a good deal as he found you—well-groomed, your hair brushed and

neatly in place, your nails manicured, and your entire appearance attractive and alert. So there is no reason why, simply because you are married to him, that you should go around the house in an old kimono, with runs in your stockings, and your hair in curlers.

"Before you married you looked your very prettiest when he came calling in the evening, after a day's work at the office. So, just because you are married to him is no reason for you to let yourself go. I know there are a lot of jokes about the Englishman dressing for dinner in the jungles of Africa, but if more married couples would bother to dress for dinner there would certainly be fewer divorces."

"Miss Dunne," shouted the assistant director, "Close up with Mr. Scott."

"Randolph Scott and Cary Grant," I gulped. "Some women get all the breaks. Now for those two I'd dress to the hilt every night for dinner without a murmur."

"Now, Elizabeth, please don't quote me," Irene said plaintively as she ran a comb through her hair and dabbed powder on her very cute nose. "I feel so silly giving advice. No one wants advice these days. And anyway, who am I to give anyone advice about anything?"

Some day I'm going to think up a good answer for that. But right now I am too busy learning to play bridge, golf, and cook. My midnight snack is going to be so full of health that even Garbo's Dr. Hauser will approve.

"Typhoon" Has Something to Blow About

[Continued from page 43]

first school, but poor. Perhaps, their huts or cabins had dirt floors, but those floors were spotlessly clean. So were the kitchens in which the food was prepared.

"And let me tell you something else: when you go to a Mexican restaurant for dinner you seldom if ever get real Mexican food. You get bastard dishes concocted to please American palates. Why, I learned to cook dishes that make your mouth water.

"I still do most of the cooking at our house and when you come to dinner (a gentle reminder, Bob, that I'm still waiting) I'll start you off with some Mexican and Spanish dishes, the like of which you've NEVER tasted."

"I'll bet," I conceded gloomily.

Bob gave me a dirty look. "Mook," he informed me, "you're a louse!" I believe he used a stronger appellation, but this is a family magazine and "louse" conveys the general idea.

It was when he was in High School that his dramatics teacher, Edward J. Wenig, interested him in the theatre. When he was fifteen Mr. Wenig sent him to Mrs. Tyrone Power, who was organizing a Shakespearean company to tour the West Coast. Bob was engaged.

Some nights he carried a spear, other nights he played the title role in "Julius Caesar." He was frightened out of his wits every time he donned the make-up

of the greatest Roman of them all, not by the crowds, the footlights or the greasepaint. Those didn't feaze him. He was afraid that his changing voice would crack at any minute. But it never did.

"Where was Tyrone—that you should have to play 'Julius Caesar' in his own mother's company when movies hadn't discovered him either?" I demanded skeptically.

"He was working with Fritz Lieber," Bob explained patiently, although he treated me to another of his dirty looks. "Mr. Lieber not only paid more, he paid more regularly, because he was an established Shakespearean actor and Mrs. Power, as a woman producer, was venturing into uncharted seas. We had a helluva time making ends meet, but I want to state here and now that I have never, any time or any place, met a finer woman than Mrs. Power. Ty ought to be mighty proud of a mother like her.

"Well, finally the going got a little too tough and the company gave up the ghost. I came back to Los Angeles and worked at Santa Anita. I was on what is called 'the clean-up crew.' We swept out the grandstand, cleaned up the promenades and hung around the parking lots after the races were over. I averaged about ten bucks a day."

"A sawbuck a day!" I ejaculated. "Boy, you must sure swing a mean broom

to pull down a salary like that."

Bob grinned. "Well, my salary was only \$2 or \$3 a day, but lots of times some drunk couldn't find his car and would slip us a fin to dig it out for him. And, occasionally, we would find a winning ticket that someone had thrown away by mistake. That's what I got fired for once. You see, the track figures if people throw away a winning ticket it should make that money and one of the stewards caught me going through the discards and sacked me. But I went back to work next day and he'd forgotten about it and me."

When the racing season was over, Bob started looking around for another theatrical job and, eventually, landed with the Pasadena Community Theatre. Gilmore Brown, the director, worked tirelessly with Bob on his voice, seeking the proper pitch for it, and today it is one of his greatest assets.

"That group really has three theatres," he told me. "The workshop, the test theatre and the large theatre where the public goes. I was with them almost two years before I was ever cast in a play in the big theatre."

William Holden and Wayne Morris were there at the same time as Bob.

Curiously, it was no talent scout who discovered Bob. It was one of Para-

(Continued on page 77)

"PEPSI AND PETE"..... THE PEPSI-COLA COPS



MAKES NICKELS GO BIG

Mrs. H. McDonald asked several of her friends in for refreshments after the movies last night. Pepsi-Cola was served along with cheese and crackers. "Delicious Pepsi-Cola certainly stole the show," she said. "And say... a nickel goes big when you swap it for a big 12-ounce bottle of Pepsi-Cola."



"I MAKE SURE YOU GET A BIG BIG BOTTLE FOR ONLY A NICKEL!"

"I MAKE SURE IT'S PURE AND FINER TASTING!"



FIRST AID FOR "LEAN" BUDGETS. Good news for thrifty hostesses. The handy Pepsi-Cola home carton holds 6 big bottles... 12 big drinks. All you need for a good, big party.



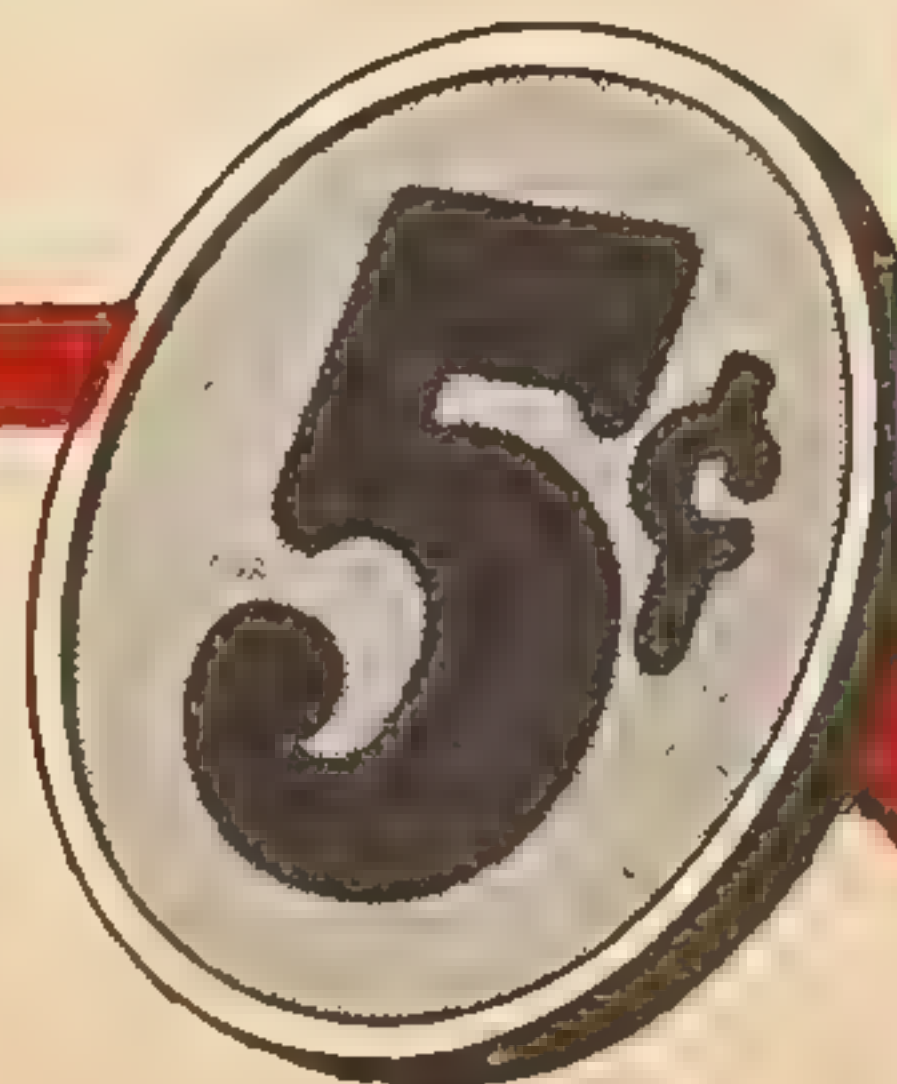
If your dealer cannot supply you, fill in his name and address and mail to Dept. J3, Pepsi-Cola Co., Long Island City, N. Y.

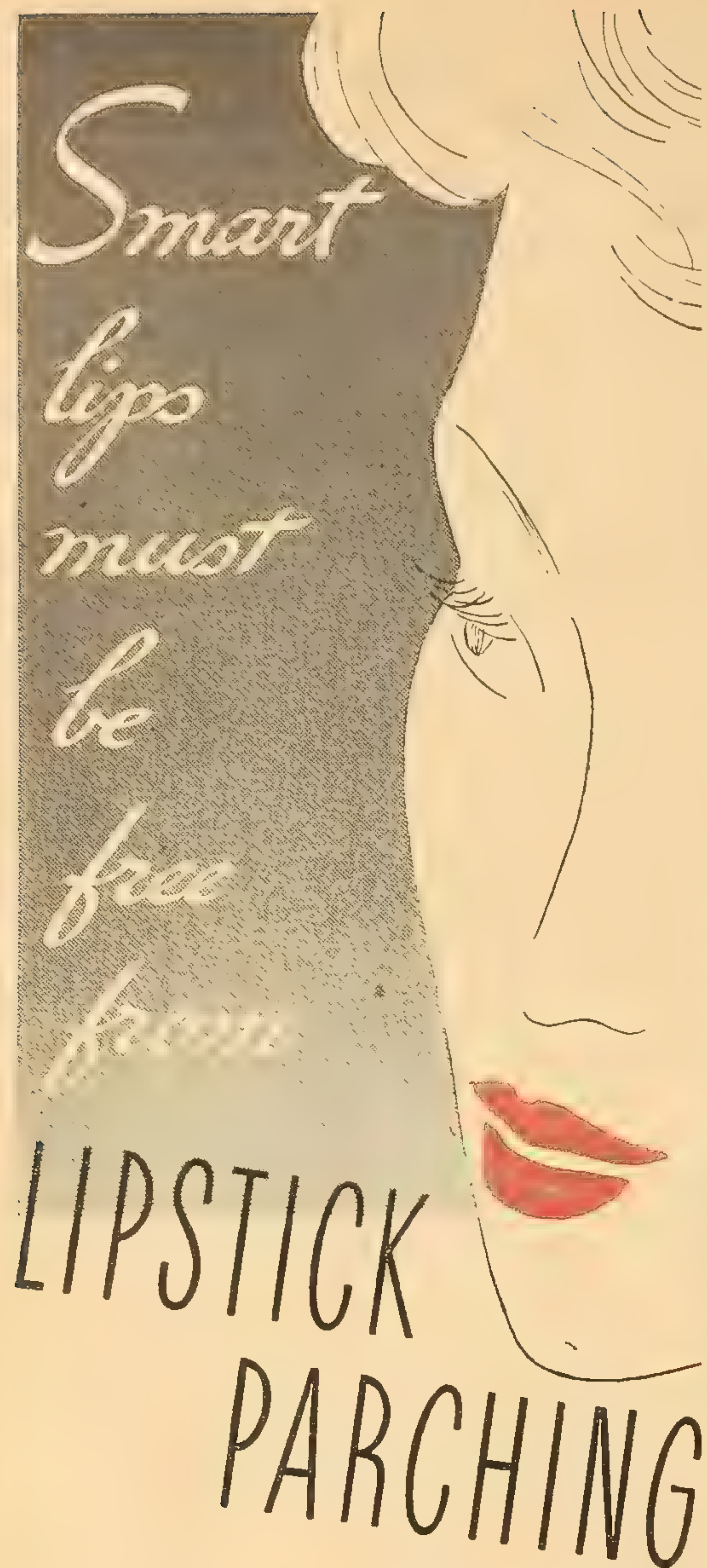
Dealer's Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

12 FULL OUNCES





Whoever saw a "fashion plate" with rough, chapped lips? *Smart* lips must have the smooth sheen of glossy red silk. So don't risk Lipstick Parching! Take advantage of the protection offered by Coty "Sub-Deb." This amazing Lipstick actually helps to soften...while it brightens your lips with the season's ultra-smart, ultra-brilliant colors!

THRILLING RANGE OF 9 SHADES!

You'll like the dramatic shades of "Sub-Deb" Lipsticks! Newest of many grand shades is *Magnet Red*...very dashing, very red.



Once Was Enough!

[Continued from page 39]

rods that the train started to leave, and we saw a veteran hobo, who'd been with us, try to pull himself on. It was a foggy morning. He missed his footing, fell between two freight cars under the wheels and was crushed to death." Julie added: "That was the end of my career as a non-revenue railway traveler."

It was during that same trip that Garfield nearly starved. He lists it as another of his *once was plenty* experiences.

His fellow traveler was another New Yorker, an artist. When they couldn't get work of any kind, and hunger became acute, artist and actor had an inspiration. They were in Kansas at the time.

"My friend sold ink sketches of New York skyscrapers, and I gave recitations, including 'The Raven' and 'The Face on the Barroom Floor.' We made enough to eat on, padding our income with the proceeds from odd jobs such as chopping wood and things like that, when we were lucky enough to find the work."

It was one of these odd jobs which resulted in another experience Garfield would hate to relive. He had a temporary job as a farmhand in Nebraska and one night he left the bunk house for a drink of water. Unfortunately, he drank from a stagnant well and reached New York with a mounting fever.

"Roberta, who wasn't my wife then, came over to welcome me back. She took one look at me and called a doctor. He decided it was typhoid, and I spent eight weeks in a hospital." Julie added, "You can put that one right at the top of my list of horrible experiences."

"Another incident that belongs close to the head of the list," he continued, "happened in Philadelphia. I was playing an office boy in 'Counselor-at-Law.' Paul Muni was the star. One of my jobs was to prepare the switchboard before the scene started, but one night I forgot to do it. I remembered about it after the curtain had gone up, and started to fix it then and there. But in my nervousness and hurry, I pushed over a box of candy that was one of the props, and the stuff rolled in all directions. The audience shrieked, while Mr. Muni tried to help me out by ad-libbing. But the only reply I could make, over and over, was 'It fell down.' Finally, with relief, I started off-

stage, feeling sure the worst had now happened. But there was more to come—I'd slammed the door so hard in my eagerness to get off the stage, that my exit was accompanied by shattering glass and more shrieks from the audience!

"Another embarrassing experience I'd hate to relive concerns Beatrice Lillie when we were on a party together in New York several years ago. Noel Coward was present. I was young enough to want to make an impression, and in my effort to appear as sophisticated as the rest, I took my very first drink. I also took my second and my third drink. Soon things began to blur. The more blurred they became, the harder I stared through the haze at Bea. Finally she asked me what was the matter. 'Lady Peel,' I said solemnly and loudly, 'I wonder if you realize you have the two largest feet I have ever seen?'

"Fortunately," Julie laughed, "Bea has a sense of humor, and laughed it off. Even so, I spent the next two years apologizing each time we met. Finally, the apologies became more embarrassing to her than the original remark, and she begged me to stop."

"There's one other experience that belongs on my list," Julie confided. "I'd definitely hate to relive my first day on a Hollywood movie set."

"We were shooting 'Four Daughters,' and I had my part thoroughly memorized. But when we started to rehearse, and the carpenters kept on with their hammering and the electricians shouted instructions to each other over my head, I became rattled. Also I became indignant, figuring they were being deliberately rude. I was used to the New York stage, you see, where rehearsals are a sacred business and people tip-toe while one is going on."

"I'd start my lines, and then stop abruptly, glaring around, until the director said: 'Please continue, Mr. Garfield.' I glared at him, too, then announced in a dignified, scathing tone: 'I'm waiting for silence!' I got it for one moment while everyone stared at me," Julie said, laughing, "then I got the 'raspberry.' I'm certainly glad," he finished, "that there's only one first time for everything, and that that particular experience, at least, is one I'll never have to relive!"



Wayne Morris and his wife seem to be getting a tremendous kick out of having dinner with the shy and bashful newlyweds, Jane Wyman and Ronald Reagan.

From Riches to Rags

[Continued from page 45]

beautiful hats with great plumes on them. Stuff that she has since given to a museum."

She has been greatly attracted to three things all of her life—drawing, writing and acting—with their importance in the reverse order. She won't give up any of the three, but acting has the edge over the others. So much so that at swank Rosemary Hall school in Greenwich, Connecticut, she went in for dramatics when they were, perforce, done on the students' own time. You don't memorize a great chunk of "Macbeth" outside of school hours unless you're slightly serious about it all.

After Rosemary Hall, she put in a stretch at Fermata School in Aiken, South Carolina. Then Sarah Lawrence for two years and a tour of Europe. On her return she was able to get into a school much less social, but much more practical from the standpoint of her aims—the Paramount School (*then existent*) in New York.

"I put in three valuable months at the school, but the thought of the Coast was too much for me. So—I packed up the pictures Arnold Genthe had taken of me and headed for Hollywood with my sister, who also wanted to break into the films." It was at this point that the waiter, who had come to take away the tea things, hiccupped and it was at this point that whatever it is that good schools and good breeding do for people came quickly to the rescue; she really handled the situation. She went on:

"My sister and I studied everything under the sun we could think of that might endear us to the movie people—even if they did stay in their own houses and didn't come near ours. Then things began to look up and MGM gave me a test. It didn't pan out. Mr. Gregory Ratoff arranged a test for me at 20th Century-Fox, but this was no go, either."

This didn't discourage her. You might well think, having lived the sheltered life that money and position can provide, that Janice would be readily bowled over by the first run of bad luck. Not so, she stood up to the slings and arrows of outrageous Hollywood with as much fortitude as girls who'd faced adversity at every turn of their lives until they had become so hardened that nothing fazed them.

Meanwhile her family was none too pleased with her endeavors and her father frankly didn't believe she had a chance. So you see they weren't pulling strings to help her along; she had to ring doorbells like anyone else.

"I managed to get an agent to take me over to Paramount. The man I talked to there asked, 'What experience have you had in the movies, Miss ah, Miss ah, Miss Logan?' I told him that I'd had none so far and he threw up his hands in despair. 'Just one thing,' I said to him, 'if you don't give me a chance how am I going to get experience—will you tell me that?' He didn't answer."

She tried to answer it herself by wriggling into Paramount's school on the

Coast. She worked earnestly with a young bunch including William Holden, later to be the star of "Golden Boy." Then Paramount discontinued the school.

"I think the Scarlett O'Hara test was a good thing for me," she said, "because it brought me to people's attention. I'm sure it had a great deal to do with helping me get a test at Paramount. And it was this test that resulted in my first movie role, 'Undercover Doctor.'"

In spite of her dramatic schooling, she was terrified by the mechanics of a bustling studio with time and money elements involved. She didn't even know where the camera was that first day and she had a sneaking suspicion that she should. So she asked a dark-haired man, who sat nearby studying the script. He pointed it out and introduced himself. He was the villain, Mr. Naish.

"Every actor and actress I've met in Hollywood has helped me," she admitted. "As we did each scene, Mr. Naish would whisper, 'Turn a little more to the right,' or 'A little to the left this time, it's a better angle for you.' Believe me, those things help."

Following "Undercover Doctor," Miss Logan was at liberty. She didn't like being at liberty, in fact, resented it heartily. So, she began harrying (*that's the only word that will describe what went on*) the man who was about to produce "Dr. Cyclops," a Technicolor-thriller Paramount had up their sleeve. She camped on his doorstep and literally made a daily demand for the lead, but he was taking his time about choosing the cast. Finally, as if in answer to the auto suggestion she had been directing at his mind, or perhaps in sheer defeat, he stepped to the door and crooked a finger at her. Miss Logan went in with a well-it's-about-time air and calmly asked for her script.

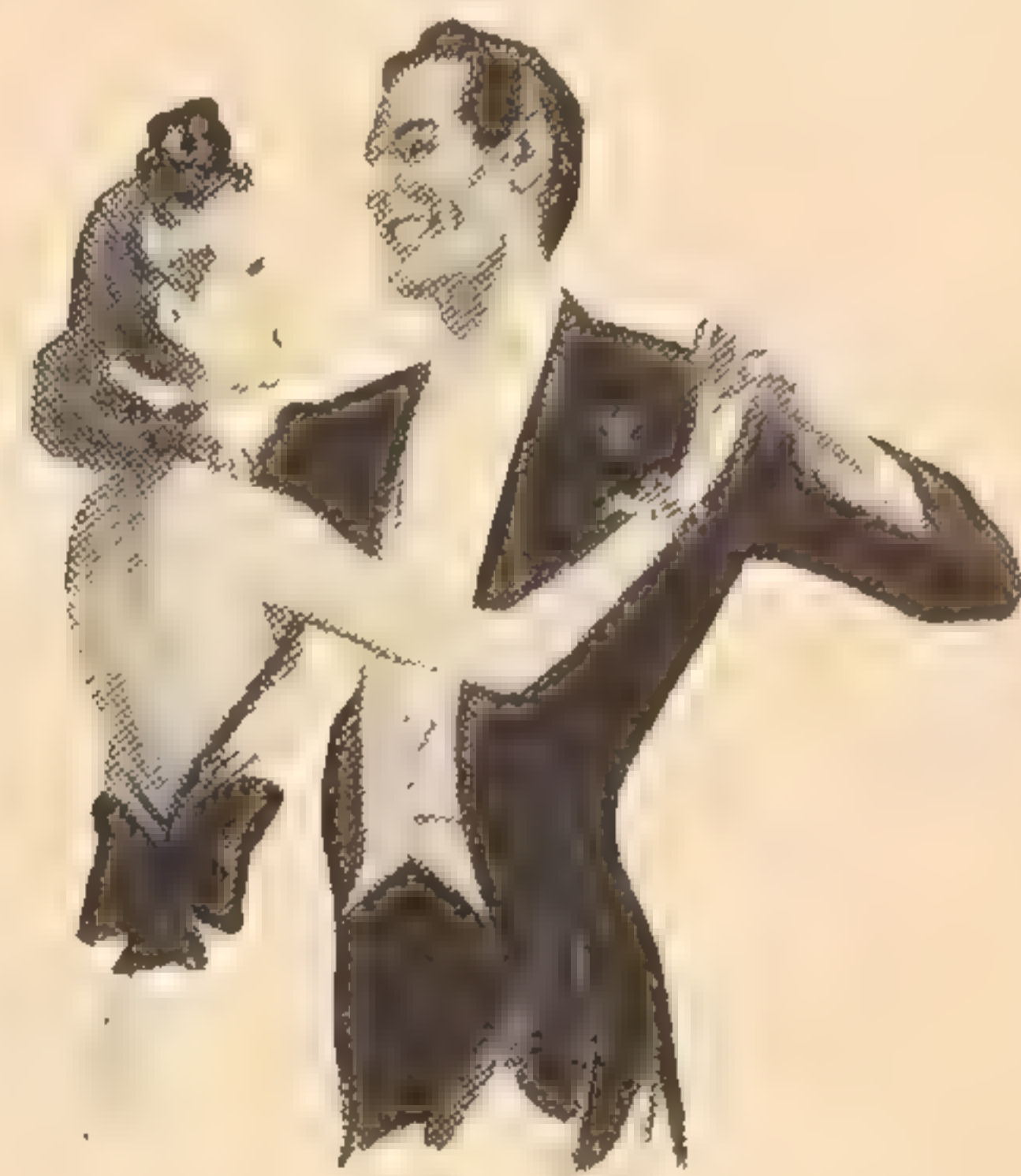
"That was the twelfth of June," she said, "and I didn't draw a rested breath until the picture was finished. Here I was, one girl, teamed up with a gang of husky men. They'd work by the hour until suddenly someone would remember and yell, 'Hey! Don't forget we've got a girl here, she may be a little bit tired!' I usually was, but I tried to keep it to myself."

She described the group as an "unknown cast." You often hear movie people say that about the movies their *pals* are in, but you never hear them refer to their own films in any such fashion. It is a cast of unknowns—with the possible exception of Victor Killian, and he is known only to your thorough student of the cinema. The point in this paragraph is that she was honest enough to admit it.

Briefly, and in part, the story is this. Charles Halton, a biologist, and his technical assistant, Janice Logan, arrive in the Peruvian jungle where Albert Dekker, a rival, has been for two years. Other people become involved in the plot and the bunch land in Dekker's camp, where he is hiding a uranium mine in his back yard. Because they discover it he invites them into a lead-lined boudoir and sprays them with a mysterious electric current. Presto

(Continued on page 76)

NEW COMFORT, SAFETY, *plus* ECONOMY *in Monthly Hygiene*



You should know why Holly-Pax—the economy tampon—is easy to use and safe.

Many leading physicians agree that nature has provided you with a safe, internal repository—wholly proper for tampon usage. The small, scientifically designed Holly-Pax conforms ideally to natural requirements with no irritation of tissue—no risk of odor.

Once you've tried Holly-Pax you will understand why thousands of women everywhere are turning to this approved means of caring for the menstrual period. It's comfortable, dependable—and free from old-style annoyances.

Best of all, Holly-Pax is *super absorbent*, yet very low in cost. That's *double economy*.

AT DRUG • DEPARTMENT
AND 10c STORES

*Accepted for advertising by the Journal of the
American Medical Association. Guaranteed
by Good Housekeeping as advertised therein.*

Holly-Pax

THE *Economy* TAMPON

10 for
20c

an average
month's supply



UNIVERSAL COTTON PRODUCTS CORPORATION
Box H8, Palms Station, Hollywood, California

For the enclosed 10¢ please send me trial package of Holly-Pax, also *New Facts* you should know about Monthly Hygiene—plain wrapper.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

The Girl Who Was Too Beautiful

[Continued from page 53]

Everybody who was anybody in Hollywood was there and you should have seen the scramble when two rival producers saw him at the same time. What a matinee idol he would have made! He was six foot two with shoulders that went with his height and he looked like a young god with his sun bronzed skin and crisp black hair and blue eyes. It was a shame to waste all that on stocks and bonds, but wasted it was. For Deems was a Wall Street man, as his father and grandfather had been before him. He had no more use for a screen career than he would have had for a third thumb.

There wasn't any doubt that Deems was headed for Hollywood's Glamour Boy No. 1 with all the top rating stars flocking around him. But, believe it or not, I was the only one to arouse any interest in him at all that day.

This is how it happened. I heard shrieks of laughter coming from the part of Frances' garden she has given over to her two sons. It's hidden from the house and the terrace, where we were having luncheon, by a row of pepper and Eucalyptus trees and only her closest friends know of the miniature zoo and aviary that's back there. Now I can never resist Fred and Dick and whatever game their vivid imaginations have seized on, so I sneaked away from the party to say hello to them.

That's how I met Dirk, his eyes round as he watched the antics of the two honey bears, and I was flattered when Fred insisted I stay to see their circus.

Fred was balancing himself on the tight rope strung between two trees when I realized someone else was watching the game, too. I looked up and there stood Deems, his eyes tender as he looked at that small boy of his doing a tumbling act with Big Boy, the St. Bernard.

"It's a great place for kids out here, isn't it?" he asked.

A blind man could have seen Deems' absorbing interest in his boy. He told me things I don't think he'd ever told anyone before, certainly not a stranger he'd just met. But it was enough for him that I liked Dirk.

Somehow, it was a lonely picture Deems painted of himself without intending it to be that way at all. But I could see the little rich boy he'd been, who had grown up and married a girl he loved only to lose her and who hadn't cared for anything after that except his work and his son.

So, I understood how Deems felt when we went back to the others and he seemed so aloof and alone for all that he was so gracious to everyone.

Wilma came late that day and, as usual, she was surrounded by admirers. But for once their adoration wasn't enough for her. Her eyes followed Deems, who wasn't paying any attention to her at all, and for the first time I saw something very close to pique come into them. That was a luxury for Wilma. She always steered clear of any emotion, knowing what feeling anything intensely can do to a woman's looks.

I was interviewing her the next day



For the first time in her life she was obvious. Wilma was actually going after a man and he couldn't see her for dust.

and, as usual, I dreaded it. But when I got there it was different than it ever had been before. Wilma seemed really interested in seeing me and was obviously in a chatting mood, which is the greatest blessing a star can bestow on a scribbler intent on a story.

But it wasn't long before I knew what lay underneath it all. Deems, of course. It was the first time I had seen her take an active interest in anyone.

I told her about the little boy and how absorbed Deems was in him and then I wished I hadn't. For Wilma's eyes grew speculative as she listened and I realized she was preparing a campaign to get Deems' interest. And Deems was too good for that.

"Do you know I'm thinking of adopting a baby," she said.

Any other time I would have seized on that, knowing that for once I was really getting a story from her. But even as she said it, I made up my mind that was one story I'd never write. It was so palpable that she wanted to put herself down as a lover of children in order to get Deems' sympathy. And I was certain, too, that by the time the story was published Wilma would be off on some other tangent and Deems would be forgotten and the story would make a laughing stock of both me and the magazine that had published it.

Wilma went around a bit after that. She was at the Santa Anita race track the day Deems was there as a guest of Bing Crosby's and she attended the polo games the days Deems played and she even went to the West Side Tennis Club matches, though everyone knew she hadn't the least interest in sports of any kind.

For the first time in her life she was obvious and for the first time, too, a little ridiculous. She always managed to be part of the group Deems was with and, though he was as charming to her as he was to everyone else, it ended where it began

with just that. And polite interest wasn't enough for Wilma. She was actually going after a man and he couldn't see her for dust.

I was amazed the day Wilma called me and asked me to go to the desert with her over the week-end. Then when I read my morning paper I saw the reason. Deems and little Dirk were listed among the guests staying at La Quinta.

Of course, we went there and registered at the same hotel and that afternoon Wilma put on the briefest and most glamorous bathing suit I'd ever seen and wandered down to the swimming pool.

It would be amazing enough to see Wilma actually dipping into the pool with no regard for the blazing desert sun streaming down on it, without her seeking out little Dirk and getting into a huddle with him. Wilma who had never had the slightest use for a child before.

There they were stretched out beside the pool and she seemed like a kid herself, laughing with him as she helped him launch his toy sailboat and watching its progress as breathlessly as himself.

Deems went over to them and something happened as he looked at them. They seemed to belong together, the woman and the boy. He grinned and his whole face lit up so that you could see the other times he'd been smiling it hadn't meant anything at all.

The three of them went on a picnic the next day and the night before we were going home Deems invited us to dinner in his suite, and it was amusing to see Wilma insist on going into Dirk's room and hearing his prayers and tucking him into bed.

"Do you know," she said simply as she came back, "I always used to think children were a bore. But Dirk makes me know what I've missed. I wish he belonged to me."

At first, I thought she was being clever, then suddenly I sensed her honesty sprang from something deeper than that. I looked at her and I was amazed at what I saw in her eyes, loneliness and hunger and sadness. Even a clever actress couldn't have simulated those emotions so poignantly and Wilma had never been a clever actress.

It had begun as a game. I knew that. But in those brief days her game had become a reality.

We left the next morning with Deems coming down to see us off, his hand holding Wilma's as if he never wanted to let it go again as he said goodbye.

"I'll be back at the end of the week," he promised. "We have a lot to make up for Wilma, so many days, so many years. Goodbye . . . darling."

Wilma was crying as our car sped away.

"Did you hear what he said?" she whispered. "He called me, *darling!*"

So many men had called her that, lightly or intensely or in despair and it hadn't meant anything. Now it was as if she were hearing it for the first time.

hearing it and knowing in that moment that love can mean hurt as well as excitement.

But Deems didn't see Wilma when he came back.

One of the Hollywood gossip writers had written a story about the little episode in La Quinta, lampooning Wilma.

"We all know the most beautiful girl in Hollywood is as heartless as she is beautiful," he wrote. "So it was amusing to see her play the mother to the son of a certain young millionaire. All the men who have loved her and discovered how little love means in her scheme of things would have laughed to see her acting as a woman who could actually feel anything except vanity. Ah well, in these precarious days with everyone knowing her contract won't be taken up after her next picture, millions are worth striving for."

Of course, he didn't mention her name. He didn't have to. And after I read it, I did something I'd never done before. I mixed into a love affair.

I went to Deems and told him how outrageous the whole thing was and how untrue. But he interrupted me bitterly.

"It isn't just the item," he said. "Everybody's been kidding me about it. I've heard stories. Isn't it true she's played around all her life?"

"This time it's serious," I told him. "She cried that morning we left you. She talks about you all the time. . ."

"She's an actress, isn't she?" he demanded. "It's nice of you to be her friend and all that, but don't you see what it's done to me? I loved her. And now I know it didn't mean anything to her. There have been lots of women after my money. But I didn't think Wilma was like that."

It was useless to argue with him. He was hurt as bitterly as Wilma was and I could see what that hurt was doing to her.

"I didn't know love was like this," she said to me one evening. "It's like going mad, isn't it, or being hurt physically? Doctors say a heart can't really break. But mine's breaking."

Then after a while her pride came to her rescue.

"I've got one thing left anyway," she said. "My work. Oh, I know that everybody's saying that my contract won't be taken up. But it will. I'll work so hard in this picture, it'll be a success. Just wait and see."

Deems left for Europe the day Wilma's picture started. It was a few months before war had come again and business interests demanded he be there. Dirk was staying at Pasadena with his nurse, because the doctor had advised Deems against taking him along.

I was seeing a friend off to New York at the airport the day he left, so I saw Wilma coming up to him breathlessly. Of course, he was polite, Deems always would be polite, but I think it would have been easier for Wilma if he had cut her dead.

Little Dirk ran up to her and I saw Deems turn away almost in disgust as she kissed him. But after he was gone and they wept together watching the plane become a dot on the horizon, I wished Deems could have seen her eyes and her

tears and the way she held on to his boy, in that desperate hungry way. Even he would have known she wasn't pretending then.

I didn't see Wilma for a while after that. She was working harder than she had ever worked before and I knew how important her work had become to her now that it was taking the place of everything else in her life. So, when I heard that little Dirk was desperately ill in Pasadena I thought the kindest thing to do would be not to tell her. She couldn't do anything about it anyway.

But one evening she called me.

"Dirk's nurse has sent for me," she said. "I didn't know he was ill or I would have gone even though they didn't want me. But they do want me. Dirk's asking for me."

The next few weeks were a nightmare. Deems was still in Europe and the cables his secretary sent hadn't reached him and the doctors said the boy had less than a fifty-fifty chance of living.

Wilma was spending every moment she could with the boy. He was happier when she was there and she went to him as soon as she was through at the studio, sitting up with him all night so that he would see her when he awakened. She dozed sometimes in the big chair pulled up beside the bed, but slept so lightly that her name whispered on his lips or his small hand reaching towards her was enough to waken her.

Her face became haggard under the strain. Even make-up couldn't hide the circles under her eyes, the drawn look around her mouth, the sunken contour of her face. My heart sank one day when I was at the studio and I saw the rushes of the day's work.

"You can't go on like this," I told her. "You'll be through. Wilma you've got to rest. This picture is so important."

"Nothing's important, except Dirk," she said. She was trembling from nervousness and loss of sleep. "The doctor says my being there is a help. And Dirk's got to get well. He's got to."

I went with her that afternoon. It seemed like a mausoleum sitting downstairs in the living room in the hushed house. Nurses flitted past the door on their way upstairs and down, doctors and specialists came and went and through it all I heard Wilma's voice coming down to me as she talked to the boy. Once she sang to him and there was such poignance in her voice it almost broke my heart.

Then I heard a key turn in the massive door and Deems came in. He hadn't shaved for days and he looked tired and gaunt. Afterwards, I heard how he had come from Europe on the Atlantic Clipper and of the special plane he'd hired in New York to get out here, but then it didn't seem like a miracle to see him standing here. We'd all been through so much we couldn't think.

"How is he?" he demanded. "Is he. . ."

But I didn't have to answer. I heard a door open upstairs and the sound of feet running down the stairs and there was Wilma.

"He's going to live," she said breathlessly. "He's passed the crisis."

Then for the first time she saw Deems looking at her and her voice broke.

[Continued on page 78]

Does he want
to kiss you?



Smooth, tempting lips are every man's ideal

NO MAN LIKES to kiss lips that are hidden under a coat of heavy, greasy color. Don't let *your* lips repel men! Use Tangee Lipstick because it doesn't hide the softness of your lips . . . because it has a marvelous *cream base* that gives your lips alluring smoothness, flattering color—just the kind of lips that invite kisses!

The Natural shade of Tangee looks orange in the stick, but magically changes, when applied, to the one color, ranging from rose to red, that is most becoming to you. It doesn't blur or smear—and it *stays on!*

When you try Tangee Natural Lipstick, be sure to use the matching rouge, compact or creme. And, use Tangee Face Powder, too, to give your make-up its final, perfect touch. When you want more vivid color, ask for Theatrical Red, Tangee's new brilliant shade.

World's Most Famous Lipstick
TANGEE
ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

SEND FOR COMPLETE MAKE-UP KIT

The George W. Luft Co., 417 Fifth Ave., New York City. . . Please rush "Miracle Make-up Kit" of sample Tangee Lipsticks and Rouge in both Natural and Theatrical Red shades. Also Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or coin). (15¢ in Canada.)

Check Shade of Powder Desired:

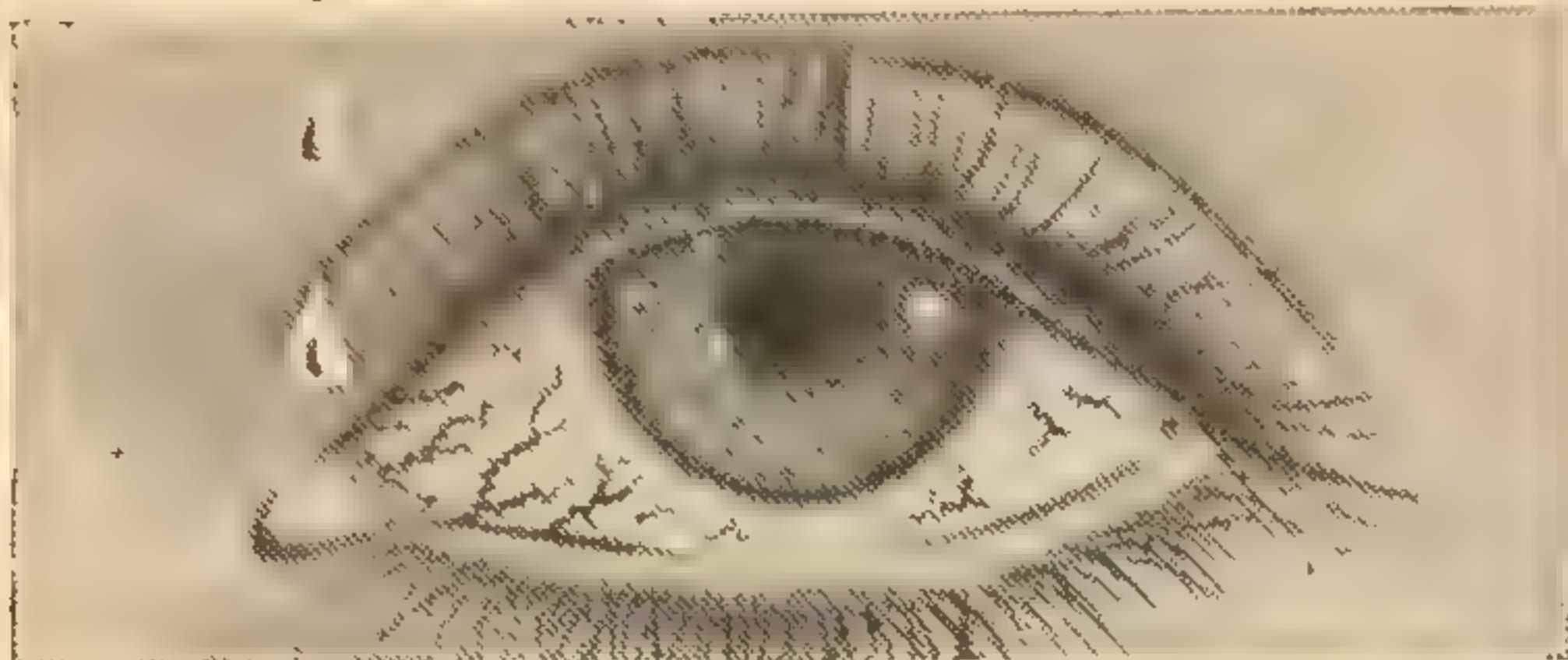
☐ Peach ☐ Light Rachel ☐ Flesh
☐ Rachel ☐ Dark Rachel ☐ Tan

Name _____ [Please Print]

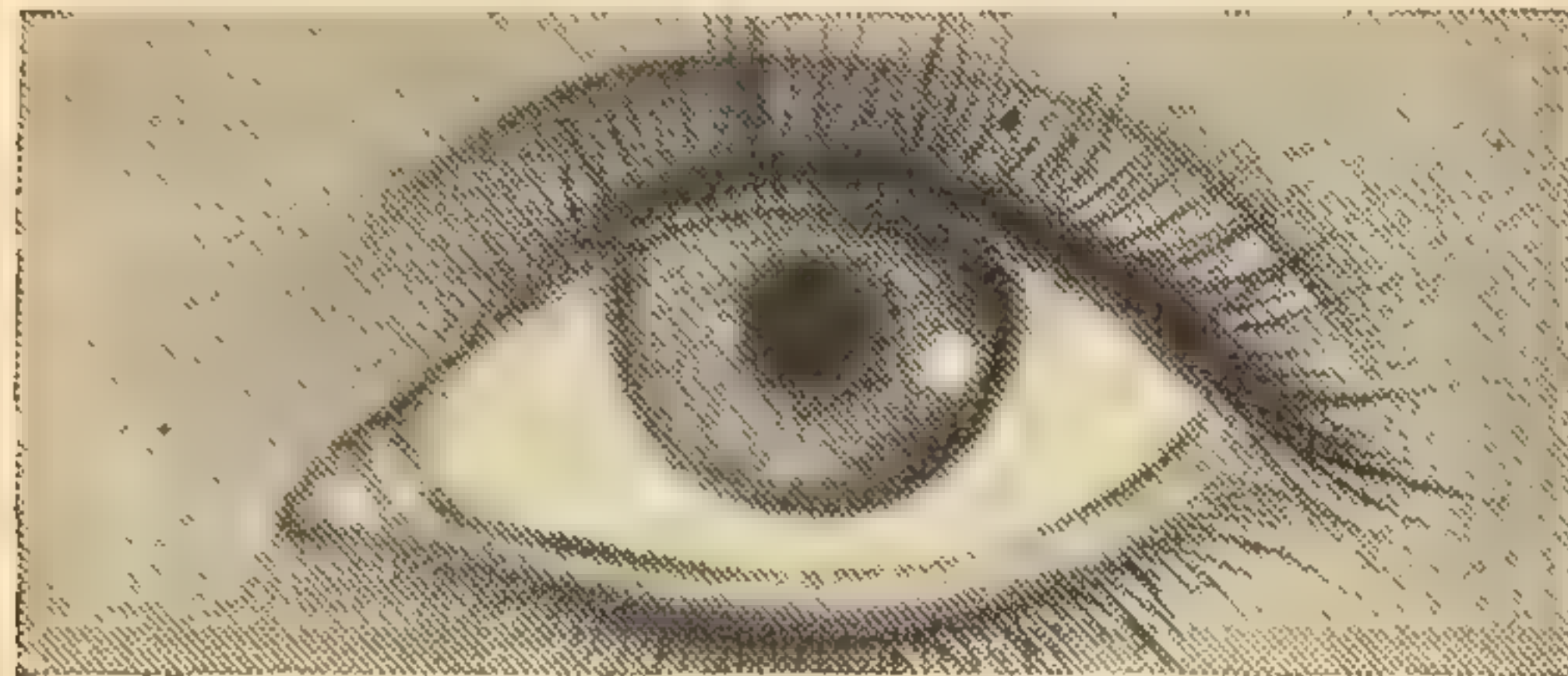
Street _____

City _____ State _____ SU50

Clear, Soothe TIRED* EYES IN SECONDS!



Only TWO DROPS of this eye specialist's formula are needed to SOOTHE and REFRESH dull, tired eyes . . . Its special EXCLUSIVE ingredient quickly CLEARS eyes red and inflamed *(from late hours, fatigue, driving, overindulgence, etc.).



Thousands prefer stainless, sanitary, safe EYE-GENE, because it is quickly EFFECTIVE in making EYES FEEL GOOD. WASH your eyes with EYE-GENE today. On sale at drug, department and ten-cent stores.

USE



EYE-GENE

ASTHMADOR

Here's relief any asthmatic sufferer can afford. Dr. R. Schiffmann's ASTHMADOR is purified by our laboratory controlled process so that it has a uniformly high medicinal value. The average ASTHMADOR treatment costs less than 2c—a small price indeed for the grateful relief it provides. Insist on Dr. R. Schiffmann's ASTHMADOR in powder, cigarette or pipe mixture form at your druggist's. Or write today for a free sample to R. Schiffmann Co., Los Angeles, Dept. E-5.

RELIEF
WITH
ECONOMY!

WANTED

RICHARD BROS., 28 Woods

ORIGINAL SONG POEM any subject. YOU CAN write the words for a song. Don't delay—send us your poem for immediate consideration. Building, Chicago, Ill.

KIDNEYS MUST REMOVE EXCESS ACIDS

Help 15 Miles of Kidney Tubes
Flush Out Poisonous Waste

If you have an excess of acids in your blood, your 15 miles of kidney tubes may be over-worked. These tiny filters and tubes are working day and night to help Nature rid your system of excess acids and poisonous waste.

When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning sometimes shows there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

Kidneys may need help the same as bowels, so ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.

From Riches to Rags

[Continued from page 73]

and their bodies diminish to one-fifth their normal size. Here things get complicated.

"My handkerchief," Miss L. blushed, "was now my dress."

Before you make a dash for your local *palais de cinema*, gentlemen, reflect! Recall that they were now people one-fifth normal size, ergo, the handkerchief now assumed the proportions of a sheet—also a problem.

"It certainly *was* a problem," she had to laugh. "If you were stood in front of an airplane propeller (*simulating a jungle hurricane*) with only a sheet wrapped around you, wouldn't you wonder what you'd do if it became detached from your person? I did!"

She solved the problem by pinning the sheet in so many places that she was able to face the toughest gales and, *mirabile dictu*, not a thing blew off. But Providence got back at her, this way.

"We were working on a set so big it took three hours to light it. It required about sixty electricians to be busy overhead and a like number below—all watching us. That costs money, so naturally the director wanted to shoot the sequence without delay and we hurried to places.

"As usual, something was after me, and this time I was supposed to dash into the protection of some prop cactus, wearing the customary sheet and worried expression. The cameras rolled and I dashed. 'Swell!' hollered the director, and little echoes of 'swell' sang around him—with one exception, the cameraman. His 'Sorry, can't use it!' sounded like a bomb going off in a deserted graveyard. 'Why not?' the director demanded, very much annoyed. 'Well,' answered the cameraman, 'she tore her sheet on that first cactus—of course, if you think the Hays office. . . .'"

Apropos the fact that she had to (*and did*) keep up with the otherwise male cast, she was working late one evening and was very tired.

"I was hanging onto a big vine over a stream in which lay our crocodile actor," she grimaced. "Great guy, that 'croc.' If they fed him he promptly went into a torpor that would have defied the combined efforts of every director in Hollywood to rouse him. However, since he cocked an eye at me I knew he hadn't lunched and was toying with the idea of a little *filet de Logan*.

"I should have been more careful knowing that I was worn out, but I got interested in the director's instructions and lifted my hand to make a gesture. Crash! I slipped and slid two feet down the vine before I was able to stop myself. Scared? I went home that night and threw two new crocodile bags right out of the window. Ugh!"

The animals in the cast were, by far, more temperamental than the actors. The actors were docile, the animals possessed of a thousand devils, especially the cat. He was one of the stars of the piece, picked solely for his rotten disposition. He was the Bligh of the feline kingdom and worked only when he felt like it. Woe



Betty Lou Mickelberry, of the famed Abbott Dancers, in "Buck Benny Rides Again," starring radio's Jack Benny.

betide the careless actor who disturbed the mouser after he had been persuaded to start emoting.

"I'm afraid it was Voltaire," she said, "who wrote, 'Beware of the woman who does not like cats.' After our trials and tribulations with this baby the whole cast automatically fell into the beware-of category, and no pun intended."

This young lady might be considered interesting as a study of the type of girl whom the movies are attracting more of, today. She comes from a very good family, but doesn't put on airs. She responds readily to advice and goes out of her way to learn more about her business—considering advice from any qualified source too important to overlook. She is intelligent and uses words like "gregarious" and "variegated" as naturally as "yes" or "no." She writes, typing speedily with three fingers, and doesn't kid herself when her stuff isn't good. She draws because she'd stifle if she didn't. She went through a "violent poetry stage" (*her own words*), but recovered completely.

She was surprised when told that occasionally she said "yerss" instead of "yes." She will probably spend much time in the future getting rid of that "yerss." She is glad that her grandmother takes unconcealed delight in her so-far success and is happy that her broker father is more or less reconciled to it and not above boasting about her on the sly. He isn't sure that he likes the close conjunction of sheet, crocodile and his daughter. Neither is she. One thing is certain, parental okay or no, she won't quit what she's trying to do.

She has startling theories about the

films, most of them good. Like: "More money should be spent *on* the movies and less on the stars' paychecks." Unusual talk coming from one soon to be a star herself; but it's common sense that she believes in. And, incidentally, a development which movies are swinging toward, already.

She hasn't done any radio work as yet, but would like to and doesn't pretend to be superior to it, as movie people once did. She wants a minimum of run-of-the-mill ingénue parts, wants stuff along dramatic lines. She doesn't chase around with the stars but lives alone—her sister has gone back to Chicago.

Despite the fact that she went to school with very social kids like herself, she hasn't bothered much with the formal world of society, because she's been too busy sitting on producers' doorsteps. In comparison with society, she finds the people of the theatre more interesting.

She has blonde hair and blue eyes. Her height is five feet five, but, because she is small-boned, she impresses as being

taller. She weighs 118 pounds. Her hat size is 21, her glove 6 and her shoe 6½. She looks a little older in pictures than she does in real life. Although this has nothing to do with her measurements, her agent is Zeppo Marx.

She wishes that her mother (*who died when Janice was two*) were alive today because she thinks she might be proud that her daughter had "accomplished a little something."

Her mother could be very proud of this girl—any mother could. . . .

Sitting in a luxurious suite at the Waldorf-Astoria (*and wearing an attractive gray something made of roughish something and sporting a fur of some sort on the bottom of it*) she looked miles away from her recent perils. What she did suggest was a beautiful girl who was intelligent and who went after every lucky break she saw on the movie horizon. Miss Logan, *they* say, is headed in the right direction and traveling fast.

Miss Logan, to resort to a terrible gag, is the berries. . . .

"Typhoon" Has Something to Blow About

[Continued from page 71]

mount's lawyers. He went back to the studio, raving so over Bob they summoned him for a test. And it was no perfunctory test they gave him. It ran to the incredible length of two thousand feet and no less an actor than J. Carroll Naish played opposite him. They did two scenes—one from "The Last Mile" and the other from "Idiot's Delight."

"I still think that test is the best performance I've ever given," Bob averred. "I wish when producers are considering me for a part they'd look at that instead of my pictures."

His first part was in "King of Alcatraz," followed by "Illegal Traffic" and then the ill-fated "Disbarred."

Quoting from his biography, "he is six feet one inch tall, is an accomplished boxer and has fought in the Golden Gloves tournaments. He weighs 175 pounds, has dark brown hair and eyes of a brilliant gray."

"What are you staring at?" he demanded suddenly.

"I just wanted to see what brilliant gray eyes look like," I answered guilelessly.

"Mook," he amended his previous statement, "you're not only a louse, you're a heel!" Again he used a stronger word. There is no limit to the flexibility of his vocabulary.

"Any hobbies?" I queried, ignoring his unflattering opinion of me.

"Clothes!" he shot back promptly. "I'm wacky about them."

At the time he was clad only in a ragged pair of dungarees and a filthy shirt open from the waist up—his costume for his part in "Typhoon." "I don't wonder you're wacky about clothes," I jibed. "You sure know how to wear 'em."

"This is male glamour I'm putting out today," he cut me off.

He's been to only five previews—those of his own pictures. When I left Hollywood in August he had never been to a Hollywood party. He had never been asked to one. It was while I was away his name first began being linked with Dorothy Lamour's. When I returned in November, Bob was running Jimmy Stewart a close second for man-about-town honors—except that Jimmy plays the field and Bob is constant.

"Ever since I entered pictures," he commented when I joshed him about a family man going social, "I had been seeing only friends of my pre-picture days. I thought I ought to begin finding out something about how the other half lives."

"What about your romance with Dorothy Lamour?" I drew him out subtly.

"You dog!" he shouted. "I knew *that* was coming!"

It was my turn to grin and Bob quieted down. "I'll tell you," he replied seriously. "Poor Dottie has been kicked around from pillar to post all her life. All she's ever got from anyone was a kick in the—a kicking around. She's never had any fun because she's always had to work too hard. Since we've been going around she's learned to laugh and enjoy herself. So she's re-designed her design for living. She got off that radio program so she could have Saturday nights and Sundays free and live like a human being. But there isn't any romance. We're just good friends."

From the foregoing you can see for yourself it's no wonder Bob became an overnight hit. He's new in pictures, but he'll get along because not only has he great talent, he's what is known as "quick study." It doesn't take him long to learn the answers.



Glow With Glamour Stay Free From Shine

Faces that fascinate are always velvety-smooth and exquisitely free from shine.

End embarrassing powder puff dabbing with MINER'S LIQUID MAKE-UP. It's a complete make-up or powder base, as you prefer.

Takes but 2 minutes to apply, yet keeps your skin radiant, fresh looking and glamorous for hours without re-touching.

Try MINER'S LIQUID MAKE-UP today! You'll discover it gives you added charm! Ideal also, for use on back, neck and arms—to glorify your skin for evening or sports.

Choose the one of 4 flattering shades that has been especially created to flatter your complexion.

MINER'S Liquid MAKE-UP

Large size 50c; trial size at 10c counters
FREE Generous Sample
Send Coupon and 3c Stamp

MINER'S, 12 E. 12th St., Dept. S50, New York, N. Y.
I enclose 3c stamp to cover mailing cost. Send me generous sample of Miner's Liquid Make-Up FREE!

Name _____

Address _____

PEACH ☐ RACHELLE ☐ BRUNETTE ☐ SUNTAN ☐



**Your Eyes
Can Make You**

"Bewitching"



Live the expression of your face by dramatizing your eyes this easy way! Curl your lashes upward with KURLASH, the clever eyelash curler. No practice is needed—and it takes just a jiffy. Kurlash makes your eyes seem larger, more alluring, and your lashes longer, darker, more luxuriant. \$1.00

And with Kurlash use KURLENE, the scientific oily-base cream, to make your lashes glisten with beauty, your brows appear darker, lovelier! \$.50



KURLASH

The Only Complete Eye-Beauty Line

THE KURLASH COMPANY, INC.
ROCHESTER, N. Y. CANADA, TORONTO 3

Write to Jane Heath, Dept. B-5, for generous trial tube of Kurlene (send 10c in coin or stamps). Receive free chart analysis of your eyes and how to make the most of them.

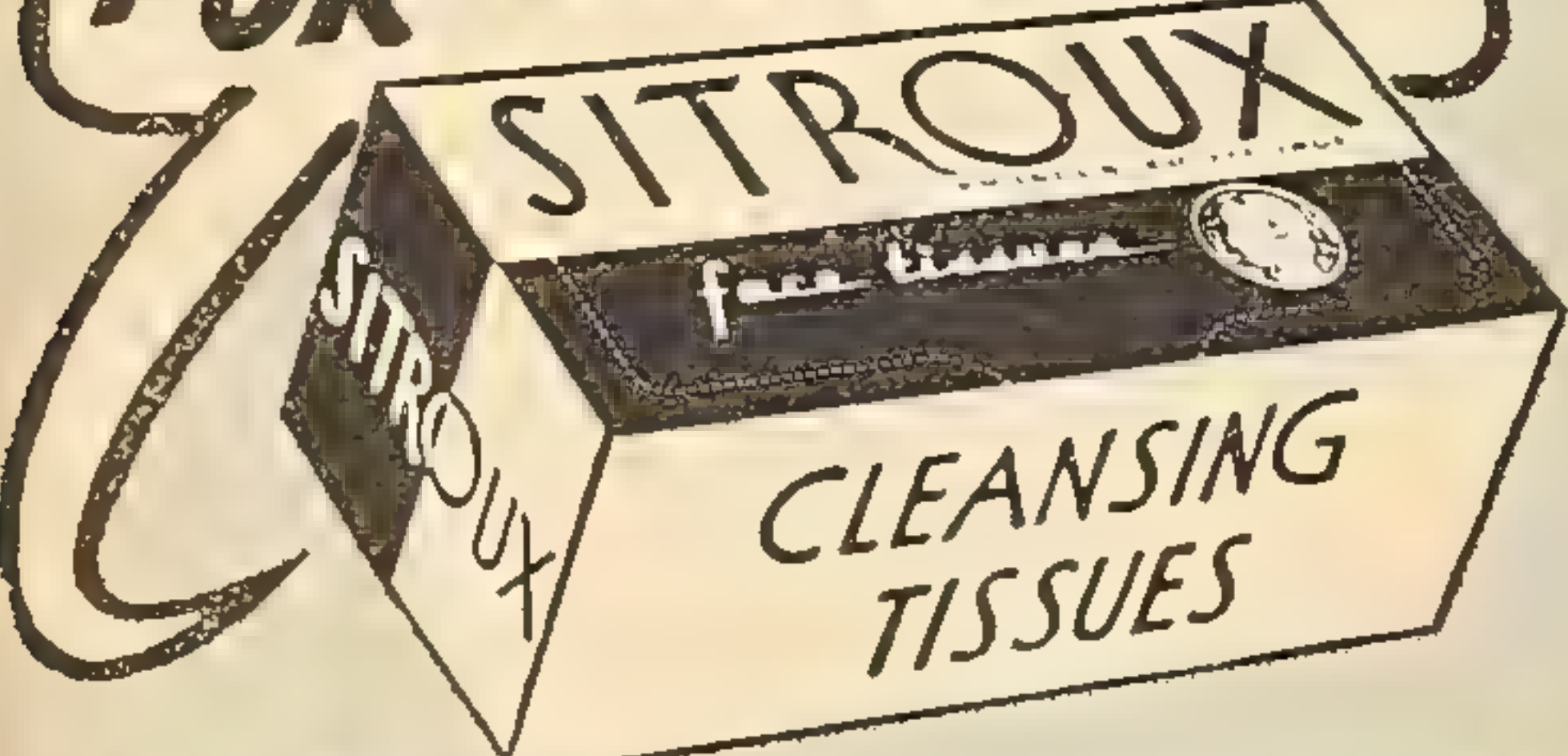
Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____
Color: Eyes _____ Hair _____ Skin _____

**MAKE
MONEY**

AT HOME!

Learn to color photos and miniatures in oil. No previous experience needed. Good demand. Send for free booklet, "Make Money at Home" and requirements. NATIONAL ART SCHOOL 3601 Michigan Ave., Dept. 4432 Chicago

CALL FOR SIT-TRUE



STRONGER. MORE ABSORBENT



**TRY OUR NEW
SITROUX
BEAUTY CREAMS**

COLD CREAM for thorough, pleasant cleansing.

FOUNDATION CREAM for smoother, long-lasting make-up.

**BUY SITROUX CREAMS WHERE
YOU BUY SITROUX TISSUES**

The Girl Who Was Too Beautiful

[Continued from page 75]

"I haven't been intruding," she said, her head lifting. "Dirk wanted me. He..."

She didn't go on, not with Deems taking that quick step towards her, not with his arms going around her. He didn't know the story then, he didn't have to know it with Wilma's face telling all of it there was to tell. She wasn't beautiful then, if you count beauty in soft contour and freshness, but if you can see it in suffering and in a love so great that it transcends all thought of self, you would have known that Wilma had never been so beautiful before.

I left then, without a word to either of them, feeling I had seen the happy ending of one of the tenderest love stories I'd ever known. But there was another end, an end no one had expected.

That end came the day after Wilma and Deems had returned from their honeymoon and it happened at a sneak preview of her picture in a little movie theatre in Westwood. Afterwards, I discovered that the studio had decided to give it this chance before shelving it. They thought they had a flop on their hands.

I thought so, too, when I saw those first scenes with Wilma looking like a caricature of her old lovely self. Then, in a few minutes, it didn't matter that she wasn't beautiful in this picture. There was such poignance about her, something so

heartbreaking and real that it caught at your throat and brought the tears to your eyes. I'd never seen a performance like it and when the picture finished to dead silence I was furious at the audience who hadn't caught the quality of it.

But they had felt it. They were only too shaken at first to respond. And I could understand why.

Then the applause began, and when the lights went up I saw women weeping and men blowing their noses with the aggressive-nonchalance men always rely on to hide their emotions.

I reached over and caught Wilma's hand.

"Congratulations on the Academy Award," I whispered. "You can name your own contract after this."

She smiled and shook her head.

"I've got the only contract I want," she said smiling up at Deems. "And that isn't really a contract. Love doesn't need one."

So, of course, I wasn't amazed as the rest of Hollywood was when she turned down one of the most flattering contracts her studio had ever offered a star. And it didn't matter that she didn't get the Academy Award that year, either. Contracts and awards, even Academy ones, are pretty unimportant when they're stacked up against the little everyday things that make up the life of a man and a woman who love each other.

Reviews

[Continued from page 50]

he forced his starving men over insurmountable obstacles to the fortified fortress of St. Francis. Robert Young gives an excellent portrayal of the Colonial artist, Langdon Towne, who joins up with Rogers' Rangers, and the ever working Walter Brennan is a stand-out, as usual, as young Towne's self-appointed body-guard. Ruth Hussey plays the feminine romantic interest, and Isabel Jewel has a small part as Jennie Coit, the white girl who prefers to live with the Indians. This is a very hearty picture, and if you are inclined to be squeamish, it will probably be too much for you. The men, of course, will eat it up.

YOUNG TOM EDISON

MICKEY ROONEY'S BEST PERFORMANCE—
M-G-M

AS YOUNG Tom Edison that amazing Mickey Rooney gives the best performance of his amazing career. Even the choosey people who have held out against Mickey on account of his youthful exuberance, which is rarely curbed, will now have to give in and admit the kid is swell. The life of Tom Edison as a boy (*Spencer Tracy is now at work on "Edison, the Man"*) is homespun stuff that will remind

you very much of Mark Twain's "Tom Sawyer." The anecdotes, which are authentic we are assured, are rich in both comedy and pathos. Young Tom, we are told, was one of those misunderstood boys, considered addle-pated by his hometown folk, because of his absorption in his "experiments." His father failed to understand him, but, fortunately, he had a very sympathetic mother. His experiments are a source of great annoyance to his neighbors, but finally he saves his mother's life by one of them, and his familiarity with the Morse Code prevents a train wreck, and saves the lives of dozens of people. After that he is the hero of Port Huron, Michigan. George Bancroft plays Tom's father, and Fay Bainter his mother, while cute little Virginia Weidler plays his sister Tannie. Stand-outs in smaller roles are Eugene Pallette, John Kellogg, Bobbie Jordan and J. M. Kerrigan. Spencer will have a lot of topping to do to top Mickey's Edison.

THE ROAD TO SINGAPORE

TUNEFULLY ENTERTAINING—Paramount

THOSE two radio rivals, Bing Crosby and Bob Hope, are teamed for the
[Continued on page 82]

Pictures on the Fire!

[Continued from page 55]

And then he calls her for a scene. A bunch of young folk are gathered around a dining room table. Ann Morriss (who is no slouch herself when it comes to looks) is standing at the head. "For heaven's sake," she exclaims, "sit down, everyone. We're all starved."

But just as they start to sit Jean breezes in. "Hel-lo, everyone," she beams. "Sorry to be late. We started hours ago, but George (Frank Milan) always stops for red lights until they change twice." As she finishes, she catches sight of Bob Cummings (remember him in "Everything Happens At Night?"). "Hello," she says softly, as she pulls out the chair beside him.

"Your place is down there next to George," Ann cuts in sharply.

But Jean sits herself down and angles the girl who was supposed to sit next to Bob down to her own place.

Not since Anita Louise played a heavy in "These Glamour Girls" have I seen as lovely a heavy as Jean.

* * *

BUT I can't stand here gaping all day so I mosey on to the next set where "The Ghost Comes Home" is shooting. I find my old friend (old only in the length of our friendship, that is), Frank Albertson, disporting himself on the set—as is his wont. He has on a very ill-fitting suit and a slight paunch. I tactfully ask if this is a costume picture. He says "no" and then the light dawns. "Oh, *this!*" he exclaims. "I'll have you know this is a *pad* I'm wearing AND a toupee," he adds grandly.

Maxine Thomas, who is piloting me around the lot and who doesn't know Frank as well as I, leaps at the bait. "What for?" she inquires.

"Oh," Frank brushes her query aside lightly, "just to give it that Mook touch."

After all, one can't ignore everything so I say, "I beg your pardon," open my coat and throw out my chest (*the hair I can do nothing about*).

"Look!" Frank howls. "Look at him suck in his gut until his buttons pop off and his eyes pop out!"

Luckily for him, before I can think of a retort, the director calls him for a take. But his stand-in takes care of things for me. As the stand-in comes off the set he glances carelessly at Frank: "Get in there and read your jokes now," he says.

Well, Frank and Nat Pendleton are insurance men. They have collected on a policy on Frank Morgan, but Frank turns up alive. They know if Frank is discovered they'll have to refund so they're trying to hide him. And then Frank gets wise and starts telling them a few things.

"You gone crazy—yelling like that?" Nat demands.

Mr. Morgan looks him up and down. "Sweep the floor!" he roars. And then, as Nat looks at him horrified, "I want the place spick and span when I get back."

"Wh-where you goin', Vern?" Nat asks.

"Oh-h, no place in particular," Frank replies. "Just a little stroll down Main Street—for some soup."

"Go on, Roscoe," Frank puts in hurriedly to Nat, "sweep the floor." Nat exits and Frank turns to Mr. Morgan. "Now, Vern—maybe we have been a little inconsiderate at times—but—"

"Get a pail!" Morgan shouts, cutting him short. "With some soap suds in it," he adds as Frank starts to protest.

Frank swallows—but hard. "Ok, Vern, he answers, "I'll—I'll get a pail." His voice trails off as he hurriedly exits after the aforesaid article.

In all the years I've known him, Frank has always been just *too* cocky and I haven't the heart to be there when he comes off the set, even though I know his new-found humility is only acting. So I go on to the next set, which turns out to be—

* * *

"FORTY Little Mothers," starring Eddie Cantor. Mr. C. never has been one of my favorites, but I will say for him he has never refused to play a benefit and he's kind to his family, so I'll suppress the cracks. Anyhow, he's not working in this scene. Nydia Westman, who is seen all too seldom on the screen these days, is the featured player in this "take." It isn't a particularly important scene. Nydia, one of the teachers, is giving the girl students a talking to because they have been responsible for one of the professors (*the man Eddie succeeds*) being fired. But she does a swell job of it. Among "the girls" are Bonita Granville (*who needs no introduction*) and Diana Lewis (*whom you may have met in the public prints as the new Mrs. William Powell*), but it is Nydia who dominates the scene.

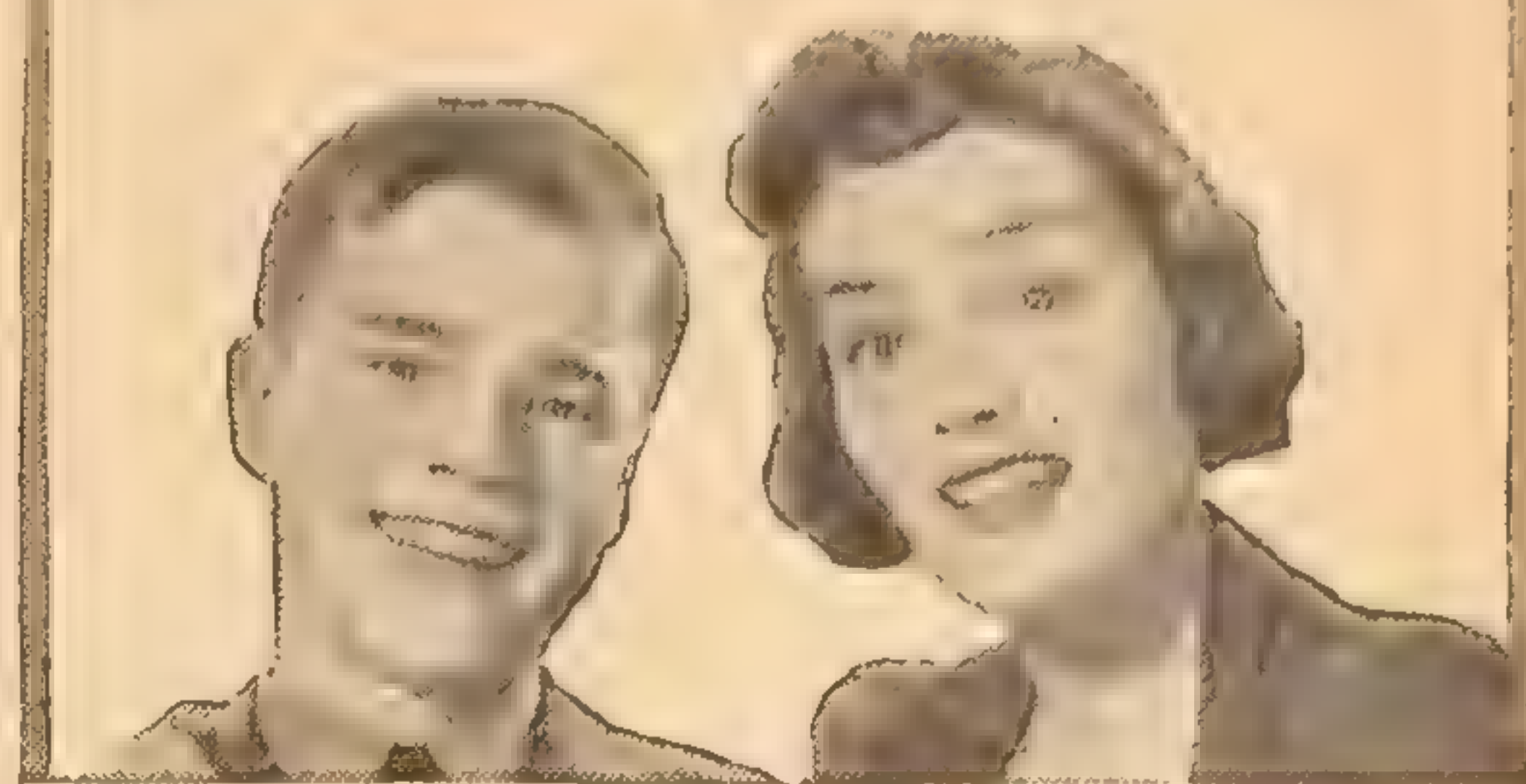
* * *

THERE are still two pictures left on this lot. One is "The Mortal Storm," adapted from the famous best seller, but that one is just starting so we'll let it go until next month. The other is the fourth "Dr. Kildare" story, starring Lionel Barrymore and Lew Ayres.

Mr. B. isn't working today, but Mr. A. is, so I barge onto the set. The scene is the roof of a New York hospital where a lot of little crippled children are taking the air, so to speak. Lew is in a dilemma, but he runs into his mother (*Emma Dunn*), who is in town visiting for the day and she sets him on the right track with just a few words, which only goes to show you how wonderful mother love is, and I'm not kidding.

The scene isn't important, so there's no use giving you the dialogue. After it's finished Lew and I get together and cut up some old papers (*which is Hollywood jargon for reminiscing about old times*). I accidentally glance at my watch and suddenly realize time is fleeting and I still have umpsteen other studios to cover. So I leave him and head for—

I WANT TO EQUIP MY CHILD FOR SCHOOL... AND FOR LIFE, TOO!

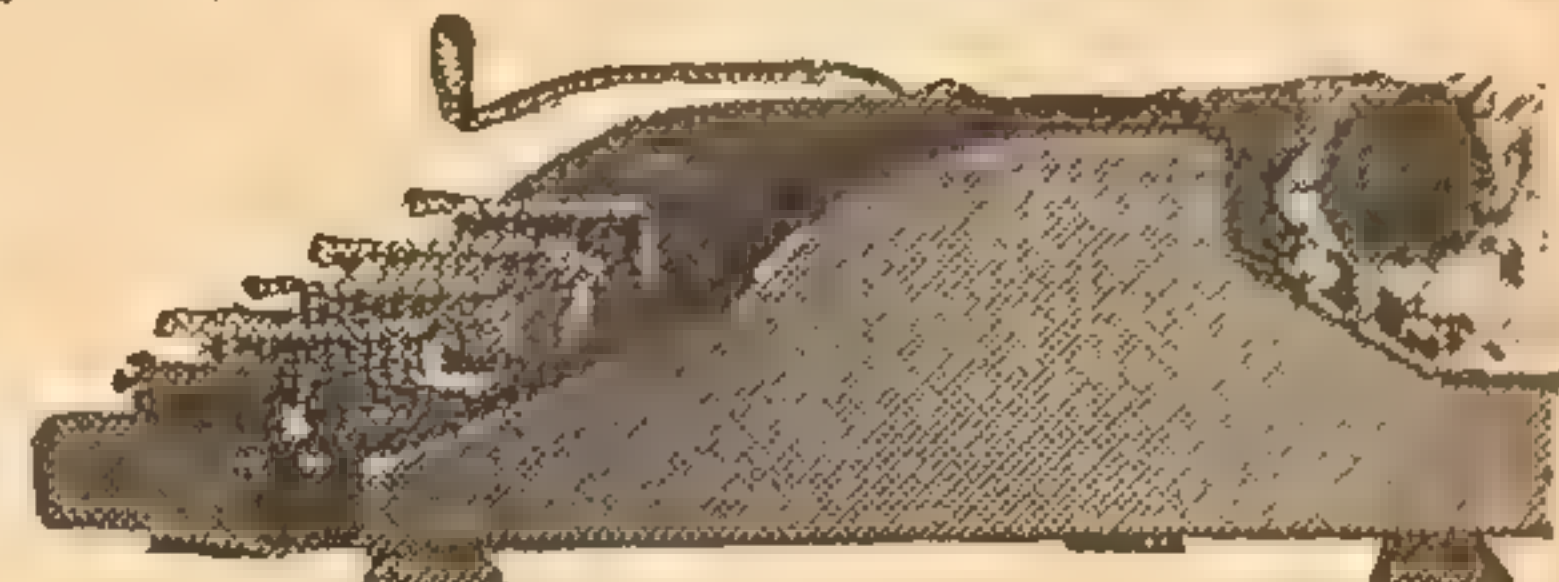


Help your children to learn typing! Educators, business men call it an asset... through school, through life... an aid to clear thought and expression. Easily, quickly learned on Corona.

Prices begin at \$29.75 for the amazing Corona Zephyr... four other models to choose from, each "tops." Easy terms—only \$1.00 a week, plus small down payment.

EVERY HOME SHOULD OWN A **CORONA** PORTABLE TYPEWRITER

This is the "Speedline Silent"



L C SMITH & CORONA TYPEWRITERS INC
Desk 5, 129 Almond Street, Syracuse, N. Y.

I'm thinking of buying a Corona. Please send free folder describing ☐ Zephyr ☐ Speedline.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____

MUSIC COMPOSED TO POEMS

Send poem for consideration. Rhyming pamphlet free. Phonograph electrical transcriptions made, \$7.00 from your word and music manuscript. Any subject considered, Love, Home, Sacred, Swing.

KEENAN'S MUSIC SERVICE
Box 2140, Dept. SC Bridgeport, Conn.

EARN EXTRA MONEY at Home

Increase your income at home by new, simple Wentworth Tempera Color method. We instruct you and supply you with work. Write today for FREE BOOKLET.

Wentworth Pictorial Company, Ltd. DEPT. 130, Hamilton, Ont.

FREE CATALOG
Artistic pins, rings and emblems for classes and clubs. Attractive prices. Finest quality, gold plated, silver, etc. Over 300 designs. Write Dept. W, Metal Arts Co., Inc., Rochester, N. Y.

GRAY FADED HAIR

Ask famous expert from France how to shampoo and color your hair the same time at home with "SHAMPO-KOLOR" Any shade. No dyed look, most lasting. Permits perm. wave. Free Book. Valligny Prod. Inc., Dept. 20-K, 254 W 31 St. N.Y.

Beautify Your Hair at Home
USE **SOLO CURLERS**
SOLD AT 5¢ & 10¢ STORES



**HELP KILL CRAZY
RUMORS ABOUT ME.....**

CAROLE LOMBARD

—IS SHE SICK?

—IS SHE RETIRING

FROM THE SCREEN?

SCREENLAND'S FAMOUS HOLLYWOOD WRITER, ELIZABETH WILSON, INVESTIGATES THOSE STRANGE RUMORS ABOUT CAROLE LOMBARD, WIFE OF CLARK GABLE! CAROLE TELLS THE TRUTH ABOUT HER HEALTH, HER WORK, HER PLANS FOR THE FUTURE! IT'S A SCOOP!!

**ONE OF THE MANY BRILLIANT
STORIES IN THE THRILLING
MAY SCREENLAND!**

SO

**DON'T MISS THE NEW MAY
SCREENLAND NOW ON SALE!**

SCREENLAND brings you OUTSTANDING stories each month! HERE'S AMERICA'S BEST SCREEN MAGAZINE! Packed with big-name writers, intimate stories, latest styles, smart photographs, sparkling reviews! GET SCREENLAND EVERY MONTH!

**SEND ONE DOLLAR! USE THIS
MONEY-SAVING OFFER—NOW!**

SCREENLAND
45 W. 45 Street
New York City

5-40

Send me your special money-saving subscription offer. This entitles me to the next twelve issues of SCREENLAND for one dollar. (Cost \$1.20 by single copies).

Send to _____

Street and Number _____

City and State _____

(Attach one dollar, currency, stamps, money-order, check). Offer good in U. S. only.

20th Century-Fox

THERE are several pictures shooting here, too, but all of them are either on closed sets or else they're on location. That is, all except two—"Lillian Russell" and "Star Dust."

"Lillian Russell" is the biography of the famous star who stood the country on its ear at the turn of the century—so I'm told. She was a blonde Hedy Lamarr, if you know what I mean. Usually, biographical pictures make my stomach churn, but there's a difference between the life story of a glamorous star and the life story of a middle-aged scientist who snuffles his way through six or eight reels of film like *Dr. Ehrlich*.

Anyhow, if you could see Alice Faye as *Lillian Russell* you'd agree with me that biographies are not so bad, if Alice could always be the subject.

She's pretending she's a star (*this is before she's been discovered*) and she's singing a song, "My Evening Star," to her father, Ernest Truex. And how she sings it.

When the song is over we shake hands and I say, "I hope the picture will turn out to be as good as she looks and *she* says, "Oh, you kid!" because that was the expression they used in those days. So then I ask her if that reproduction of La Russell's \$30,000 corset isn't uncomfortable and *she* says, "It's heavenly." And then she says she has to go powder her nose because she wants to hurry and get through so she can go to the races and sit in Mr. Irving Cummings' (*the director's*) box, because he has to work this afternoon and she doesn't.

So Alice leaves and I sit gabbing with Mr. Cummings, who is one of my favorite people in Hollywood, and Mr. Truex and we cut up some more old papers.

Mr. Cummings actually played with Lillian Russell in "In Search of a Sinner," and Mr. Truex played with her (*in a nice way, of course*) in "Wildfire."

"Ya know," Mr. Cummings reflected, "he (*indicating Mr. Truex*) was always a good actor, but I was always a stinking ham. I'd sure never cast me in a picture if I had anything to do with it."

Smoke gets in some people's eyes, but my watch is always getting in mine and I realize that time is fleeting and duty calls, to say nothing of *Silver Screen*.

So I saunter over to the next set where

* * *

"STAR DUST" is in the works.

This has to do with the making of Hollywood stars.

The scene is the bar in a lounge car. John Payne, who is the star athlete in some jerk college, is tipping one up and Mr. Roland Young (he of the penguins) is standing by.

"Are you planning to make football a career?" he inquires solicitously of Mr. P.

"I don't know yet," John retorts, "but I expect with my rep I'll get plenty of offers when I graduate."

"Would you be interested in an offer now?" Roly queries. "I'm looking for talent for Amalgamated Pictures of Hollywood."

Johnny's eyes widen in excited interest, although he tries to feign indifference. "Pictures, huh? Yeah, I guess if you

want good ones in that business you have to go dig 'em up, too."

"Have you ever thought of becoming an actor?" Young persists.

"Me?" John scoffs. "I should say not! I don't go for that alfalfa. There was a guy when we were playin' the Phoenix Presbyterians tried to sell me that Hollywood hooey and then he wanted to charge me fifty bucks for goin' out there to make a screen test."

"My offer is entirely without obligations," Young assures him.

"Yeah—and without carfare," Payne amends.

"No, the studio would pay it," Young avers.

"Both ways?" John asks suspiciously.

"Cut!" calls the director, so up to now Mr. Y. doesn't have to commit himself and you'll have to see the picture to find out what to believe when strangers approach you.

There being naught else to see over here, we jog over to—

Paramount

TWO going here: "The Ghost Breakers," which has been filmed more times than Peggy Hopkins Joyce has been married, and "Destiny."

The first features Bob Hope. "Sit down, Dick," he invites me, "and rest yourself."

"You going to Jimmie Fidler's party Saturday?" I ask.

"Oh, sure," says Bob. "I wouldn't miss it for anything. I want to see if he can top that costume he wore to Ken Murray's house-warming. Why he didn't wear blackface with that outfit I'll never know."

I have to chuckle. The suit Jimmie had on that night was so loud you could hear him coming as far off as if he'd had a brass band preceding him. Mr. Hope lets fall a few more cracks that have me in stitches, but which do not fit in so well in a family magazine. Then he and Willie Best (*his valet in the picture*) go into a scene, but it isn't as funny as Bob's observations so we'll skip it, as soon as I tell you Paulette Goddard, Paul Lukas, Richard Carlson, Pedro De Cordoba, and Tom Dugan are also in the cast.

* * *

THE other picture on this lot is "Destiny." And this is noteworthy because it has in it that scream from the radio—Vera Vague. I must confess that in her palmiest days she was never any vaguer than I when I am introduced to her. I had expected to see a battle-scarred old hag. Instead of which she is a very attractive young lady.

"Aren't people surprised when they meet you?" I finally gasp.

"Yes," she smiles, "and when they quit being surprised I'm going to quit."

Her real name is Barbara Jo Allen.

But to get on with our mutton: Basil Rathbone is the featured member of this cast. He's a psychiatrist with a complex for marrying rich women and then killing them to get their money. Vera is here to consult him about her neurotic sister.

"Dr. Sebastian," she burbles, "before I take you into my dreams, I want to speak to you about my young sister, Linda Boothe. She's an adorable little

thing, but she's a mass of complexes—a veritable psychic swamp—"

"What seems to be troubling her?" Basil asks politely.

"That's what I'd like you to find out," Vera gushes. "She gets very low—over nothing at all—and when she broods it worries me to distraction."

"Melancholia," Basil mutters to himself.

"Worse," Vera assures him. "The poor child's got something loose somewhere, I'm sure, although I don't know where she gets it. She's always been in the very best surroundings. Lawrence and I have practically raised her. Could I bring her in tomorrow?"

"No," he rejoins, "I'd prefer you didn't." She looks at him in amazement and he hastens to assure her, "that doesn't mean I'm not interested, but I've found that the effect of a doctor's office on a neurotic mind is something detrimental. I would rather have the opportunity of observing her without her knowing I'm doing so professionally." He has figured by this time that Sis is rich and would be a perfect set-up for his next wife—but Vera doesn't know what's going through his mind.

"I see," she muses, glad to be a fellow conspirator. "Well, let us think—" and then she has an inspiration. "The Bazaar! That's it! I'll put her in charge of the wheel of fortune!" In her enthusiasm she completely forgets poor Sister Linda. "Oh, do come, Dr. Sebastian! You'll just love my costume!"

"What are you going to wear?" he smiles politely.

"Well, I don't know yet," she confesses, "but it'll be ravishing."

You can see for yourselves how easy it would be to spend the rest of the day here listening to Vera's prattle. But I tear myself away towards—

Warner Brothers

IT seems there are dozens of pictures going here, but "All This And Heaven, Too," starring Bette Davis; "The Sea Hawk," starring Errol Flynn, and "Torrid Zone," starring James Cagney, Ann Sheridan and Pat O'Brien, are all just starting, so we'll save them until next month. That leaves "An Angel From Texas," with Wayne Morris, Ronald Reagan, Eddie Albert and Rosemary Lane.

This latter picture is a re-make of the old "Butter and Egg Man." It was a

swell play with Gregory Kelly and Ruth Gordon on the stage and it was an elegant movie with Dorothy Mackaill and Jack Mulhall, so it should be equally good with the present cast.

Rosemary is a little Texas girl with ambitions to become a great Broadway star. So off she goes to the big city. Eddie is the home town boy who pines for her. His mother is afraid Rosemary may get lonesome in New York and forget him, so she gives Eddie her life's savings (which just goes to show once more how blind mother love is because anyone else could see Eddie hasn't sense enough to come in out of the rain) and bids him to go to New York and buy a hotel.

Eddie runs into Rosemary in New York. She hasn't become a big star. She's only just got a job as secretary to a couple of fly-by-night producers—Wayne and Ronnie. And before you can say "scat" they're selling Eddie an interest in a non-existent (as yet) show.

The scene is hilariously funny as they're making up the story as they go along. At one point, Wayne bangs a door to simulate an explosion and he bangs it so hard he knocks down the whole wall of the room. That's when the queen, who is to be executed because her husband, the king, has lost the country's treasury on the races and fled. But just as she faces the firing squad the citizenry revolts and overthrows the government and wants her to run for president. Wayne is playing the queen as they tell Eddie the story. "I can't be president," she—he, I mean, says coyly, "because I'm going to become a mother!"

Not since "Kid Galahad" has Wayne done anything to equal this, so don't miss it.

And let's all of us not miss—

R-K-O

There are three pictures shooting here—"Curtain Call," featuring Barbara Read and Helen Vinson; "The Romantic Mr. Hinklin," featuring James Ellison and Lucille Ball (directed by Ray McCarey); and "The Saint Takes Over," featuring George Sanders and Wendy Barrie.

They're all good pictures and I wish I could tell you more about them—especially *Mr. Hinklin*, because there is really fun on this set—but I've used up all my space.

So, as Jack Benny says, "We're running a little late, folks. Goodnight."

Gary Cooper Contest

[Continued from page 51]

sentence of Gary Cooper of words made from the forty-eight letters in the announcement—Gary Cooper in "The Westerner," a Samuel Goldwyn Production—wins the original cover, as well as a personally autographed-to-you photograph of the star. The next twenty-five best entries will receive a personally autographed-to-you photograph of Gary Cooper. The contest closes at midnight, April 30th, 1940, so be sure your entry is postmarked no later than that time. You may send in as many entries as you wish, just so long

as a coupon accompanies each entry. Remember you have exactly forty-eight letters to use and no more. If you use the G in Gary, for example, in a word you can't use it again in another word. The sentence you send in must make sense. As a tip, be sure your sentence has a verb, such as *is* which you can get easily enough by taking the *i* in *in* and the *s* in *Westerner*. The contest is closed to employees and their families of Samuel Goldwyn Productions, United Artists Corporation and Screenland, Inc.

TEETHING PAINS

Relieved
Quickly



WHEN your baby suffers from teething pains, just rub a few drops of Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion on the sore, tender, little gums and the pain will be relieved promptly.

Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion is the prescription of a famous baby specialist, contains no narcotics and has been used by mothers for over fifty years. One bottle is usually enough for one baby for the entire teething period.

Buy Dr. Hand's from your druggist today

Just rub it on the gums

DR. HAND'S
TEETHING LOTION



World's Smallest
Pocket Radio
RECEIVES STATIONS WITH CLEAR NATURAL TONE.
NO CRYSTALS to adjust—NO UPKEEP—only one moving part. WIRELESS, TUBELESS, BATTERYLESS! ENTIRELY NEW
PATENTED DESIGN. Has enclosed geared luminous dial for perfect tuning. Many owners report amazing reception and distance.

ONE YEAR GUARANTEE

Sent complete ready to listen with instructions and Tinyphone for use in homes, offices, hotels, boats, in bed, etc. **TAKES ONLY A SECOND TO CONNECT—NO ELECTRICITY NEEDED! SEND NO MONEY!** Pay postman only \$2.99 plus postage on arrival or send \$2.99 (Check, M. O., Cash) and yours will be sent complete postpaid. A most unusual value. **ORDER NOW! MIDGET RADIO CO., Dept. SC-5, Kearney, Nebr.**

So-o-o Sweet That's the first happy impression when one walks into the home freshened with the delightful fragrance of SANOZONE BOUQUET AIR PERFUME... an exquisite odor that spells enchantment. Send 10c for a generous sample and descriptive booklet, to Sanozone Co., 1123 Roy St., Philadelphia, Pa.

SONG POEMS WANTED

TO BE SET TO MUSIC

Free Examination. Send Your Poems To

J. CHAS. McNEIL

A. B. MASTER OF MUSIC

510-V So. Alexandria Los Angeles, Calif.

PSORIASIS

EN-EX clears skin and scalp of blotches, lesions, eruptions, pimples and dandruff, or your money back within two weeks. NO STAIN, NOT GREASY. Hundreds satisfied. \$1 bottle, postpaid or C.O.D. Mail currency or Money Order to **EN-EX CO., 631 Society Savings Bldg., Cleveland, O.**

NEURITIS

Relieve Pain
in Few Minutes
or Money Back

To relieve the torturing pain of Neuritis, Rheumatism, Neuralgia or Lumbago in few minutes, get NURITO, the fine formula, used by thousands. No opiates. Does the work quickly—must relieve cruel pain to your satisfaction in few minutes or money back. Don't suffer. Clip this ad now as a reminder to ask your druggist for NURITO today.

Reviews

[Continued from page 78]

first time in this picture, and they work together as cozily as two bugs in a rug. Bing plays the scion and heir to a mammoth steamship company, who rebels against stuffy family tradition; and so, when his Old Man (*Charles Coburn*) tries to marry him off to Judith Barrett, he skips off to a remote South Sea island. With him is his pal Bob, who is also running out on matrimony. On the mythical island of Kaigoon, where the natives talk in a mythical Esperanto, Bing and Bob rescue Dorothy Lamour, sarong and all, from her villainous dancing partner (*Anthony Quinn*) and proceed to fall in love with her. There is a tribal wedding feast scene with Bing and Bob and Dotty masquerading as natives that turns out to be one of the most hilarious sequences you've seen in many a day. And there are two native girls, called Ninky Poo and Pinky Noo, that are well worth your time. There are five grand song numbers with special raves for "Too Romantic," sung by Bing and Dorothy, and "Captain Custard," sung by Bing and Bob. You'll like this. It's easy to take.

VIGIL IN THE NIGHT

A NEW CAROLE LOMBARD—*RKO*

THIS is the screen adaptation of the serious novel by A. J. Cronin, author of "The Citadel," which made screen history last year. Like "The Citadel," the story of "Vigil in the Night" is charged with Dr. Cronin's passion for reform in medicine. Carole Lombard plays Anne Lee, a good nurse, who, besides her personal problems, must cope with the problems of an epidemic in an English hospital which has to beg for funds from the selfish rich. Hollywood's famous "screwball comedienne" does a complete right-about-face and, as the honest young nurse, gives as beautiful a dramatic performance as you're ever likely to see. Too much praise cannot be heaped upon Carole for her portrayal of Nurse Lee, but just the same we hope she won't give up being a comedienne. Brian Aherne plays the surgeon in the hospital, whom Nurse Lee loves, and Anne Shirley plays her erring sister. Anne's intensely dramatic performance is one of the highlights of the film. In the excellent supporting cast are Julien Mitchell, a newcomer from England, Robert Coote, Brenda Forbes, Doris Lloyd and Emily Fitzroy. This is a serious, somber picture, representative of the new "message" film which Hollywood is now releasing. And it is well worth your while.

BROADWAY MELODY OF 1940

FEET FIRST!—*M-G-M*

WHEN Fred Astaire and Eleanor Powell, the two best dancers in Hollywood, are teamed in the same picture the result is bound to be the most sensational dancing you've seen in many a moon. It is. But Fred and Eleanor have to keep stepping mighty fast to keep one George Murphy from stealing the picture right from under their experienced taps. Likeable, talented George proves himself

almost as good a dancer as Fred, and certainly a much better singer. This edition of "Broadway Melody" is far less pretentious than its successors, and is far more appealing. Fred and George play a couple of cheap dance hall hoofers who have their eyes on Broadway. Fred is spotted by producer Frank Morgan, but through a mix up of names it is George who gets the big chance in a Broadway revue as Eleanor's dancing partner. But everything gets straightened out eventually, and self-sacrificing Fred gets the job and the girl. The Cole Porter music is excellent, but the picture is badly in need of someone to sing it. "Begin the Beguine" is the big production number. Ian Hunter plays a Broadway producer, and in supporting roles are Florence Rice, Lynne Carver, and Ann Morriss.

MY LITTLE CHICKADEE

DISAPPOINTING—*Universal*

MAE WEST and W. C. Fields are teamed in this mellow melodrama of the Old West. They not only play the leads, but they also wrote the script. The film has its high moments, but it also has its low, and there are those who insist that Miss West and Mr. Fields should hire themselves a good script writer, and stick to their acting. Miss West plays Flower Belle Lee, whom, it seems, the good women of the town have it in for. They threaten to run her out of town unless she marries and becomes respectable, so Flower Belle, in a fake ceremony, marries Cuthbert J. Twillie (*W. C. but of course*) under the mistaken impression that he is a man of wealth. When she discovers that he is only a vender of snake oil, she refuses to share the bridal chamber of the Greasewood City hotel with him. Flower Belle is in love with a masked bandit and the rest of the film is the pursuit of the bandit, and Flower Belle's complicated love life. There is one stand-out sequence where she becomes a schoolmarm and contributes to the education of the young lads of America. In the cast are Joseph Calleia, Dick Foran, Margaret Hamilton and Ruth Donnelly. It's more of a man's picture than a woman's—judging from the preview audience reaction.

THE SWISS FAMILY ROBINSON

THE CLASSIC OF SHIPWRECKED SURVIVORS
—*RKO*

AS THEIR first fling at producing the former writing team of Gene Towne and Graham Baker have given us that well beloved old classic of the life of shipwrecked survivors on a lonely island. The world famous story of Johann Rudolf Wyss's is more than a century old, but the screen version retains all the original charm and interest. The Swiss Family, as you recall, are shipwrecked on a lonely island, and the story goes on to tell of their daily doings: how they win food and clothing from the wilderness, how they build a home, how they build a boat to leave the island, and how they desist

when they realize it is God's will that they stay. That grand actor, Thomas Mitchell, plays the pious Father Robinson. Edna Best plays Mother Robinson, discontented at first, but finally content to stay with her husband. And the young Robinsons are Freddie Bartholomew, Terry Kilburn, Tim Holt, and Baby Bobby Quillan.

THE MAN FROM DAKOTA

CIVIL WAR MELODRAMA—*M-G-M*

THIS is the story of two Union soldiers, Wallace Beery and John Howard, who escape from a Confederate prison camp during the Civil War, and their attempt to make their way back to the Union lines. They meet up with Dolores Del Rio, which is a very pretty meeting up indeed, and they get possession of a military map which is of the utmost importance to Grant's army. The eventual delivery of the map makes Beery a hero and unites John and Dolores. The story is strictly formula hokum, but strangely enough, it more than holds your interest. Dolores is beautiful, and Beery mugs less than usual, which is something.

SEVENTEEN

MODERNIZED TARKINGTON—*Paramount*

BASED on the well beloved story by Booth Tarkington and the famous stage play by Stuart Walker, the new version of "Seventeen," modernized to be sure, proves itself thoroughly pleasant and sure-fire entertainment. Jackie Cooper makes a most favorable William Sylvanus Baxter, and versatile Betty Field (*"What a Life"* and *"Of Mice and Men"*) gives another of her perfect performances as Lola Pratt, the young lady who gives William Sylvanus Baxter his first lesson in love. This story of adolescence and American family life is bound to please you with its gentle sentimental comedy, and you'll take it right to your heart, even if you are a dyed-in-the-wool sourpuss. And keep your eye on that Betty Field. In the excellent cast are Otto Kruger and Ann Shoemaker playing Mr. and Mrs. Baxter, Norma Nelson as the little sister, and Thomas Ross as the agonized Mr. Parcher. Don't miss this.

THE GHOST COMES HOME

FRANK MORGAN DOES HIS BEST—*M-G-M*

NOTHING pretentious about this one. Frank Morgan, who has saved many a picture from a fate worse than death, plays a henpecked, browbeaten manager of a small town pet shop. A boyhood friend of his, now a millionaire in Australia, bequeaths a large sum of money to the town, Edenville by name, and Frank leaves for the antipodes to collect it. But he lands in the hoosegow, and after sixty days comes home to find that his family, believing him dead, have spent the insurance money. Well, more of the same, except that the threat of a fraud charge in connection with the insurance money gives Frank a power over his family. The family being Billie Burke as his wife, and pretty little Ann Rutherford as his daughter. John Shelton is the handsome young orchestra leader who romances Ann. Nothing to get excited over.



FROM 16 to 60 IT'S EASY TO HAVE *Beautiful Eyes*

Regardless of your age, there's a very simple way to make your eyes appear much larger, more luminous—your eyebrows truly graceful and expressive — your lashes a vision of long sweeping loveliness. It takes just about three minutes to give yourself this modern Maybelline eye make-up. And it's so natural-looking—never obvious.

First, blend Maybelline Eye Shadow lightly over your eyelids and note the subtly flattering effect. Next, form trim, tapering brows with the Maybelline smooth-marking Eyebrow Pencil.

It's perfectly pointed and just soft enough for best results. Then darken your lashes to the very tips with Maybelline Mascara. Either in Solid or Cream-form, it goes on beautifully—is tear-proof, non-smarting, harmless. Now your own mirror will show you the thrilling difference.

At any age, your eyes will be noticed and admired when you use Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids—the eye make-up in good taste. Prove it, today! Attractive purse sizes at all 10c stores. Just be sure to insist on genuine Maybelline.



Maybelline Solid-form Mascara in stunning gold-colored vanity, 75c. Refills, including new brush, 35c. Shades — Black, Brown, and Blue.



Maybelline Cream-form Mascara (easily applied without water) in dainty zipper case, 75c. Shades—Black, Brown, and Blue.



Maybelline Eye Shadow in six glorious shades — Blue, Gray, Light-gray, Brown, Green, Violet.



Maybelline Smooth-marking Eyebrow Pencil. Black, Brown (and Blue for eyelid liner).

Maybelline

EYE BEAUTY AIDS



For the Merry Month of May
MISS ELAINE SHEPARD
New York and Hollywood's celebrated
model in Chesterfield's Sundial dress

Chesterfield

THE CIGARETTE
OF THE HOUR

Today more than ever, smokers are turning to Chesterfield's skillful blend of the world's best cigarette tobaccos. Now is the time for you to light up and enjoy a Chesterfield... they're **COOLER SMOKING, BETTER-TASTING AND DEFINITELY Milder.**

You can't buy a better cigarette